

NATIONAL

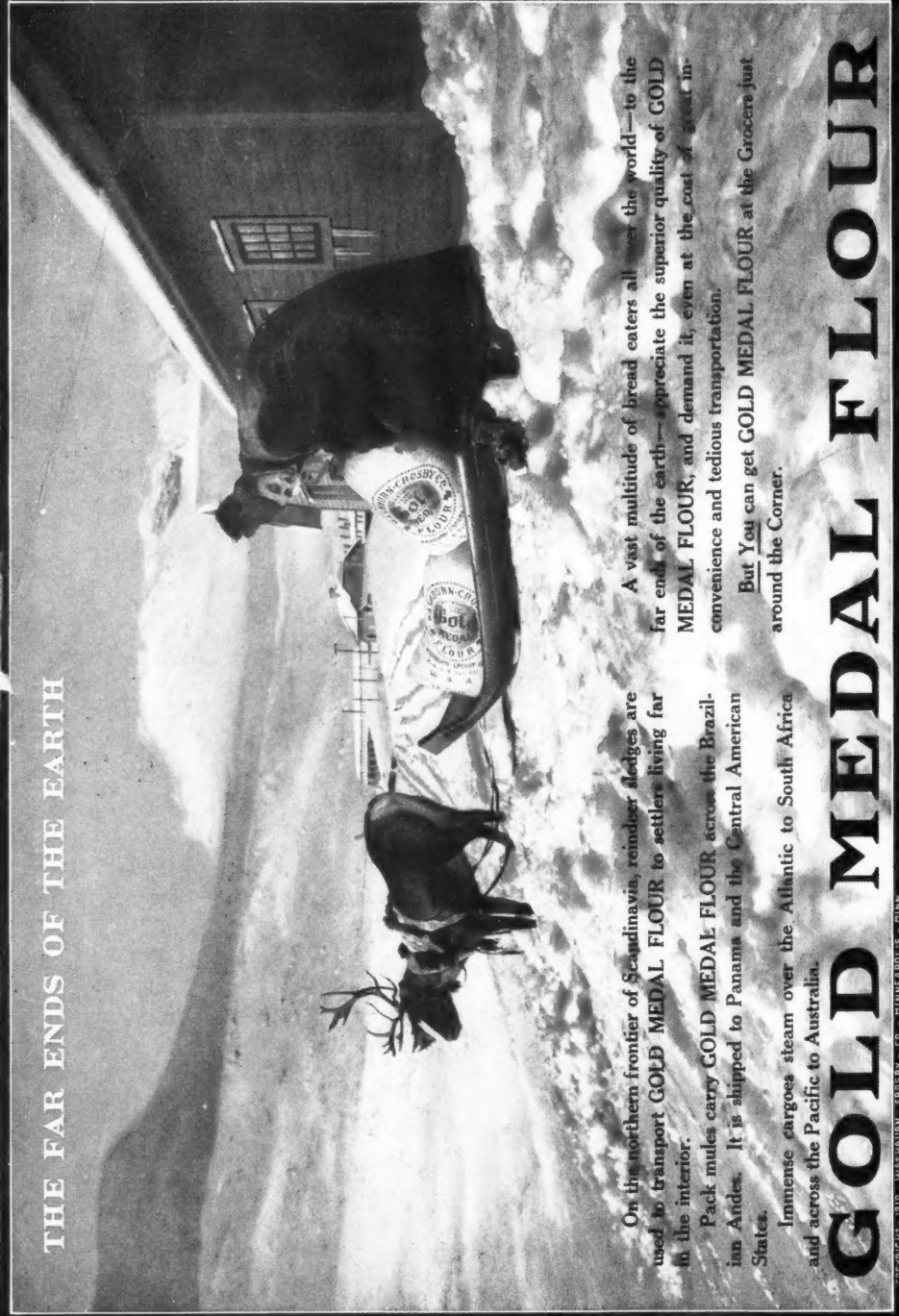
MAGAZINE

January

15 Cts



THE FAR ENDS OF THE EARTH



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Pack mules carry GOLD MEDAL FLOUR across the Brazilian Andes. It is shipped to Panama and the Central American States.

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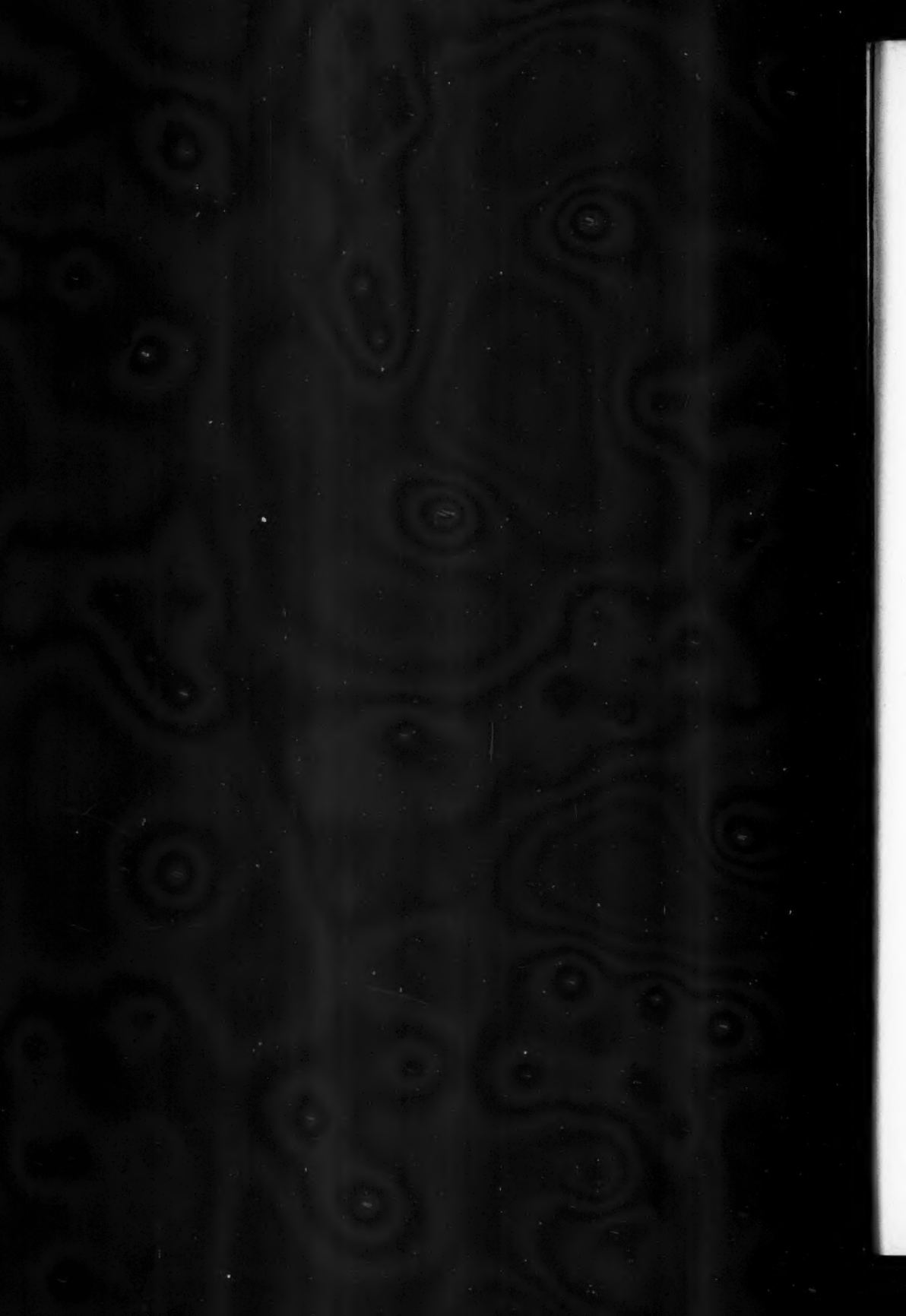
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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1911

WASHINGS at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

THE procession was passing—in the ranks were officials who felt the force of the “landslide” to which the Culebra breaks at Panama were mere incidents. The searchlight of public interest was thrown full upon them as they entered the portals of the White House; there was something lacking in the old-time jaunty stride across the threshold—something significant in attire as well as in manner. Senator Burkett of Nebraska entered wearing a brilliant red cravat, emblematic, some opined, of buoyant hope in elections to come. Uncle Joe Cannon, soon to retire from the Speaker’s chair and join the rank and file of the “X Society” of algebraic lore, does not remain an unknown quantity: with cigar atilt and eyes atwinkle, he seemed to be the same “Uncle Joe”—ready to do things—wearing a new sombrero. Congressman Alexander was there to discuss the Rivers and Harbors Bill with estimates running far into the millions; and with a quizzical look, he took some time to explain about that one missing vote which resulted in his defeat. Congressman Bennett of New York was taking matters philosophically and insisted that the “magazines exploded” his hopes over New York way, although

he ran several thousand votes ahead of his ticket.

Various members of the Cabinet were hurrying in their sacrificial estimates on appropriations for the executive pruning-knife, for alas, the “pork barrel” is to be shorn of its ancient fair proportions at the coming session unless a Democrat-insurgent combine over-rides the presidential policy.

The new executive offices have something of the spacious area of a resort hotel. The visitors sitting about appeared to be mutely following the New York restaurant law, “*Watch your overcoats and hats,*” as they awaited their turn to pass into the circular room where the President receives, and from which he had to retreat to the seclusion of the White House proper, where the troublesome paragraphs were forged, recast, polished and booked for the annual message.

ONE corner of the Executive Office has been set aside by Secretary Norton for certain visitors; it is already locally known as the “Lame Duck Alley,” where a number of Congressmen and Senators who were defeated in the last election are ushered in when they come to see the

President and explain the situation. When Vice-President Sherman stepped in to look over the assembly, wreathed in one of his sunniest smiles, he simply remarked: "I don't think it's quite large enough." After such a hard-fought contest, there seemed to be very few dejected mourners among the defeated. They all agreed to "take the consequences" cheerfully and "get together" for the next time. One of the defeated Representatives, when tell-



SENATOR DUNCAN V. FLETCHER
Senator from Florida

ing "how it happened" said cheerily, "It was a good deal like that story that's been going the rounds lately.

"They were examining a witness at an inquest over the body of a negro named Henry, who had been killed by a train. 'Sam,' said the coroner, 'what do you know about this accident to Henry?'

" 'Not much, sah.'

" 'Tell us what you know, Sam, in your own way.'

" 'It wuz dis way,' explained Sam. 'You see, boss, I wuz stan'in' on de stashun platfawm wif Henry, an' Numbah Five wuz chalk up kindah late on de bode.

I lef' Henry an' went roun' de stashun foh a li'l dram. When I come back, boss, Numbah Five done gone by, an' I stahted up de track to go home. Artah a li'l ways, I come 'cross a laig. Den a li'l ways on I fin's 'nothah laig. Den I stumbles 'g'inst a haid. It wuz Henry's haid.'

"Sam had ended the grim narrative, but the coroner asked another question:

" 'Well, Sam, what did you do then?'

" 'Well, boss,' replied Sam, 'I thought—wal, I sez tuh mahself, 'Somethin' mus' done happen tuh Henry.'"

* * *

A GLOOM that suggested the blackness of the Styx fell over Washington when President James J. Hill gave out that famous interview which predicted idleness for thousands and a panic widespread—if—and then if. The only fault that Mr. Hill found with the report of that interview was as to its veracity. He had been at the Capital a few days previous, and had told the President some plain truths as he saw them in reference to the railroad financial situation.

Now when Mr. Hill raises his bushy eyebrows and his black eyes snap, something terse and positive is anticipated, but later reports indicate that the blue streak and the dark shadows athwart Mr. Hill's prophecy were not painted in the original picture. His rejoinder was a ringing response full of optimistic and cheerful hope, chords that vibrate quite another tune upon the harp.

It is curious how an inflection on a few words or a look in saying them, may be interpreted. Often it makes all the difference between yea or nay in an answer to important queries. But it is the American habit, no matter how black the horizon may seem, to insist that the sun is going to continue in its course and rise on the morrow. Somehow the keen, never-dying hopes of the people will always sustain the seer whose prophecies declare the ultimate and triumphant success of American policies.

President McCrea of the Pennsylvania Railroad was a more recent caller on President Taft, and in walking with him across the White House grounds, one could appreciate the force of his crisp

interview that "Business is marking time." And he illustrated the time to mark with decisive steps.

* * *

THE passing of Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, the founder and head of the Christian Science creed, is deeply mourned far and near, and the influence of her life and labors has been felt far beyond the confines of the sect which she founded. In spite of all the tempestuous struggles incidental to establishing her creed, she lived to see the triumph of the ideas which she represented among millions in all parts of the world.

How vividly I recall that day at Concord when she appeared in public and from a balcony inspired every hearer by her very presence as she greeted thousands of Christian Science followers who gathered on the lawn at Pleasant View, to look upon the beloved face of their leader. Later in the day it was my privilege to be a guest in the parlor of her quiet home and take from her a message which, though written, had all the glow and fervor of a personal greeting. What a charming little parlor—it seemed so homelike, so quaint, so befitting the simplicity of the owner!

The splendid "Mother Church" at Boston and other fine edifices throughout the country are indeed impressive monuments to her memory and life work. Her book, "Science and Health," was found to be one of the ten most popular and appreciated books of the country in the test made some years ago by the NATIONAL MAGAZINE among its readers, a fact to which Mrs. Eddy personally called attention when bitter attacks were made upon the volume as not constituting permanent

literature. She expressed her appreciation of the NATIONAL's fair treatment in a public announcement.

Her death was reported as peaceful and worthy of a great teacher. Up to within five days before the end, she was in personal touch with all her world of effort and inspiration, and her last message, "God is



THE LATE MRS. MARY BAKER EDDY

my life," reflects the sentiment which sustained her. Whatever else may be said of her creed, it has radiated happiness and content, and in many instances has transformed the discouraged and disheartened into happy, hopeful and helpful men and women. When the history of the nation is written in generations to come, the life-work of Mary Baker G. Eddy will be considered an important

element and remarkable incident of the psychical and religious development of the Nineteenth Century, not only in America, but throughout the world.



When he caught his breath he was two blocks up the avenue

A NEWLY elected Senator came on early to Washington to arrange for rooms, and had an object lesson furnished him on "the High Cost of Living"—the winning slogan in the recent campaign. He wanted to start in "with the swim" and be at the center of things, so he priced the "focal" hotel.

"We make it \$650 per month, two rooms and bath, to you, Senator—without meals," said the clerk dreamily. When the Senator caught his breath, he was two blocks up the Avenue.

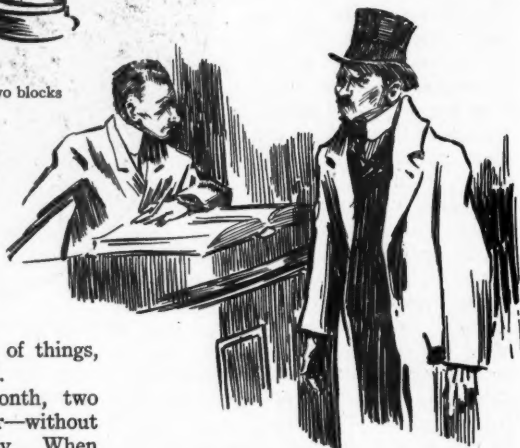
He tried another hotel; a moderately exclusive house whose lobbies were a sort of eddying pool of statesmen and "influential" lobbyists. To him the at-

tendant flamen of this gilded shrine remarked: "Now, we have a choice two rooms with bath, at \$350 per month—"

"Without eating—just for a sleeping-place!" broke in the Senator, "why, I'd burn up with fever if I had to sleep at that price!"

The salary of a Senator is \$7,500, and it is figured on the high level of "simple living" in Washington that he ought to part with that much for assured rest at a good hotel. But the new Senator didn't feel that way about it. Finally it was suggested that he might take a room at the simple hotel of the old days, at one dollar per twenty-four hours, and save money, using the parcel room for baggage when away over Sunday. Then he could take a peep at Peacock Alley and meet friends in the "lobby" which the more wealthy statesmen and tourists support.

The high cost of living is indeed sometimes a high fever and wasting decline for those who must indulge in fluttering about the high places where millionaires pose impressively, while the music plays and the incense ascends. The man or woman who can face the charge of being "a cheap skate" in Washington, while



"Without eating?" broke in the senator

honors roll upon him or her and fame confers her aureole, is hard to find, even among the lusty champions of the simple life.

A GENIAL soul is Congressman Kahn—to that all are agreed in Washington, in San Francisco, and everywhere that Julius Kahn is known. He seems to have about him that winning way that always makes friends. His speeches ring with an indefinable something that almost betrays his former calling, for Congressman Kahn twenty years ago was an actor, traveling with Booth, Jefferson, the elder Salvini, Clara Morris, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence, and other well-known theatrical celebrities.

His tragic mien is left on the stage,

national Exposition at San Francisco, which has been conducted with true Californian energy and vigor. Everybody helps in California, and the snapshot of Congressman Kahn assisting the ladies in the good cause of raising funds for this exposition, is an indication of the esteem in which the Congressman from California is held by his constituents.

* * *

THERE were many moistened eyes when the Senate convened, as the assembling legislators thought of the familiar



CONGRESSMAN JULIUS KAHN, OF CALIFORNIA, ADDRESSING HIS COLLEAGUES
WITH EXPOSITION POST CARDS

however, with his departure from the footlights, as is the prescribed rule with all good actor-folk, and in his everyday work he gets down to the realities of life. One of the first to stamp his foot upon whisperings and abuse hurled upon the heads of the founders of the country, he called a halt upon indiscriminate criticism, so often overlooked in the general indulgence to the carping cynic and critic.

To build up rather than to destroy is Mr. Kahn's broad policy, and he takes hold of things with an enthusiastic optimism. During the summer he has been actively interested in the campaign for the location of the Panama Pacific Inter-

faces missing. Death and retirement have almost transformed the rank and file of the stalwart leaders in the Senate Chamber. The passing of such an orator as Dolliver, and the absence of Beveridge and Depew, will leave very few familiar orators in Congress, a fact lamented by Hon. Champ Clark in a recent article.

It will take several sessions to develop much of the oratorical talent that may lie latent in the new Congress. But while people are entertained and sometimes moved by oratory, it is a general rule that popularity from mere grace of elocution has seldom had much influence on the votes of the people. Nevertheless, as the

power of eloquent delivery is an important asset in making an impression upon a select audience, it is of value to the member of Congress who knows "what to say and how to say it."



GEORGE OTIS DRAPER OF NEW YORK
Author of the book "More"

MY arrival at Washington was greeted by one continuous, sustained, shrill toot from a locomotive at the Union Station. The whistle of a switch engine had broken its valve, and the fierce toot-toot could not be checked until all the steam in the boiler was exhausted. For over an hour it continued, and I wondered if some great event were being celebrated by the ceaseless scream, which seemed like the cry of some great monster in distress.

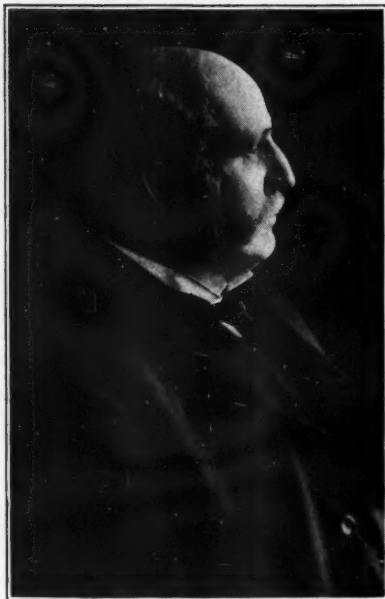
Champ Clark insisted that it was only the desire of the iron horse or "mule" to give expression to its "neigh" against Republican policies, and that it had supplanted the lusty crow of the Democratic roosters giving their election greeting. Or perhaps it was an expression of jubilation over the recent election, which has warmed the cockles of Democratic hearts

more than any other election of late years.

Everything that occurs in Washington must perforce have its political significance, whether it be the tooting of a demoralized locomotive, the lifting of an eyebrow, or an undignified fall on a slippery sidewalk. When Uncle Joe Cannon and Champ Clark met, there was an exchange of courtesy that indicated mutual respect despite all the acrimony of political warfare.

* * *

THE grim gray of early winter was lightened as the great lantern from the Executive Mansion swung forth from the porte-cochere announcing the gayeties that ushered in a new White House debutante. The big east room resounded with cheery greetings and informal gossip



COL. H. B. HEDGE, Des Moines, Ia.
United States Pension Agent

as Vice-President and Mrs. Sherman, members of the Cabinet and their wives, legislators and the members of the diplomatic corps were received by the President and Mrs. Taft.

Flowers were in profusion everywhere; even the messenger boy who left a parcel



MISS HELEN TAFT

at the cook's entrance came away with a big pink in either buttonhole of his spick-and-span uniform.

The advent into society of Miss Helen has been a matter of deep interest in social Washington for weeks, and many receptions are being planned during the winter in her honor. The debutante daughter



Snapshot by Clineinst, Washington
CHIEF JUSTICE WHITE
Recently appointed by President Taft

of the President is a young lady of many and varied accomplishments; she can cook and sew quite as well as ride horseback and play tennis. She speaks both French and Spanish fluently, and has traveled widely. Blue-eyed, fair-haired, athletic in build and amiable in manner, Miss Taft is a typical American girl—and just *sensible* all through.

WHERE'S Burgess?" I inquired at the St. James as I sat down at the table and looked for his cheery black face. The answer was a look—Burgess was dead. His service as a waiter dated back to the war, and his smiling visage, deference and gentleness will be remembered by many of the guests when more prominent men are forgotten. Never was there a time that his dear old face did not fairly shine with kindly interest in everyone's welfare, and how he could anticipate the wants of those he knew! His waiting always seemed to be a labor of love rather than for "tips." He would fairly race back and forth to the kitchen that things might not get "col' an' unpal'table," but alas, with all his thoughtfulness and innate good-nature, Burgess grew gray and old and feeble, and his muscles twitched as he tried to keep up the pace.

Gifted with an easy, rich dialect, Burgess always had an interested group to listen to his after-dinner yarns. It was from him that I heard the story of the young couple who were visiting in Washington some years ago, and read on a printed notice in one of the "ultra" hotels that eating meals in the rooms would not be permitted, with a hint that the cafe was on the first floor. The young folks had brought along a luncheon of chicken, such as no Washington hostelry could furnish, so they quietly turned the key in their door and ate.

The only question was what to do with the bones, for the maid would shortly be in the room. Now, chicken-bones could not be thrown out on a public thoroughfare, so it was decided to do them up nicely in a neat paper package and take them downstairs, where they could be carried to an isolated spot and left forever. Perhaps the bundle was borne below a bit too carelessly, or shifted too often from one hand to the other to avoid the clerk's eagle eye, but his suspicions were aroused that hotel laundry was being smuggled out, and gallantly he took the package by the string. One unruly drumstick peeped through.

How Burgess used to chuckle as he concluded: "Dat scene, sah, Ah nevah can fo'get. The gen'man, he jes' couldn' explain hisself, an' the clerk he jes' laff an' laff an' laff. An' we all laffed!"

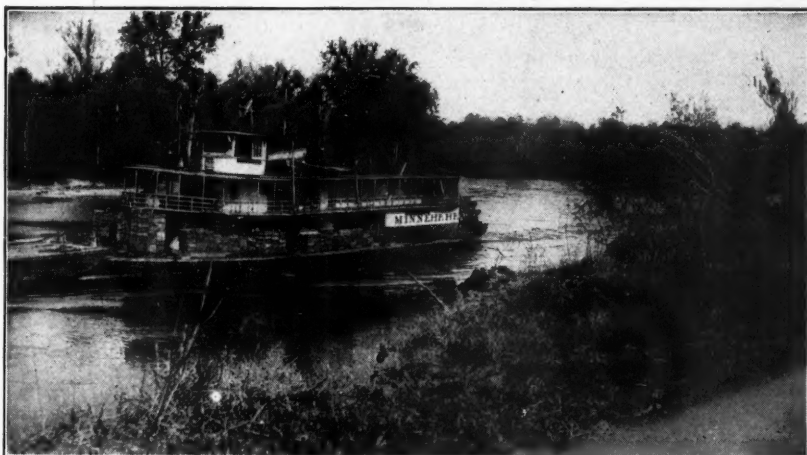
SIXTY leading architects from all over the country have been invited to submit designs for the new buildings to be erected in Washington in the vicinity of the Treasury Department for the Departments of State, Justice and Commerce and Labor. The style is to be classical—as naturally befits the buildings of the government—and the new structures are to conform with the best public buildings already in the Capital city. This stipulation "classical" in reality gives a sufficiently wide latitude on which the architects may base their plans; for although the architecture of Washington is in general

general harmony. Only two months have been allowed for the preparation of plans, and those chosen will undoubtedly be put into operation without delay.

* * *

HE had dropped in to see a junior member who was deep in the revision of a speech—his maiden speech in the Halls of Congress. The floor was a litter of recopied pages, and the typewriter clicked savagely on the other side of the room as the tenth revise was ground out.

"What are you doing with the stuff?" demanded the intruder.



VIEW ON RIVER NEAR THE ARKANSAS HOME OF OCTAVE THANET (MISS ALICE FRENCH)

classical, most of the government buildings have modern features that rather lessen than accentuate close imitation of the architecture of the ancients, and embody a modern individuality and beauty that is in conformity with the progress of the age.

With sixty prominent American architects participating in the competition, there will without doubt be submitted as many excellent designs, although it is definitely announced that the competition is to select architects rather than plans, and that the "chosen few" whose designs are decided upon will be called on to cooperate with each other in order that the three buildings may be brought into

"Putting it into English," growled the youthful congressman tersely, as he deftly put a line through "something should be done at once," and carefully interpolated, "it is imperative that radical conciliatory measures should be pursued in the immediate future."

"My dear fellow," protested the older man, "let me have that manuscript." He glanced over the pages, groaning as he happened on such phrases as "incomprehensible effusiveness" and "individualistic idiosyncrasies."

"What do you think of it?" demanded the author.

"Think of it! I think it's an awful mess of jaw-breakers and word-juggling. You've

spoiled every possible point that you wanted to make.

"I tell you," he mused, "the day of English for effect is doomed. The telegraph companies made 'em say it the shortest way, by basing their rates on words, some years ago. But they didn't

had known and loved him during his life.

Senator Elihu Root's address touched every heart, as he eloquently dwelt on the wonderful "bigness" of the man; his words will be long preserved in the memories of those who were present. But the American people need no oration to remind them of the sterling character of him whose ideals were expressed in his lines of "Jim Bludso":

"He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing—
And went fer it thar and then;
And Christ ain't going to be too hard
On a man that died for men."

The library, which is of marble and will contain three hundred thousand volumes, was erected at a cost of \$300,000, half of which was

contributed by Mr. Andrew Carnegie. People in every walk of life united in raising the remaining \$150,000. Friends



The revision of his maiden speech in the halls of Congress

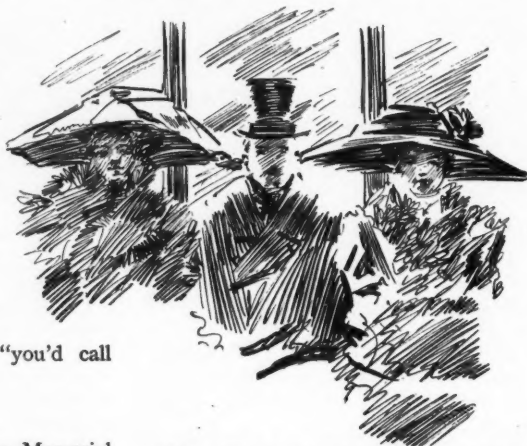
go far enough; they didn't do away with jaw-breakers. Now here comes the cable company with a new rate on five letters to the word; and I say, three cheers for them.

"My boy, you dig up your first draft of that speech and find out what you really wanted to say. Connect it up and make it strong. Fancy it's a cable on the five-letter basis. 'Brevity's the soul of wit,' Bill Shakespeare said. Well, I say 'Brevity's the body of sense.'

"Although I suppose," as he reached the door and flung back a parting shot, "you'd call it *em-bod-i-ment*."

* * *

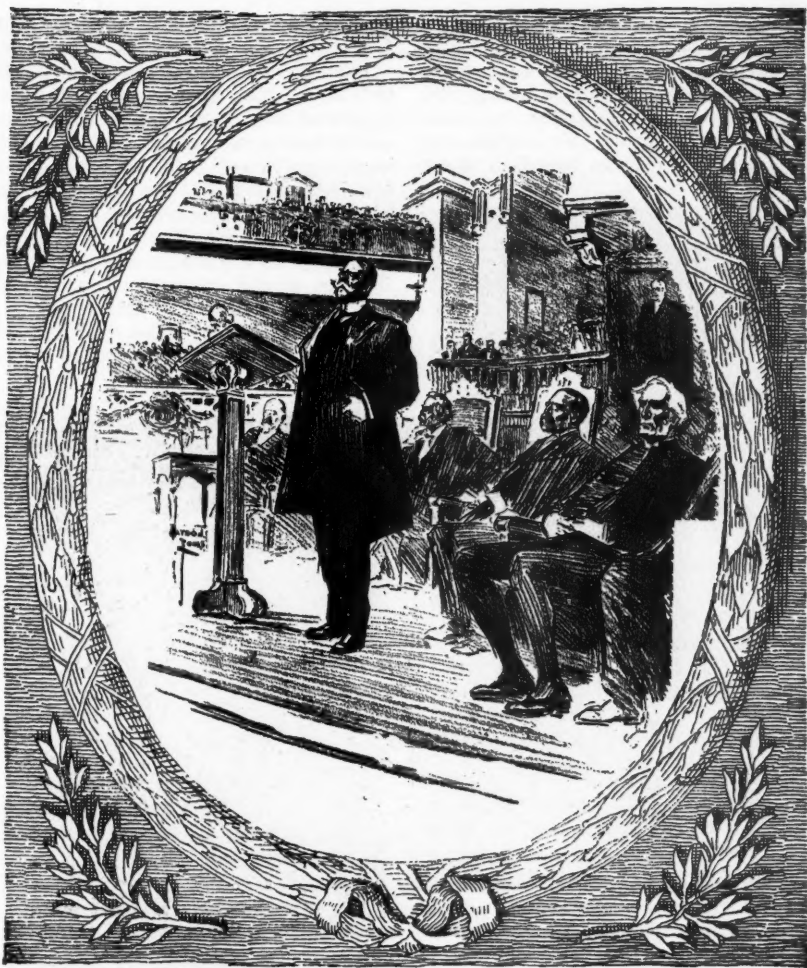
THE dedication of the Hay Memorial Library at Brown College brought together public officials, prominent educators and professional business men from all over America, to do homage to the memory of the late Secretary of State. A throng of alumni and undergraduates of Brown were gathered to listen to the tributes paid to the renowned son of their alma mater, by men who



Tickling the ears of a congressman in a street car

and admirers from all over the country contributed generously that the Hay Library might be fitting in every respect to invite the student body of Brown into the pursuits best loved by the late secretary of state.

There are rooms for famous collections of poetry, of international law, of literature



THE LATE JOHN HAY MAKING AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE INTERNATIONAL PEACE CONFERENCE AT TREMONT TEMPLE, BOSTON, IN MAY, 1906

and other features, and the magnificent structure will be an enduring monument to John Hay, whose combination of literary taste and skill, public spirit and wholeheartedness made him indeed a representative "man among men."

* * *

THEY were talking over state politics at an informal gathering of Congressmen, and the subject was Woodrow Wilson. "How did he do it?" was the general

query; and not a few shook their heads as they reflected on disastrous election bets against the "scholar in politics."

For the American people are reputed to look askance at the *savant* who sets out to capture even a petty judgeship, and that a college president—who has composed literary essays and written histories and is no politician at all according to the prescribed rule—should so completely take New Jersey by storm, is something of a paradox.

The Wilson campaign was unique. The gentlemanly professor did not throw bombs into the camp of his opponent. He did not vehemently attack the opposite party and thunderingly accuse it of every crime in the decalogue. He did not even grandiloquently declaim himself a savior



GEORGE E. ROBERTS
Director of the Mint, Washington, D. C.

of the poor, common people. But he won; and the victory of this "amateur" has set many a practised politician to thinking.

"Oh, that's all right," admitted a radical M. C. of the "rip-'em-to-bits" variety, "but think of campaigning a la Wilson among the farmers in G—— or B——. They'd think you were hand in glove with the other fellow if you didn't call him a liar and a thief; and they don't understand anything but cuss words."

"May be so," said a brother member prophetically, "but it may happen that within a couple of years Woodrow'll be out that way to decide that matter for himself."

A TALK with returning congressmen and their secretaries and the residue of those well informed on matters political throughout the country, discloses one impressive fact: that admiration for the administration of President Taft is growing stronger every day all over the country. Members of both Houses are especially friendly to the President, who seems to have a faculty for getting what he asks for, as his requests are always reasonable.

Many of the insurgent Republicans, who felt very secure at home, are returning a bit anxious about the future of the party, realizing that Republican



ANTON WITTEK
The noted grand opera conductor

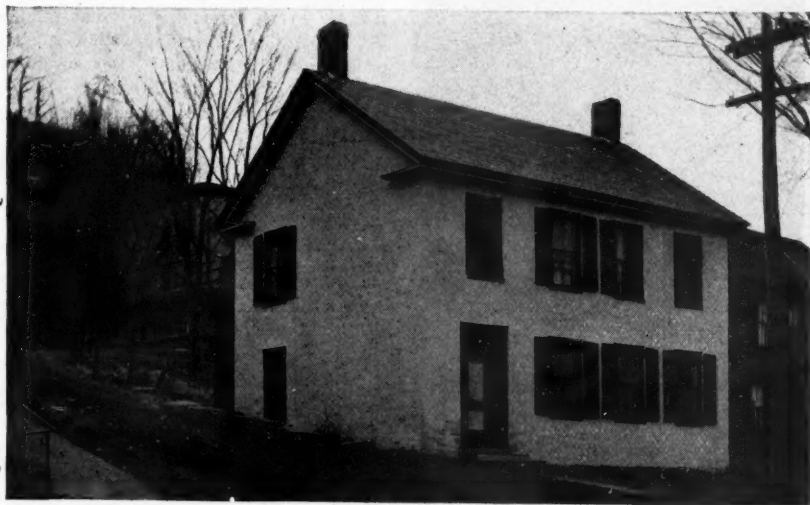
supremacy has been put to a severe test in the recent election. Republicans of all shades of opinion are commending the President for going his way and attending strictly to business during the tension of factional disputes. He has a way, too, of standing firmly and loyally by his friends and associates; and his plans are submitted in a broad and comprehensive way that is commensurate with his capability in the executive chair. His influence

with the representatives of foreign powers is equally evidenced by his popularity among the diplomatic corps.

No representative of any country has ever hesitated in going to President Taft, realizing that a full hearing and a just verdict will be granted. While it was feared that his temperament might obscure his executive ability, yet the comment of the returning members from all parts of the country indicates that President Taft will enter the third year of his presidency with as satisfactory and substantial support as any other President has been accorded.

The American tourist who wishes to extend his automobile trip into Canada can procure a permit from the authorities to remain within the port of importation and its vicinity for not more than three days.

The owner of an auto, not connected with any automobile business, and desiring to enter Canada "for touring purposes only," can secure a permit good for three months on depositing twenty-five dollars, and executing a bond for double the amount of the appraised duties, signed by himself and two residents of Canada, or by the importer and a resident of



THE SCHOOLHOUSE IN MONTPELIER, VERMONT, WHERE ADMIRAL DEWEY WAS EDUCATED. NOW USED AS A DWELLING HOUSE

AMERICAN automobiles have become more and more popular on European roads as tourists realize the advantages of sight-seeing tours abroad by motor. Much of the "red tape" necessitated in crossing boundary lines will be eliminated with the issuance of the international traveling certificate, which is honored by most European countries through special arrangement of the Touring Club of America with leading automobile associations in Europe including the Automobile Association of London and the Touring Club of France. The certificates may be secured before leaving this country.

Canada, who has deposited the general guarantee of a Canadian guarantee company, or the special bond of such a guarantee company.

The deposit of twenty-five dollars will be returned, and the bond cancelled upon return of the permit with official proof of the return of the auto to the United States within three months; otherwise, the deposit is forfeited and the bond enforced. Tourists coming into Canada should be provided with an invoice showing the selling price of the automobile, and the date, place and from whom the purchase was made.

A QUERY that never fails when the traveler returns from a first trip abroad is, "What did you like best?" or "What interested you most?" Imagine my surprise when a lady declared to a company of friends that after four months of very comprehensive European sight-seeing, the object that most impressed her was Napoleon's hat.

It is still shown at Fontainebleau, just



Photo by Lippincott

ARTHUR H. STILWELL

President, Kansas City, Mexico & Orient Railway Co.
Author of "Confidence or National Suicide," an article concerning which will be found in the Publishers' department in this issue of the NATIONAL

as it was worn by the sturdy little Corsican as he was painted in that familiar pose with his hand behind. Napoleon's hat has an air of distinction, insisted the lady; with a brim fully twelve inches wide, it would seem almost to rival in breadth the "Mikado" shape worn by the ladies of today. Of black beaver, the hat is a true reflection of the fastidious taste of the "Little Emperor," and, indeed, it was its personality that had so fascinated the

visitor, aside from the never-failing interest of womankind in headgear.

Who can say how many styles and fashions affected by the ladies originated from the broad-brimmed beaver of Bonaparte, with its turned-up flap? Of course one is willing to concede that it may have had its uses in this direction, but that a lady should wax eloquent in a tribute to Napoleon's ancient headgear is almost amusing.

And yet why should not a survey of this hat, after all, appeal as strongly to the thoughtful beholder as any other relic of the great Emperor? Under its brim was a head that carried the fate of all Europe in its plans for a great empire. Why not a hat, then, as well as a chair or an image in marble? For surely no other part of the wardrobe is so close to the brain, the controlling force of great careers.

All of which may result in a startling furor for collecting hats of famous men.

* * *

THE Everglade State certainly has reason to be proud of her Governor, Albert Waller Gilchrist, one of those whole-souled, genial men who still maintains the traditional hospitality and cavalier spirit and courtesy of the South.

His father, General William E. Gilchrist, was for years a State Senator in Florida, and his only son was born in Greenwood, South Carolina, at the home of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Waller, for whom he was named. General Gilchrist, one of Florida's wealthiest planters, died at the beginning of the Civil War, and during the dark days that followed, young Albert was reduced to poverty, and began his career by working hard on a salary of fifteen dollars per month.

Later he was appointed to West Point, where, as a member of the Class of '82, he served in various honorary positions. In 1896, when he was General in the Florida Militia, Grover Cleveland appointed him a member of the West Point Board of Visitors. At the beginning of the Spanish-American War, he resigned the office of Brigadier-General to become a private in the Florida Volunteer Infantry, serving

at Santiago, Cuba. The following year, having served part of the time as Acting Major, he was mustered out of service with the rank of Captain.

Governor Gilchrist was a member of the House of Representatives of Florida from De Soto County for four terms, serving as Speaker of the House during the 1905 session. He was elected Governor of the Peninsula State in 1909 for the term of four years.

Genealogists have traced the Governor's ancestry through far-off grandfathers, to both Washington and Madison. The Waller family, his maternal ancestors, settled in England at the time of the Conquest, the head of the family being one of the one hundred noblemen who composed the famed Wittenagemote of William the Conqueror.

It is said that his father once aspired to the governorship of his state, and his ambition could not have been more fully gratified than through the excellent administration of his son. The Governor is a member of the Improved Order of Red Men, Elks, Masons and of the S. A. E. Greek Letter Fraternity, is socially popular and has "a way with him" that may be defined as personal magnetism. He has never been married, and the books and souvenirs constantly sent him by admirers, from all over the country, "for Mrs. Gilchrist," are the source of no end of amusement to his personal friends. But the Governor doesn't mind. He graciously accepts the gift himself, whether it be a bit of a lace handkerchief or a volume on woman suffrage, and indites a note of appreciation to the sender with a rather apologetic confession of his bachelorhood.

* * *

WASHINGTON is again a convert to the old maxim, "In time of peace, prepare for war," and much is said of the necessity of greatly strengthening our Pacific Coast defences. The opening of the Panama Canal will assist in properly guarding the Pacific Coast and Island Colonies from a naval point of view, but the War Department is hastening the work of establishing and strengthening the fortresses of our few Pacific cities. Since

his return from his world tour, Secretary of War Dickinson has prepared a special report on the Philippine Islands for the President, who has always had a deep personal interest in the welfare and progress of the islands ever since over ten years ago, when President McKinley appointed him President of the United States Philippine Commission.

Much interest has been taken at the War Department in the experiments with high explosives on the upper works of the Monitor Puritan. The little iron monitor



ALBERT WALLER GILCHRIST
Governor of Florida

seems to hold its own against almost every kind of explosive, and to defy destruction by dynamite dropped from the greatly feared aeroplane. Air craft as thus far developed would probably be of no great efficiency in war so far as the destruction of modern warships is concerned. A bomb thrown from an airship at any elevation over five thousand feet could not be aimed with any accuracy, and at this height any quick-firing gun would certainly cripple and probably destroy the aeroplane. And so the airship, after all, cannot be exactly regarded as an important factor in war, at least in its present embryonic state.



J. M. DICKINSON, SECRETARY OF WAR

His annual report recommends a purchase of aeroplanes, and is the result of a flight made in one of the French army machines in Paris

A STRIKING figure among the new Congressmen who will answer to the roll-call of the Sixty-second Congress, Judge S. F. Prouty of Des Moines, Iowa, will present the massive strength of character that after four strenuous contests in the primaries secured his nomination.

A typical "early settler," and except for his comparative youth a pioneer, the Judge, from earliest youth to mature manhood, has been a typical representative of that class for which the Hawkeye State has been famous—the self-made man.

Gifted with that vein of pungent humor that cuts its way through the glittering chain mail of more polished opponents, and a fearless fighter, the people of Iowa have learned to be proud of their new member from the Seventh District, who, fifty-four years ago, came with his parents by long and lonely roads from Ohio to the Iowan prairies, where his mother, worn out with the weary journey, passed away when almost in sight of the new home.

Thrown upon his own resources at the age of nine, Judge Prouty began to earn his own living, and in the half-dozen years succeeding often burned the midnight oil or home-made candle in the little room where he familiarized himself with the studies which fitted him, when only sixteen, for an appointment as teacher in the district school. His maiden speech in Congress, under the dome of the Capitol, avows the Judge, can never afford him keener pleasure or greater pride than he felt in that never-to-be-forgotten day when in the little dingy schoolhouse he marshalled his pupils and was greeted with the time-honored title of "Teacher."

So, too, he loves to tell his friends of the many long evenings spent in hard study that he might enter Central University, and how, by assisting with janitor work, he worked his way through college. That such devotion should win honors goes without saying; in 1877 he was the class valedictorian, and won prizes in the state and interstate competitions.

He was elected to the State Legislature when twenty-four years of age, shortly after his admission to the bar. His legal ability soon commanded public recogni-

tion, and in his career as a judge of the District Court, he made an enviable record as a humane and just magistrate.

* * *

OUR good neighbor, the Canadian Government, is preparing to take her census next June after the approved manner of the American census, just completed. Mr. E. S. McPhail, of the Census Bureau of Canada, was in Washington for some days in private conference with Chief Durand,



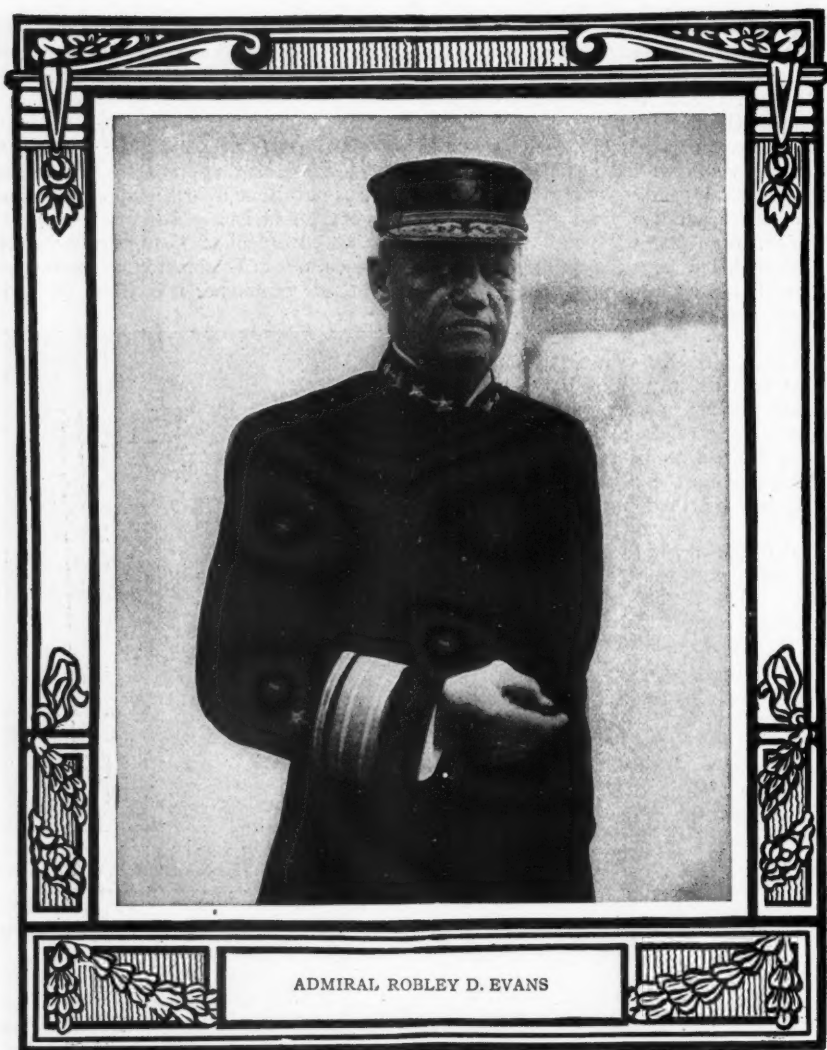
HON. S. F. PROUTY

Elected to Congress to succeed J. A. T. Hull from the Des Moines (Iowa) district

and he was much impressed by the modern American methods of census-taking.

Official estimates place the population of Canada at eight million, almost a fifty per cent increase over the figures of the former census. Mr. McPhail expressed his admiration for Yankee ingenuity in the statement that he hoped this increase was largely due to American immigration.

Across the border they are having their own troubles over the vexed question of the influx of Japanese, and the general sentiment would indicate that definite measures will soon be required to prohibit Japanese "coolies" from settling along the northern coast and monopolizing important fisheries and trading posts.



IT was a revelation to hear Admiral Evans tell of the chances in store for the boy who enters the navy, for he firmly believes that a graduate of the navy's training-school has the best all-round education of any man in America.

There is reason, too, for his enthusiasm. Navy officers are constantly in demand to fill responsible positions in industrial and business lines; they seem to have a

thoroughness that the youth of ordinary college training lacks. Perhaps the reason that most of the graduates of the navy's admirable course remain with the government in preference to outside pursuits, springs from the same loyalty that saved Admiral Bob from becoming a steel magnate.

When hard-pressed for a story, he will tell with charming simplicity of why he



Courtesy of "New Boston"

DETAIL OF THE GOVERNOR'S RECEPTION SCENE IN THE NOTABLE BOSTON-1915 CIVIC PAGEANT. "CAVE LIVE TO CITY LIFE," ENACTED AT THE BOSTON ARENA, NOV. 10-12



Courtesy of "New Boston"

SWEDISH DANCERS, ONE OF THE STRIKING FEATURES OF THE BOSTON-1915 PAGEANT

never left the government employ. It seems that when he was the navy's steel expert in 1888 a private corporation sought his services. The young government specialist thought it over.

He was an acknowledged steel expert. In the government service, his personal

navy are of more value to me than millions in steel."

The credit of converting public opinion to the uplifting influence of the army and navy, once referred to by a prominent attorney as "the dumping ground for failures," and its wonderful educational advantages, belongs to such men as loyal, great-hearted "Fighting Bob."

* * *

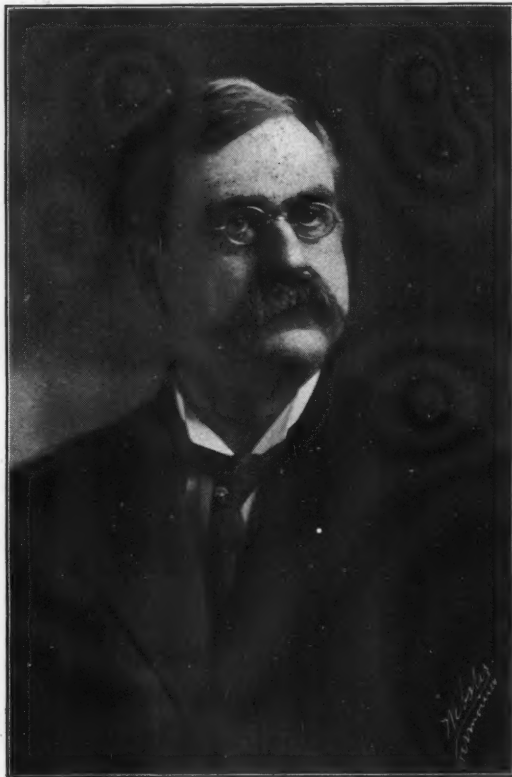
THE appointment to the United States Senate of Colonel Lafayette Young—or "Lafe Young, Senior," as they call him out Des Moines way—was a happy solution of the problem, "Who will succeed Dolliver?"

State Senator for twelve years in Iowa, the Colonel has long been prominent in political affairs, and his paper, the *Des Moines Capital*, has had no small influence in shaping public sentiment. He is, in fact, an old-time Republican editor. He made the speech nominating Theodore Roosevelt for Vice-President at the Philadelphia convention when McKinley was named for a second term, and has been delegate-at-large at two Republican national conventions.

Senator Young was a member of the Taft party which visited the Philippines, and served as war correspondent with Shafter's famous Cuban campaign. After he returned from the island he was in

constant demand as a speaker on the Cuban situation, and gained for himself an enviable reputation for his oratorical powers. Much of his time is spent in travel, in order that the *Capital* may be national in scope as well as in influence.

A close personal friend of President Taft and a man of sane and practical convictions, Senator Young is looked upon as a worthy successor to the late Senator Dolliver.



SENATOR LAFAYETTE YOUNG

ability would naturally be obscured from the world's notice. On the other hand, a connection with a steel corporation would make him famous and rich. But it was the government that had made him the master of his art, and he felt that his duty was to remain in its service.

"I have never been sorry," he will say in conclusion, "even when I have heard of other men who entered the business and have become wealthy; for the friends I have made during my service to the

PARRAMATTA, one of the largest estates along the North Shore, has been leased by the President, and for at least two more years Beverly will remain the summer capital of the nation.

The mansion, which is situated on a hill that overlooks the ocean, is of the modernized Colonial type. The plan of the interior seems to be especially adapted to the requirements of the Chief Executive, while on the spacious grounds surrounding he may golf to his heart's content.

The new estate is somewhat more retired than his former Beverly quarters; it is reached by a private avenue and there are no neighboring cottagers to be annoyed by the throngs who all through the summer season betake themselves to Beverly to "see the President's house," cherishing the fond hope of getting a glimpse of his portly form in the pursuit of some very human and homely duty or relaxation.

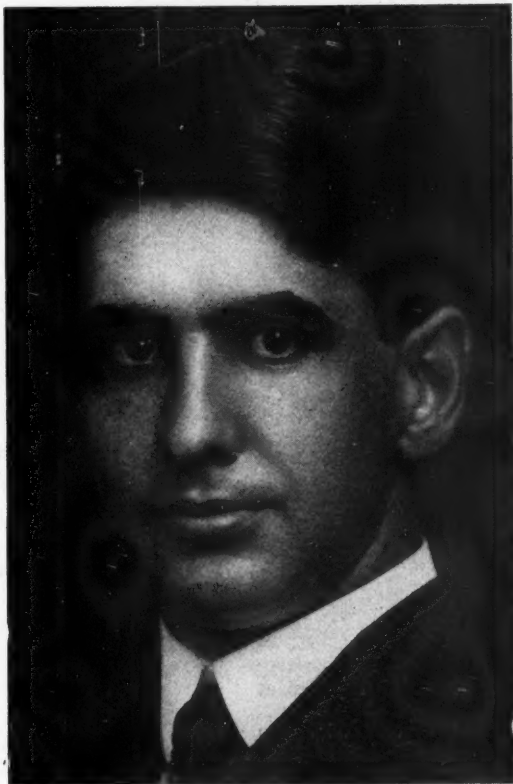
* * *

THE boys who in the old days worked their way through college by "bucking wood," will read with interest the monograph by Mr. Pierson of the Forest Service on the yearly consumption of wood as a fuel.

To feed the fires of fifty millions of people thirty years ago, one hundred and forty-six million cords of firewood were required, the price averaging about \$2.21 per cord. Coal production amounted to about seventy-one million short tons; now it is six times that quantity.

Though the population of the country has increased to ninety millions, the use of wood as fuel has decreased not only per capita, but in the aggregate—only about eighty-six million cords of firewood were consumed in 1908, a decrease of nearly sixty million cords against a forty-million increase in population.

The general feeling nowadays is that the destruction of most woods for heating purposes is uneconomical and wasteful; yet certain of the present generation can recall the time when black walnut, bird's-eye maple and beautiful birch were consumed for fuel, leaving only a heap of



LAFAYETTE YOUNG, JR.

Who conducts the destinies of the *Des Moines Capital* when the Senator is away, which is most of the time

ashes to tell the tale of a nation's extravagance.

The introduction of municipal heating plants along with the other public-utility conveniences installed into some of our centers of population will soon oust even the semblance of old-time cord wood. The buck-saw will not long be the terror of former years to the boys of the present generation, and the old square box-stove



WILLIAM HODGE AND HIS PET BEAR

in the schoolhouse of long ago will soon be confined to the shops of dealers in antiques.

* * *

THAT William Hodge is one of America's best-loved actors has long been an established fact. The question "Why?" is never raised as to the cause of his success, for he's always just the same genial, sincere Will Hodge wherever he may be, and his very whole-heartedness wins people to him at once.

During the summer he had a taste of life truly rural. In the old Bay State, not far from Boston and within hailing distance of Jerusalem Road, he became a real farmer, and one of the Cohasset home-folks. So when the Marshfield County Fair was being held, to the fair he went—to Marshfield, among the fields where Daniel Webster was wont to spend his hours of relaxation in pitching hay.

One of the prizes offered at Marshfield was a bear—

a real, shaggy black bear, from Egypt, contributed by Thomas W. Lawson. To Mr. Hodge fell the small bruin, and when the award was made, he wore a puzzled look that was a true study in physiognomy. A "white elephant" deeded to him by a favorite aunt could scarce have caused him more consternation. There was a moment's hesitation, and then the erstwhile farmer took the bear to his bosom, in such manner as he would welcome a long-lost relative come home to him.

Youthful Mr. Bruin seemed to see in the kindly face of the "Man from Home" a true "friend in a far countree," and not long after the two were holding an animated *conversazione* in a language that may have reigned in Bruindom.

Mr. Hodge does not carry "Capper"



MRS. WILLIAM HODGE AND DAUGHTER GENEVIEVE
Named after the title of the song which plays so conspicuous a part in Mr. Hodge's play, "The Man From Home"

about with him on a chain, but has left him in the tender care of Mr. Lawson's daughter, to hibernate quietly until the summer days return.

* * *

THE President's personal interest in the movement to raise a fund of two million dollars for the endowment of the American Red Cross, would of itself create a revival of public interest in that noble organization; but his announcement of the names of some two hundred

statement that the Japanese Red Cross has permanent endowment funds amounting to over eight million dollars."

The beneficent labors of the Red Cross are not confined to service in war; but, as set forth in the charter granted it by Congress, "to continue and carry on a system of national and international relief in time of peace, and apply the same in mitigating the sufferings caused by pestilence, fire, floods and other great calamities, and to devise and carry on measures for preventing the same."



RED CROSS CHINESE FIRST AID CLASS, SAN FRANCISCO

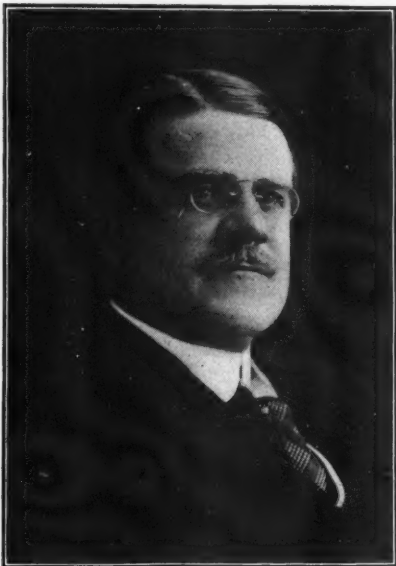
representative Americans, chosen from all parts of the country, each willing and eager to do his part in raising the necessary endowment, cannot fail to incite a prompt and effective response from the people.

The subject should not be left without paying a deserved tribute to the devotion with which Miss Mabel T. Boardman has inspired a national interest in this movement. Her address before the National Conservation Congress at St. Paul aided greatly in ensuring the endorsement of the project to raise this endowment fund. Not the least of her arguments was the parallel drawn between the Red Cross movement in Japan and European countries, and our own, including the surprising

THE Honorable Horace G. Knowles, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to Bolivia, was born at Seaford, Delaware, in 1863. He was graduated at Delaware College in 1884, and in 1889 was appointed United States Consul to Bordeaux, France, retiring with the advent of the Cleveland administration in 1893. He was admitted to the bar of Newcastle County, Delaware, in 1895, and was several years the attorney of the county, successfully conducting many important cases.

He was the editor and proprietor of the *Evening Journal*, the leading daily newspaper of Delaware, for two years prior to entering the diplomatic service in January, 1907, when he was appointed

Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to Roumania and Servia. July 1, 1907, he was appointed Minister to Roumania and Servia and Diplomatic Agent in Bulgaria, and successively Minister to Nicaragua and Minister to the Dominican Republic. He was appointed Minister to Bolivia June 24, 1910.



HON. HORACE G. KNOWLES
Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary
of the United States to Bolivia

ONCE again an important issue is raised by the bill introduced by Congressman Madden of Chicago, regarding an amendment to the Constitution, to confer upon Congress the power of legislation upon general issues of all kinds that have formerly come under state jurisdiction. Although there is a growing sentiment in commercial circles against the restraints imposed by conflicting and divergent state laws, yet the consensus of opinion of a group of senators gathered in the cloak room was in accord with Senator Elihu Root's reply to the insurance controversy:

"You cannot confine the proposal to insurance alone. The framework of our government aimed to preserve at once the

strength and protection of a great national power, and the blessing and the freedom and the personal independence of local self-government. It aimed to do that by preserving in the Constitution the sovereign powers of the separate states. Are we to reform the Constitution? If we do it as to insurance, we must do it as to a hundred and thousand other things. The interdependence of life, wiping out state lines, the passing to and fro of men and merchandise, the intermingling of the people of all sections of our country without regard to state lines, are creating a situation in which from every quarter of the horizon come cries for federal control of business which is no longer confined within the limits of separate states. Are we to reform our constitutional system so as to put in federal hands the control



CONGRESSMAN MADDEN OF CHICAGO

of all the business that passes over state lines? If we do, where is our local self-government? If we do, how is the central government at Washington going to be able to discharge the duties that will be imposed upon it? Already the administration, already the judicial power, already the legislative branches of our government are driven to the limit of their power to deal intelligently with the subjects that are now before them.

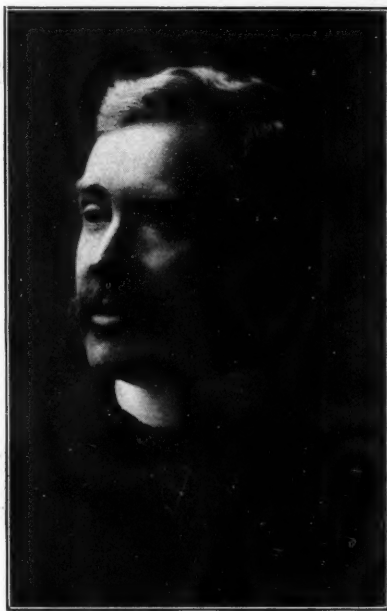
"This country is too great, its population too numerous, its interests too vast and complicated already, to say nothing of the enormous increases that we can see before us

in the future, to be governed as to the great range of our daily affairs, from one central power in Washington."

The National Civic Federation has played a prominent part in creating more uniform laws among the various states, which, it is felt, would be more advisable than amending the Constitution and possibly jeopardizing state rights. The views expressed in this matter by President Taft, Colonel Roosevelt, William Randolph Hearst, Samuel Gompers and John Mitchell—a group of men differing widely in political affiliations—are practically identical, and the governors of

ment, despite its good features, might prove too radical and in the end endanger the rights of the states as well as of the nation.

THE "close-of-the-year" reckoning will show a steady increase in the exports of American manufactures. For the first time in the history of the United States,



CONGRESSMAN M. E. OLMSTED
of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

most of the states signify their wishes to co-operate in the movement of making more uniform state laws.

Those who favor federal control call attention to the sentiment in Washington's famous Farewell Address, where he urged that the country could not shield itself too much against "geographical discriminations"; but it is felt that Mr. Madden's proposed constitutional amend-



T. W. LEQUATTE
Advertising manager of *Successful Farming*, published at Des Moines, Iowa

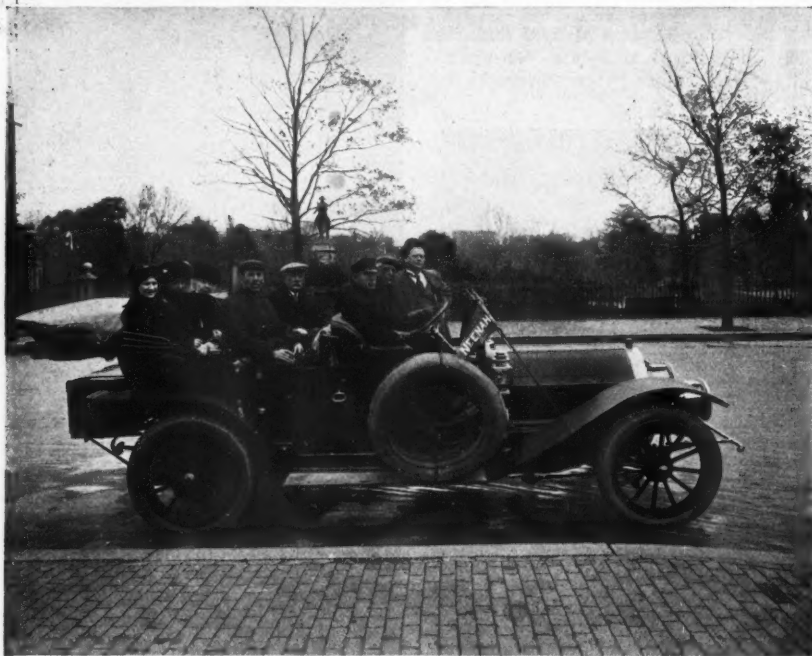
the total exports will exceed eight hundred million dollars per annum in value, which justifies a well-grounded prediction that 1911 will show even a more radical increase. The exports for September alone exceeded seventy million dollars and an average of sixty-eight million dollars' worth of manufactures going out of the country each month means great progress in the right direction.

The report of imports shows a decided decline in crude materials, though there has been an increase in the importation of both manufacturers' materials and finished manufactures. The fact that

Chinese cotton importation has reached the astonishing figure of four and one-half million pounds is of intense interest to Southern planters, and will doubtless lead to a greater increase in the acreage of cotton in the South next year.

The enhanced value of cotton is largely due to the large increase in the value of by-products. One can never forget the beauty of the old cotton field, with its

committees of the House. Nine years ago when Representative David J. Foster of Vermont entered the House, Speaker Henderson appointed him a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. Mr. Foster is a lawyer, and he has been a student of international law and deeply interested in international politics and our Foreign Affairs. He asked the Speaker to make him a member of the Foreign



HAD A GLORIOUS TRIP ACROSS THE COUNTRY

A jolly party of NATIONAL MAGAZINE readers who visited our plant after touring across the continent with Col. Geo. A. Whiting of Neenah, Wis., in his famous Pierce-Arrow. The picture was taken just as they were returning, opposite the Boston Public Gardens

flossy staples and purple blossoms, but the increasing enterprise and utilitarian methods of the American planter will bring about a more scientific and profitable production of cotton in future years than ever before.

* * *

THE death of Representative James Breck Perkins of New York brought another New England man to the chairmanship of one of the most important

Affairs Committee, and Mr. Henderson promptly recognized his fitness for the place. The committee is an important one. It frames the annual appropriation bill for the support of our Diplomatic and Consular Service, and deals with many of the delicate and confidential matters affecting the intercourse between the United States and foreign governments. It has jurisdiction of all proposed legislation affecting the relations of the



SENATOR JOSEPH L. BRISTOW
The Insurgent Senator who has them all a-guessing

United States with foreign nations, including appropriations therefor.

Mr. Foster's work on the committee during these nine years has been marked by good judgment and careful attention to details, and it was only natural that he should be promoted to the chairmanship. During the time Mr. Foster has been a

the government, delivered at the time when the city of San Francisco undertook to segregate the Japanese school children in separate schools.

Another subject which has claimed constant attention from Mr. Foster is that of the public schools of Washington. He insists that they ought to be models of per-

fection, object lessons for the several states. It was largely through his efforts that legislation was enacted some years ago reorganizing the schools and increasing the compensation of teachers and providing for annual automatic increases in such compensation. He is now seeking by legislative action to provide pensions for these teachers upon retirement.

But withal Mr. Foster is severely practical in looking after those matters in which his constituents are peculiarly interested. From the start he saw the value of that branch of the postal service known as rural delivery, which has done so much to bring the farmer into contact with the world and to improve the conditions of rural life. His district was one of the first to be gridironed by these routes and the developments and improvements of the service have been his constant care. He now has a bill pending which has the approval of the Post Office Department to establish a local parcels post on these routes.

If this bill should become a law it will revolutionize to a considerable extent the parcel business of the country. His

bill has many staunch adherents in both branches of Congress, and throughout the country there are many people ready to fight for it. After all it's what the people want that counts.

Mr. Foster has always stood for the dignity and prestige of the House of Representatives. He has insisted that there should be better order in the House, that the individual members should assume



Photo by
Clinedinst

MRS. PETER GOELET GERRY

Formerly Miss Mathilde Townsend, who has long been considered the most beautiful girl in Washington

member of the committee our consular service has been thoroughly reorganized. This was accomplished partly by legislation and partly by Executive order. Mr. Foster did his full share in the work of taking this important service out of politics. His ability as a lawyer and his familiarity with constitutional questions were shown in his scholarly speech in the House upon the treaty-making power of

larger responsibility for legislation therein, that the House should have more effective control over pending legislation. His speech in the House some months ago in which he deplored the lack of order and dignity in the procedure of the House and urged that it mend its manners if it would retain the respect of the public was commended by the press and people of the entire country. He was one of the foremost leaders a year ago in the movement which resulted in the adoption of a rule providing for what is known as Calendar Wednesday, which has revolutionized the procedure of the House. Under this rule bills thus reported come up automatically every Wednesday, and the House has regained control over bills favorably reported by committees.

Mr. Foster is a member of the Republican Congressional committee, and he enjoys a wide reputation as a campaigner and effective speaker.

* * *

THE chief arguments used successfully in the past political campaign were based directly upon "the high cost of living." The phrase has become a byword on the stump and in the press, which will arouse the interest of the people when other devices fail. After all, the cost of living is the all-important problem which confronts the American citizen, but it is rather doubtful if a shifting of political parties in a state or municipality can properly be expected to work radical changes in so gigantic and heterogeneous a problem.

It is too often overlooked that the various departments of the government

are working individually and collectively to make less irksome this problem of existence. People are apt to be too pessimistic in their sweeping statements that "everything's higher than it used to be," though they like to feel that relief can be had and all things reduced in cost without



FATHER B. B. HULBERT

The veteran journalist, well known to every editor in the Union and loved by them all; he conducts the *National Printer-Journalist* of Chicago

looking into the various causes that have increased prices.

The cost of transportation forms no small percentage of the fixed prices of the necessities of life, and an announcement from the Bureau of Statistics—which always has figures in black and white to back up its declarations—reveals remarkable changes for the better so far as the

inland waterway system of this country is concerned.

The ordinary lake-channel depth has been increased from fourteen to twenty-one feet during the last half century, which of course has brought about the

wheat transported from Chicago to Buffalo cannot but have some influence in lowering the cost of living.

* * *

RIGID economy" is the watchword promulgated by Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh upon the completion and announcement of his estimates for the next fiscal year. Mr. MacVeagh has personally investigated the expenditures of the different government departments with their respective heads, and has cut every estimate down to the minimum.

That government expenses shall not exceed Treasury receipts is a project as close to the heart of the energetic Secretary of the Treasury as penny postage is to Postmaster-General Hitchcock. The secretary, after an exhaustive study of the problem from every point of view, sees no reason why the current expenses of the government should not be met by current receipts. Several strong reasons are cited for his belief, among others the greatly increased revenue from the tax on tobacco.

* * *

COUNT LEO TOLSTOI'S death ended the career of perhaps the most interesting personality of the age. Litterateur, philosopher, historian, reformer, in his life he admittedly "practiced what he preached." The outline of his life is familiar. The offspring of one of the first families of Russia, the Count early cast aside any pretention to nobility and luxury, and became one of the people. His remarkable career has for years attracted world-wide attention, and his eccentricities have been overlooked in consideration of his masterful service to the cause of humanity and the world of letters.

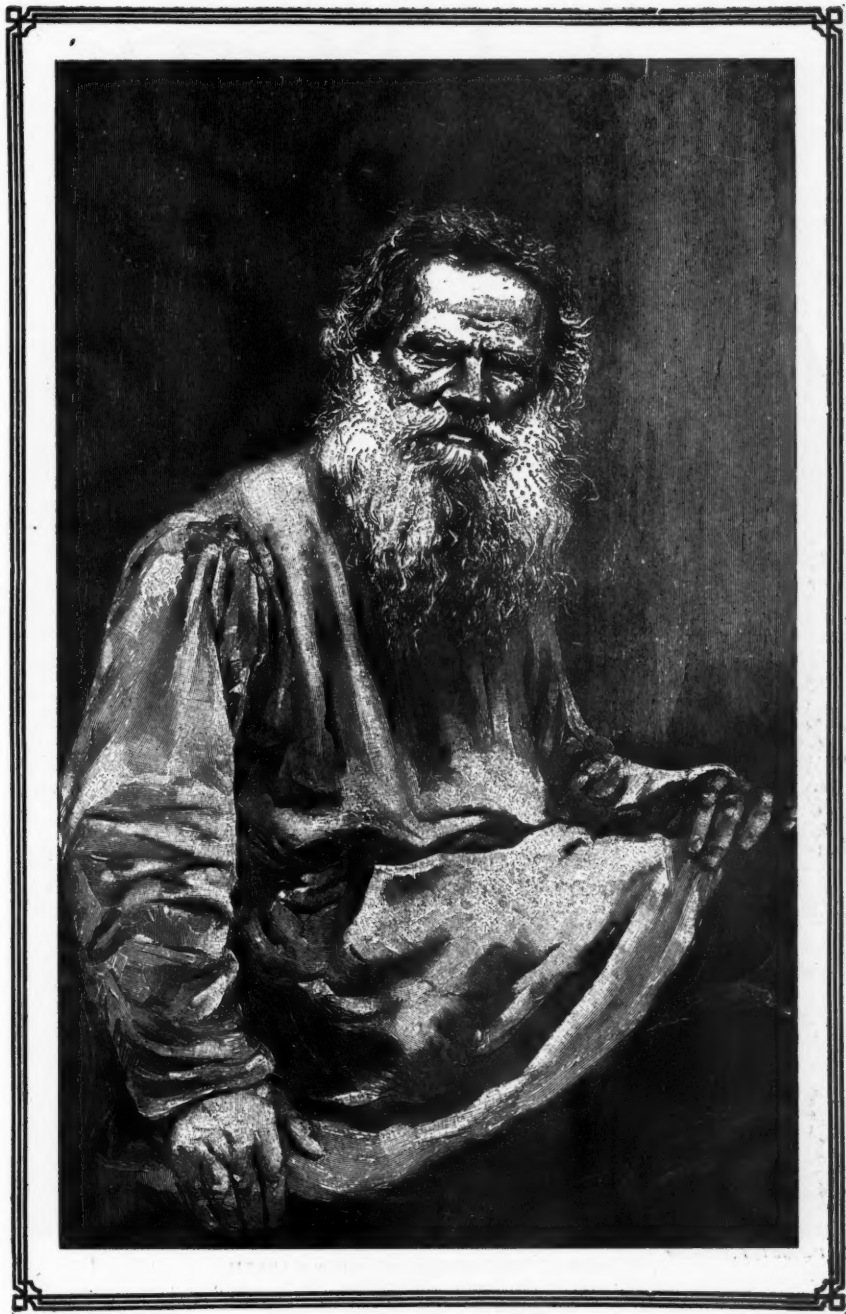
As a literary artist he will be immortalized, though he possibly would have wished it otherwise. But however laudable his ideals of social and religious reform, his very inconsistency made a large following impracticable; still there are lessons in the philosophy of Tolstoi that everyone can afford to put into active use. His heart was great, and he was loved by the poor—he was essentially a humane and charitable as well as a famous man.



Photo by courtesy of Panama Legation

DR. PABLO AROSEMENA
President of Panama

use of larger boats and lower freight rates. The lake boats built now are six times as large as those of the old days of fourteen-foot channels, and a cargo of 400,000 bushels has been shipped to Buffalo in one vessel. A decrease of three-fourths in the average rate of



THE LATE COUNT LEO TOLSTOI



Painted by F. Defregger

JOSEPH THE CARPENTER OF NAZARETH
THE HOLY FAMILY

The Nobility of the Trades

CARPENTER AND HOUSE BUILDER

By Charles Winslow Hall

"And of his trade he was a carpenter."
—Chaucer in "*The Canterbury Tales*," A.D. 1383.

GRANDEST, tenderest, saddest of all figures in human history, yet the real inspiration of the spirit of Christmastide, its human rejoicing in the renaissance of home ties, and its unwonted interest in the poor and suffering, stands Jesus of Nazareth, "the Carpenter's son," and doubtless himself for many a year the assistant of his father, and expert at his calling.

One loves to imagine the handsome Hebrew boy, making his first essays with saw and hatchet, shaving out dowels and pins of sycamore for fastenings, and enjoying the warm fragrance of the riven cedar as he painfully followed with his antique saw the straight lines laid out for his guidance by his father, Joseph.

In all the world of splendid industries, no other calling can point with pride and reverent affection to so noble a fellow-craftsman as the carpenter's guild.

An old Jewish tradition relates that Methuselah, having reached his ninth centennial, was informed by an angel that by removing to a new house, his life would be prolonged for another century, but that the multi-centenarian refused to leave his old home, not wishing to take so much trouble, merely to prolong his life for so short a period as an additional hundred years.

Before Chaucer's time the Saxon word

"tree-wright" had become in general speech "carpenter," derived through the Norman-French "*carpentier*" and the mediaeval Latin "*carpentarius*" from an old Roman word "*carpentum*," a carriage or wagon; the latter telling us of an era when Italian cities were no longer built of lumber, and the wood-worker had turned his hand to other uses of his craft.

The materials with which home-builders have dealt since creation have been many and varied, but in the main the best possible under existing conditions and resources. The cavern-sheltered homes of the cliff-dwellers; the great tribal "*cabanes*" of the Iroquois and Creeks; the terraced cities of the Mojave and Moqui communities; the immense communal structures of Polynesian and Malayesian islanders; the individual summer and winter lodges of the American tribes; the half-subterranean houses of the north-west coast peoples; the camel's hair tent of the Arab, and Turkonian, and the winter *igloo* and snow-hut of the Esquimaux commend themselves to the unprejudiced traveller as wonderfully adapted to the necessities of their builders, and often as the best possible shelter for the civilized man who seeks to live and labor under like conditions. Indeed it is to be doubted if the "lower classes" of what Mulvaney terms "the shuparior and civilized man" are in the mass as healthfully

and comfortably housed as the average "savage."

In rainless Egypt, six thousand years ago, the hovel of the slave and laborer was of sun-dried bricks or adobe such as may be seen almost anywhere on our southwest frontier and in Mexico. Almost always of one story, it had rafters of split trunks of the doum palms, over which smaller branches and broad leaves supported the mud roof, beaten hard and level as a floor, on which the inmates generally slept, ate and did general house-keeping, except in the heat of the day.

When the valley of the Nile was visited by rain or hail, the interior of the house became the refuge as well as the store-house of the family.

The better class of farm-buildings were of stone or unburned brick, surrounded by four high walls, forming a courtyard, entered by a nearly square and massive door opening inward, hung on bronze pintles, and secured by bars fitting into metal rings. The house section contained several living and store-rooms, and a flight of stone steps led up to the battlemented roof, which sometimes had a huge *mulkuf* or wooden ventilator to catch and distribute the cooling breezes into the stuffy rooms below. Sometimes one or more sleeping rooms were built like turrets at the angles or ends of the roof, but these were not common.

In the Egyptian walled cities, where "town-lots" were small and high-priced, the thick stucco-faced walls of sunburned brick sometimes reached three or four stories above the street. The rafter ends and floor-timbers projected far beyond the walls, and were decorated and stained, as were the stuccoed outer walls themselves. The fronts of the houses were very gaily ornamented, imitation pillars reaching from the foundation to the frieze below the roof. Narrow and lofty panel-work, gay cornices, painted friezes, were grained to imitate rare woods, painted in the gayest colors, and inscribed with mottoes and hieroglyphics. The side and back walls were similarly if less lavishly decorated, and the grounds furnished with flagstaffs set for gala day decoration.

The interiors of the better class of houses

were better fitted for family privacy and individual dignity than those of most other nations for many succeeding centuries. The rooms were not large, even in palaces, but were floored with stone or plank, finished in panels or wainscots of costly woods, or veneered or stained and "grained" to imitate them, for of all these "modern" arts the Egypt of Abraham's day was a mistress. The plastered or stuccoed walls, sometimes from four to six feet thick, were painted by artists, with pictures from life, or figures of national, religious or local interest, generally surrounded by borders or with cornices and friezes of floral or conventional designs. Like the Arabs, they used mottoes and descriptive titles to an extent "tabooed" by modern artists. The windows were small and closed by shutters, for while glass-blowing was carried to a high degree of perfection under very remote dynasties, there are no traces of the use of window-glass as yet discovered.

The Egyptian carpenter of forty centuries ago used the long one-handed rip-saw for getting out stock, the shorter "cross-cut," at the bench, the adze, hammer, awl, chisel, file, square, bow-drill, glue-pot and hatchet. A mallet, made something like that of a stone-cutter, but rather more club-like in shape, bronze and iron nails, and dowels of different sizes, and a basket to carry them in, made up the "kit" of the Egyptian carpenter. His adzes and hatchets had no polls with which to drive nails, and were at first mere blades of bronze, inserted in and lashed with raw-hide strips to their wooden handles; but in the use of his rude tools he was no slouch, and work which Moses may have watched as a boy, or Joseph paid for out of the revenues of his great governmental "corner in corn" still pleases and astonishes us with its neatness, finish, and wonderful durability. Caskets, strong-boxes, mummy-cases were fastened together by flat dowels, not only set in close-fitting mortises but strongly glued and further secured by pegs set through the dowels themselves. They understood dove-tailing and trick-fastenings, inlaying, veneering and the substitution of one wood for another. Their bow-drill with its

head-socket of the ivory-like nut of the dour palm is still in use in Egypt, and an exquisite adaptation of its principle is the favorite tool of the American watch-repairer of today.

But wood was scarce in Egypt, and the carpenter worked chiefly on movables of various kinds. Furniture, coffers, boxes and chests, ships, boats and their equipage; chariots, wagons and massive machines for war and peace, lances, bows, maces and shields; temple shrines and palace thrones, with myriads of smaller articles, kept the "tree-wrights" of Egypt busy at the never-ending task of getting out "dimension lumber" from the log and working it up into innumerable specialties.

There was no need of trades unions in those days; a man-child born to one of the guilds took up his father's calling as a matter of course. There were, it is true, exceptions; but they generally ended badly, as all good Egyptian citizens deemed fitting.

The cities of Phoenicia, Tyre, Sidon and their lesser sisters exported a vast amount of cedar and fir to Egypt, and from Africa came tribute in heavy bars of jetty ebony. The acacia's tough trunks, the coarse-grained lumber of the sycamore and some smaller trees were supplied by the replanted forest-reserves of the kingdom. But in Phoenicia, among these fierce greedy sailor-merchants of the ancient world, wood was used much more freely than it could be in Egypt, a country which could spare little arable land to forest culture.

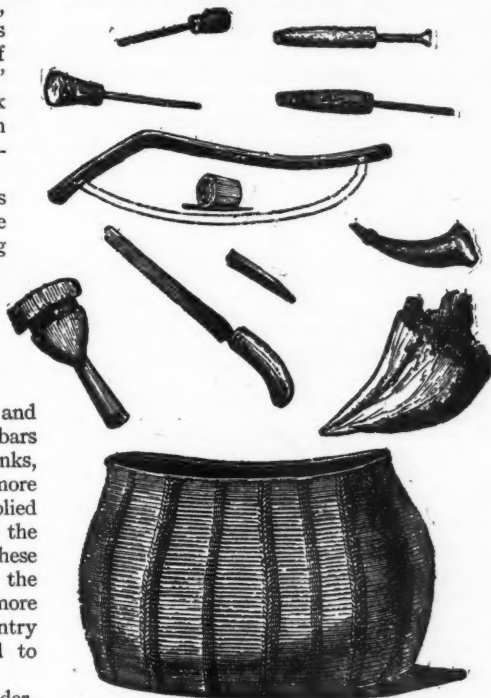
The Hebrews used wood to a considerable extent in their early history, and were accustomed to seek the raw material in the forests along the rivers and in the mountain ranges.

Moses undoubtedly numbered many skilled artificers among his followers of the Exodus, among whom one Bezaleel built the inner shrine of the tabernacle, about B. C. 1490. It was made of boards of precious woods, some nineteen feet long, by 33 inches wide, each of which had two tenons, fitting sockets of silver in the removable sills. All the boards were overlaid with gold, and furnished with golden rings, through which five

bars, also encrusted with gold, passed, holding the structure together.

Within this gorgeous shrine, which was roofed over with costly draperies like a tent, were two apartments, one of which was the Holy of Holies, occupied by the Ark of the Covenant, and in the other the high priest made intercession for his people.

When David succeeded Saul as King of all Israel, and master of Jerusalem



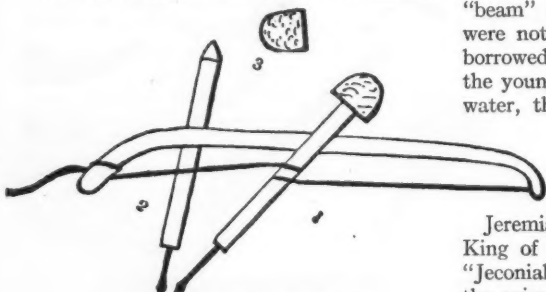
AN ANCIENT CARPENTER'S KIT IN USE
DURING EARLY DAYS OF EGYPT

(B. C. 1048) King Hiram of Tyre "sent messengers to David, and cedar trees and carpenters and masons and built David a house." Of its size and luxury we know nothing, but as David made over to Solomon some \$750,000,000 in gold and silver bullion, to aid in building the Temple, David's "house" was probably a palace splendid and costly, even according to modern estimates.

In King Solomon's reign a generation later (B. C. 1017) we find that besides a

vast amount of cedar and fir, lumber and boards cut in the Lebanon ranges and used to line the stone walls, lay the floors and to build and cover the roof of the temple, there were prepared "iron nails" and spikes for the fastening of the same; and this in what modern scientists claim to have been an "Age of Bronze," when iron was little known except in the form of meteorites.

All this woodwork was overlaid with gold—even the carvings were plated with the precious metals, and the roof itself glowed in the sunlight, with incalculable treasures. The floors, the great door-posts and leaves of the portal were of fir, and some interior doors of olive wood, but otherwise all was cedar. In all the



ANCIENT BOW DRILL

1—Drill and the bow for turning it 2—The drill alone
3—The socket, or the dom nut, in which it turned

annals of stupendous cost and architectural expenditure, the world has never seen the equal of Solomon's temple, and probably never will again to the end of time. It is no wonder that when King Solomon's realm fell into decay through luxury, dissoluteness and greed of kingly power, Shishak, King of Egypt, carried away the greater part of its stupendous treasures; but during Solomon's life, the glory of its magnificence was renowned throughout the world. Solomon also built a palace which was thirteen years in construction, besides a country seat or rather mountain-palace in the Lebanon Ranges, which according to our modern measurement would be one hundred and eighty-five feet long by ninety-one feet wide, with walls fifty-four feet high; framed with cedar pillars and ornamented beams of vast size. Its lofty roof, supported by

three rows of fifteen cedar pillars each, was covered with the same fragrant and durable wood.

In fact, Solomon had at his command the combined skill and experience of the best artificers of Egypt and Phoenicia, the greatest nations of the past, unless they themselves were only offshoots of that great Atlantean empire and civilization, whose ruins lie between and around the island-peaks of the Azores, from two hundred to a thousand fathoms beneath the sea, and ooze that engulfed them. Later the prophet Elisha is depicted as leading his "sons" (disciples) into the forests of the valley of the Jordan to cut timbers or logs to build themselves larger quarters. Each was to bring home a "beam" on his shoulders, and as there were not axes enough, one or more was borrowed for the occasion. While one of the young men was chopping close to the water, the borrowed axe-head flew from the helve into the river, to the dismay of the borrower, but was miraculously recovered by the prophet.

Jeremiah records that Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, carried into captivity "Jeconiah, the son of King Jehoiakim, the princes of Judah with the carpenters and smiths from Jerusalem," thus depriving the Jews of their accredited leaders, and also of the skilled artificers who alone could furnish them with arms, armor, military engines and defensive works.

Zechariah later declares: "And the Lord showed me four carpenters. Then, said I, what come these to do? And he spoke, saying, These (referring to a vision of four horns) are the horns which have scattered Judah so that no man did lift his head; but these (carpenters) are come to fray them, to cast out the horns of the Gentiles which lifted up their horns over the land of Judah to scatter it."

It is written in the Talmud that these carpenters were: 1. Messiah, a son of King David. 2. Messiah, the son of Joseph. 3. Elijah, the prophet. 4. The Priest of Righteousness.

The Grecians also build largely of wood, except in the walled cities where, if besieged, fire would certainly be used against the enclosed dwellings.

Generally speaking, the Grecian houses were much like the Egyptian, in ground-plan, but were more tasteful, roomy and artistic. Curiously enough, the street doors opened outward, into the streets; warning being previously given by rapping on the door or ringing a bell. The arrangements for privacy and sanitary conditions greatly excelled those of most other nations of antiquity.

The Roman house was chiefly one large roofless room, the *atrium*; with a great rain-water tank, the *impluvium*, in the center around which, on a paved floor, the business and pleasure of the household, including the cooking, was carried on. In the narrow, enclosed portion of the house which surrounded it, *cubiculae* or sleeping rooms, store-rooms and a bath-room existed in most Roman houses. These were lighted by windows giving on the *atrium*, and closed by wooden shutters in cold or rainy weather. The better class warmed these apartments by hot-air flues connecting with a *hypocaust* or central furnace, which may not have had chimneys, although some scholars claim that the Romans possessed them. The Romans, while they occupied Great Britain, constructed their villas on the Thames as they were accustomed to on the Tiber. Probably the *atrium* was roofed over in a country of severe frosts and heavy snows, but this can only be conjectured. Their methods of building do not seem to have been more or less copied by the Picts, Scots and Norsemen, who rushed in when the Romans relinquished their conquests, and Celtic and Saxon architecture for some centuries was simple in the extreme.

The habitations of English common people for centuries consisted of a wooden hut of one room, with the fire built in the center. To this hut, if a man increased in family and wealth, a *lean-to* was added and later another and another. The roofs were of thatch, the beds of loose straw, or straw beds with bolsters of the same, laid on the floor, or perhaps eventually shut in by a shelf and ledge like the berths of a ship or by a small closet.

The Saxon thane or "knight" built a

more pretentious "hall," a large open room like the Roman *atrium* with a lofty roof thatched or covered with slates or wooden shingles. In the center of the hard clay floor burned great fires of dry wood whose thin acrid smoke escaped from openings in the roof, above the hearth or by the doors, windows and openings under the eaves of the thatch.

By day the "hearths-men" and visitors, when not working or fighting, sat on long benches on either side of the fire, and, as John Hay puts it, "calmly drank and jawed"; or gathering at long "boards" placed on trestles regaled themselves on some sort of porridge with "fish and milk," or "meat and ale." Mead, a sweet, heavy drink made of honey, water and "other ingredients" was largely drunk in Cornwall and Wales, instead of ale.



THE EGYPTIAN USING THE SAW AND ADZE, MAKING THE POLE AND OTHER PARTS OF A CHARIOT

At night, straw or rushes spread on the floor formed beds for the entire company in the earlier and ruder days, when the "baser sort" were glad to share their straw with the cows. Smaller sleeping apartments were at an early date prepared for the women and the chieftain and his family, but privacy, as we understand it, could hardly be said to exist. As late as the Fourteenth Century, a King of France often distinguished some favorite courtier or servant by inviting him to share his bed, or to sleep in the same room.

Most of the houses in the towns were also of wooden or mud walls with thatched roofs. Down to the reign of King Stephen in the Twelfth Century, the greater part of London was thus built upon. The frequency and terrible ravages of great fires replaced the thatch with shingles, and boarded walls with timber frames imbedded in plaster; but brick and stone

were not universally used until after "the Great Fire" of the Seventeenth Century.

The Danish, Swedish and Norwegian chiefs ornamented the doorposts of their halls with ornate wood-carvings, in which scenes from the Volsunga Saga, or involved serpentine and dragon forms were interspersed with Runic inscriptions. The hinges and locks were usually very massive and florid in design and workmanship.

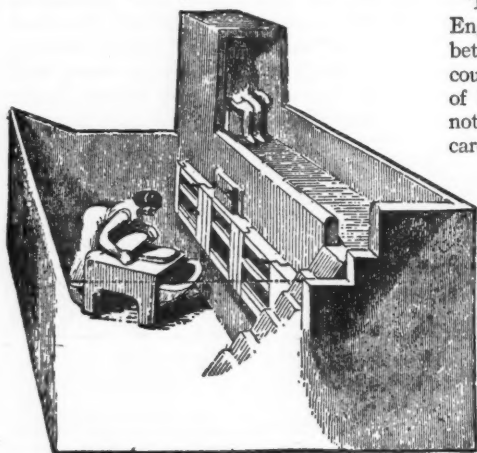
The Icelandic Sagas show that the chief of that day was often his own architect, designer, smith and best wood

a basement of half a story or more above-ground, the house proper being reached by out-of-door stairways. The "solar" or upper chamber in Saxon England was a mere loft, built over the original living room, and used only for lodging. It is told in one of the Sagas that a guest lodging in such a room left it during the night, and returning entered the open door of another chamber which had been used to prepare mead and to draw it from a big vat in the house below. Groping his way in, the chief fell into the fermenting mead and was overcome and drowned therein.

The sanitary conveniences in Saxon England, and among the Norsemen, were better than in most other European countries; and at an early date the people of Norway, Sweden and Denmark were noted for personal cleanliness and greater care for privacy than obtained among other nationalities. Shut beds, like a large berth with sliding doors, within which one could dress or undress easily, were found in the homes of many whose class in France, Spain, Germany or Italy knew nothing of such refinements.

In England, in the Twelfth Century, carpenters were paid threepence a day with board and lodging or fourpence half-penny if the workman boarded himself. Small as this sum seems, it was the equivalent of about five shillings sterling (\$1.21) at the present time. A host of cookshops along the Thames shore, with lightly built sheds and hovels to be let as lodgings to such people, were such a menace to the safety of the city of London that shortly after the fire that destroyed London Bridge in 1212, it was decreed that all these cook-shops "be whitewashed and plastered within and without, and their inner chambers and hostleries wholly removed."

In the Thirteenth Century many manor houses and castles, built in the more unsettled and warlike past, had fallen into partial decay through want of occupancy. Their single halls and few small private chambers were no longer tolerable quarters, and such castles were often "repaired" by building detached "chambers," "chapels," kitchens, butteries, wardrobes, etc., within



COUNTRY HOME IN EGYPT—3500 YEARS AGO

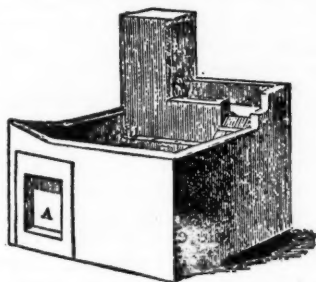
worker. No honest work was held degrading, and although a woman's tasks were hardly befitting a man, yet at need a chief might do them without incurring ridicule; and like most sailors of the old school, a ferocious Viking might be seen cooking his own food and sewing his own garments.

In Norway, Russia and Sweden, house-builders made considerable use of birch-bark and tar instead of thatch or shingle roofing, and thereby sometimes insured their own destruction, when, surprised by their enemies and shut in from escape, or resistance, "the red cock crowed on the roof" at midnight or dawning.

In England in the Eighteenth Century, except in the cities, the average house was of one floor only, but sometimes had

the defences, and connecting them by covered passages of wood, sometimes completely weather-proof, so that host and guest could go from one structure to another without exposure.

In 1285, Edward I built himself a palace at Woolmer, Hampshire County, having a chamber seventy-two by twenty-eight feet, with two chimneys, a chapel and two wardrobes of masonry costing in workmen's wages eleven pounds. There was also a large hall of wood and plaster. The



MODEL OF AN EGYPTIAN HOUSE

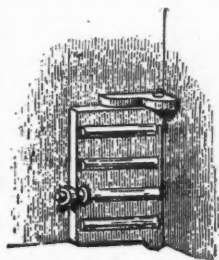
windows had plain wooden shutters, the roof had leaden gutters and was covered with sixty-three thousand shingles and the walls required sixteen thousand laths. The chamber, with its vaulted basement, hall and kitchen, probably formed three sides of a square enclosing a small lawn and parterres of flowers. The use of lead instead of shingles for roofs became very common, in churches, palaces, etc., the lead being bought in pigs and cast into sheets on the spot. Slates and imported flat tiles had also been more or less used on the better class of buildings, but the half-round tile so largely in use in Southern Europe was never a favorite in England.

The simplicity of house decoration in this age, and the ideals of royal luxury and hospitality, may be gained from a record of the preparations for the coronation of Edward I in 1273, when all the vacant land about the palace at Westminster was entirely covered with houses and offices, and several halls, "as many as could be built . . . in which tables firmly fixed in the ground were set up, whereon the magnates and princes and nobles were to be feasted on the day of the coronation

and during the fifteen days thereafter." And that all, rich and poor, might be gratuitously and royally fed, "innumerable kitchens were also built within the said enclosure, for the preparation of viands against the same solemnity, and lest those kitchens should not be enough, there were numberless *leaden* caldrons placed outside them for the cooking of meats," etc. Three hundred barrels of wine, besides ale and beer, were provided. The writer, after enumerating the erection of great stables, etc., and stating that such plenty and luxury had never been displayed in times past, adds "the great and the small hall were newly white-washed and painted," etc.

Most of the buildings were temporary rough wooden structures, and depended chiefly for display on the tapestry, hangings, banners, blazonry and other decorations hung upon the bare walls. The brewery where beer and ale were prepared; the butlery from whence wines and other liquors were distributed; the sewery, whence the table linen, equipage and provisions were given out; and the wardrobes whence great men dispensed the liveries and garments of their household—a very large item of expense in those days—were the chief apartments of a palace or great manor. In the wardrobe were also kept the special dainties of that age, such as almonds, figs, "raisins of the sun," ginger, and the rose and violet-colored sugars of Alexandria then coming into use among the wealthy.

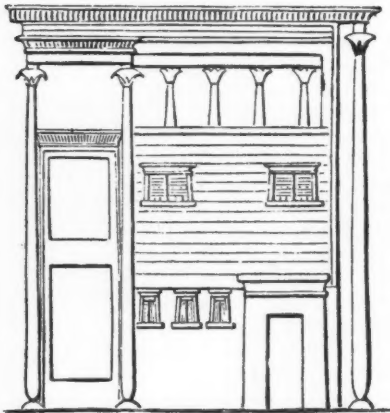
Window-glass, while used in Italian churches in the Seventh and Eighth Centuries, was scarcely known in English houses until the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries, and then sparingly as an imported luxury. In 1386, four counties were levied upon to secure enough glass to repair the windows of a single chapel. The glass used was of Flemish and Norman importation, and the cost three-



DOOR OF AN EGYPTIAN HOUSE

pence half-penny per foot, including cost of glazing (in lead), about \$1.05 modern currency.

Henry III generally had the wainscoting of his palaces painted green, "starred with gold," on which ground pictures were painted in panels, ovals or circles, the subjects being taken from the Scriptures, lives of the saints, or old romances. Sometimes the green and gold wainscoting was simply bordered with medallions. The walls above the wainscot and the ceilings were, when not lined with wood, finished with "plaster of Paris" and, like those of wood and even of stone, often painted in colors or gilded. Indeed, the



THE FRONT ELEVATION OF AN EGYPTIAN CITY HOUSE

wooden or stone finish was seldom left in its native beauty, and even the ashlar masonry of the castles and manor-houses then standing was often painted or worked in checkered or like patterns.

The American colonists naturally copied to some extent their old homes in Europe, but for a while lived largely in log huts with roofs of bark and thatch, and even in caves, and Indian wigwams, and when they had leisure and means to build better houses, they rarely reproduced the heavy timber and plaster outer walls of the Elizabethan era. In New England especially, the old houses, many of which still date back to the Seventeenth Century, when not of logs, are nearly all of that simple, dry-goods-box style of archi-

tecture, which was slowly blended with Grecian pillar and portico in the Eighteenth, and effloresced into every possible extravagance and commixture of architecture in the Nineteenth Century. Many of the earlier homes had the second floor so framed as to overhang the doors and windows of the first floor; sometimes, but not always, for purposes of defence. The walls of certain "garrison houses" were filled in with brick or "grout," making the lower rooms veritable fortresses, in whose deep window-seats fair girls still love to dream of the days when the peaceful meadows and forests about them often concealed an insidious and merciless enemy.

In New York the peculiarities of German and "Low Dutch" home-building were closely imitated; as at Albany, where a popular geography stated, so many inhabitants and so many houses "stand with their gable ends to the street."

A few handsome mansions reproduce Old English types, though much more largely in the Southern than in the Northern colonies, but the general type has been and is chiefly, to the present day, a mortised timber or "balloon" frame boarded up and shingled on the roof and sides, or as in later years, sided with clapboards over a lining of building-paper.

At first the pioneer carpenter had to get out his own lumber, felling and bark ing the trees, splitting the great trunks with wedges, and hewing plank, timber and rafter into shape with broad axe and adze, or wearily at work in the sawpit on boards and furring. Laths were split out of thin *puncheons*, and cedar shingles were "rived out" from the short blocks with a *froe* or *frow*, a long, thick wedge-pointed blade, set at right angles to a long handle, and driven into the wood by a mallet-club, like that used by the Egyptian carpenters six thousand years ago. These riven cedar shingles, shaven smooth and edged on a "jointer" often lasted for a generation, without renewal.

Up to the middle of the Nineteenth Century almost all buildings were framed of heavy timbers, carefully mortised together and secured at the joints by strong dowels or wooden pins, which were often turned out in a lath or roughly shaped

and smoothed by being driven through a perforated steel plate, called a dowel plate.

The wall-frames were often put together on the ground and lifted and moved into place, by the united exertions of scores and sometimes of hundreds of men, to whom "a raising" was an occasion of general interest and festivity. Great skill and care were required to raise the larger frames, and serious accidents often resulted, from a failure to work properly and together, a failure sometimes due to untimely hospitality in the matter of "refreshments."

Some sixty years ago, however, the American carpenters began to use the "balloon-frame," built up of dimension lumber, spiked and braced together, and this construction has become the type of modern framing.

The inside finish, with all its mouldings, panels, doors, sashes, etc., were made by hand, and the kit of moulding planes alone owned by a master carpenter fifty years ago made up a formidable list. But after the close of the Civil War, wood-working machinery and factories rapidly lessened the burden laid on the carpenter by furnishing doors, window-frames, blinds, sashes, mouldings, mantels, etc., to order, and at prices which were lower than the cost of making them by hand. The improved methods of heating and lighting houses also greatly simplified the problem of tasteful interior finish,

and an infinitude of patent roofings, ceilings, paints, floorings, parqueties, veneers, etc., have made it much easier to consult individual tastes than fifty years ago.

The tendency to use concrete in place of wooden walls and floors is the natural result of an immensely increased cost of lumber and skilled carpentry, and the constant necessity of frequent repairs and repainting.

It is practically impossible for a man today to secure land, near a city, and to build the smallest nest of a house for less than two thousand dollars, and the rental of decent workingmen's homes is much lower in England than in America. No greater benefit could be conferred on this age than the establishment of some system by which a large number of cosy cottages could be built and sold or rented to meet the needs and tastes of the modern workingman. The monopoly and artificially enhanced cost of many materials, and rates of wages which at present cannot be paid by contractors who build on speculation, have for the time being almost paralyzed the building trade, but there are so many specialties constantly put upon the market to replace the ancient and no longer economical resources of the past that it may be safely predicted that the era of wooden construction is drawing swiftly to a close, and that the house-carpenter must soon become a worker on interior finish only.

A ROSE TO A FRIEND

O H, to know why a soul of man blooms under sod:
 When the flowers are wov'n in the sunlight of God
 Who would call back a spirit, from newly found bliss,
 To the blooms that lie buried in bosoms of this?
 'Twas the bud of thy friendship in bosom half-blown
 That caused me to love thee when its presence was known,
 And no garland immortal I'd weave for thee now
 Would befit thee without half-blown rose on thy brow.
 Aye, the heart to thine leaps, my new friend, yet old friend,
 And its warmth draws me nearer, and closer to end
 Of our parting, and waits for the dawn of the day
 Where the shadows of clay from our lives roll away.

—C. A. Fernald, in the book "Heart Throbs."



The Heavenly Way

"Wherefore my counsel is that we hold fast to the heavenly way"—PLATO in "The Republic," book x

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

THE heavenly way! The narrow path that leads
Where gulf and steep and burning desert bar,
Till, high and clear, it gains the golden meads
And the soft radiance of the morning star.

What dost thou care, O Soul, for present gloom,
The wind's wild tumult and the surging sea?
Bear thyself grandly through the darkest doom,
Thou heir of all that was and is to be.

Only hold fast to heaven! The black night speeds;
The shadows vanish where the dawn gleams far;
And lo! the rapture of the golden meads,
And peace celestial with the morning star!

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The Reversal of the Scriptures or DINAH FLETCHERIZES

by Edith Fancher.

SCENE—Comfortable and spacious living-room of Mrs. Marsden's suburban home. A group of friends are passing an informal afternoon together in honor of Mrs. Brewster's sister, Miss Archibald, who is soon to leave for her Western home.

MRS. HOLLISTER (youthful and pretty, enters exclaiming breathlessly): "O Cousin Mary, I'm very sorry to be late this afternoon, but it took me so much longer to change the hooks and eyes on this dress than I thought it would."

MRS. BREWSTER (a vivacious blonde): "Do you mean to tell us, Nancy Hollister, that you've actually been sewing on hooks and eyes?"

MRS. HOLLISTER: "Yes, I have. Twice. The first time they didn't seem to come together in the right places, and I made this whole gown, too. (Looking down at it with modest but unaffected pride. The rest exchange glances of horrified amusement)."

MRS. PANOKEN: "What suggested such a daring enterprise, if I may inquire? I thought you hated the very sight of a needle."

MRS. HOLLISTER: "I do; but after Professor James declared the test of a person's character was the ability to conquer things, and not to be conquered by them, I determined to learn to sew. I bought a paper pattern—"

MRS. MARSDEN (interrupting sternly and with repressed excitement): "Isn't that the gown Madame Dupont made for your Christmas dinner party?"

MRS. HOLLISTER (delightedly): "Oh, do you recognize it, Mary? That was the only time I ever wore it. You remember Jeems spilled soup on the front breadth and changed the color."

MRS. BREWSTER (her eyes twinkling,

leaning lazily forward, her chin in her palms—with an insinuating voice): "Do go on, Nan! And so you bought a paper pattern and evolved this creation. I didn't think it of you. Turn around. I want the effect of your maiden effort to sink in. (Mrs. Hollister radiantly complies). Oh, not so fast! Slowly, slowly! You're a wonder, Nan. How did you know which pieces went together?"

MRS. HOLLISTER (flushed and triumphant): "The directions were really quite simple. They said to join similar notches."

MRS. PANOKEN: "It's marvelous, Nancy. There's no doubt about that, but isn't it a trifle, just a trifle, loose?"

MRS. HOLLISTER (walking to a pier-glass and surveying her handiwork): "I made it that way very specially. If there's no strain on the seams a garment lasts so much longer (shrieks of delighted laughter). Then Signor Maraschino says I must practice deep breathing to round out my voice (enthusiastically). Why, I can just take in gallons of air in this gown."

MRS. BREWSTER (with roguish solemnity): "And not drag a single hook from its anchor."

MISS ARCHIBALD (tall and athletic, seizes Mrs. Hollister around the waist, dances a few steps with her and sings gayly): "Oh, you've heard of the Man from Glengarry. The Man with the Spade and the Hoe, but this dainty maid puts Worth in the shade. She's the maid you simply must know."

MRS. BEVERLY: "Do stop your nonsense, Pauline. I wish to know what Mr.

Hollister thinks of his wife's clever effort."

MRS. HOLLISTER (*visibly depressed in a deprecatory tone*): "You know how extreme Jack is in his remarks, sometimes, and how particular—"

MRS. BREWSTER: "Yes, yes, Nan, we all know how he likes to see his pretty wife arrayed like the lilies of the field, that toil not, neither do they spin. Were his remarks rather torrid?"

MRS. HOLLISTER: "He declared it was big enough for two of me, and if I didn't take it off at once he would feel like a bigamist."

MRS. BEVERLY (*with good-humored irony*): "You went to the other extreme, then, I suppose, and put on that exquisite, rosy-posy dream of a gown."

MRS. HOLLISTER (*brightly*): "Why, how did you know? That's exactly what I did. I just *had* to keep that one when I sent the others off."

MRS. BREWSTER (*falling back dramatically in her chair*): "Aha! The plot thickens. May I ask where your wonderful rainbow wardrobe has vanished?"

MRS. HOLLISTER (*earnestly*): "Last winter when the hard times swooped down on us so suddenly, I was afraid to wear all those lovely things Jack insisted on my getting when his uncle's legacy came. I thought people might suspect he had been speculating if I began dressing so extravagantly, and cause a run on the bank. One often reads of such things."

MRS. MARSDEN: "But what became of the gowns? You didn't send them to the Salvation Army?"

MRS. HOLLISTER: "No, I packed them off to Jack's cousin, Alice."

MRS. BREWSTER (*jestingly*): "Your impulsive generosity must have greatly pleased Mr. Hollister."

MRS. HOLLISTER: "He did think it rather strange until I explained the real business part of it and then, although I couldn't see anything funny about it, he laughed and laughed till he fairly toppled over on the divan, and said if I had only taken him into my confidence earlier, he could have adjusted matters. He would have posted Uncle Jabe's will by the teller's window and made a sworn affidavit that his wife had not embezzled any of the bank's funds for her new finery."

MRS. MARSDEN (*dryly*): "Alice must have felt herself a modern Cinderella when the Prince in the guise of an expressman arrived. I don't understand yet why you chose to wave your wand over Alice Ward. I always supposed she had a soul above mere clothes."

MRS. HOLLISTER (*warmly defensive*): "Why, she just loves fluffy, ruffly, trailing things, but her salary as instructor in Blank College isn't very large, and she is helping to put two of her sisters through the University, so she just has to buy clothes that are neat and durable. Now that I've told you so much about her, I'm sure you will be interested to know I had the happiest kind of a letter from her this very morning. She announced her engagement to Professor Willis and says she dates his interest in her from the evening she wore that shimmery butterfly gown. She said it had a most magical effect and symbolized a transformation in her feelings. She was so light-hearted, sparkling and attractive that she quite surprised herself and others." (*Mrs. Marsden's colored cook, jolly and corpulent, enters with a tray of tea and cakes, while Mrs. Hollister is speaking, and as an old family servant, feels privileged to remark on what she has heard.*)

DINAH: "Deed, Miss Nannie, it's de column truf. Clothes duz mak a heap of difrunce. Look at dat wuthless Sally Peters. She done bewitched our minister wid de lace dress ob Miss Cuttings dat her muther had home to wash and do up. Yaas, um, clothes and what you eat duz mek de pusson—specially what you eat. (*Glancing down with a sigh at her ample proportions, but adding more brightly*): I done guess you all will have to Fletcherize on dem cakes, 'cause dat little rascal Mastah Hughie and a passel ob his school-mates done got into my pantry and most cleaned it out. I'd be mighty pleased if Mistah Fletcher would git after dem boys." (*Walks out majestically.*)

MISS ARCHIBALD (*appreciatively*): "Oh, these delicious cakes! But what does Dinah mean? Fletcher seems a name to conjure with. Do pluck out the heart of this mystery, Mary."

MRS. MARSDEN (*laughing*): "Oh, you all know of Fletcher, the exponent of eating."

MRS. PANOKEN: "We are all exponents of eating, it seems to me. Do you mean the man who insists on each mouthful being chewed one hundred and forty times?"

MRS. MARSDEN: "Oh, it isn't so bad as that. He advocates masticating the food until it becomes a liquid. He claims it will increase your strength one hundred per cent, both mentally and physically, and decrease the cost of living. He also affirms it will make you happier, healthier and therefore more useful."

MRS. BREWSTER: "But where does Dinah come into the story? Did you explain the system to her?"

MRS. MARSDEN (*with a reminiscent smile*): "Yes, Dinah is always complaining of a misery in her stomach and it is simply because she stuffs herself on the good things she concocts—so I went into the kitchen one day when she was eating. She had enough set out to satisfy the whole family. I told her what to do and said I was sure she would feel much better if she would try it—(*a pause*).

MRS. HOLLISTER: "What happened then, Cousin Mary?"

MRS. MARSDEN (*gleefully*): "I went out again at three o'clock. Dinah still sat at the table. Still chewing. 'Why, Miss Mary,' she said, 'de misery done left my stummick, but now hit's in my jaws. They's so tired I can skasely budge 'em.' 'Why not stop?' I suggested. She looked at me in amazement. 'Why, honey, I ain't et skasely anything yit. I has to eat to keep up my strength. (*Most of the chicken, the sweet potatoes, salad and corn bread had disappeared*). Things duz suttinly taste good and juicy,' she continued

in a tone intended to convey her impartial judgment, 'but my jaws is jist like a merry-go-round. Meks me sorter dizzy. Cohse hit's all right fur you and Mas'r John who don't have nuttin' to do but help mek de laws, but whar am I gwine git de time fur udder t'ings ef I has to set here so long ebberry meal?' 'Mr. Fletcher says we don't need to eat so much if we chew the food well,' I said. 'Huh, honey, I guess he'd change his mind if he'd step into old Dinah's kitchen. He wouldn't be sassified wid jist one stingy piece of my Lady Baltimore cake, or two or three of my waffles, or anything else I cook; now would he, honey?' I weakly agreed and fled."

MISS ARCHIBALD (*smiling mischievously*): "I don't wonder that you were overcome by the tide of Dinah's eloquence. It cast a spell over me, too. This has been a wonderfully exhilarating and instructive afternoon—I have learned that to be happy, healthy, sparkling and attractive, one must wear her prettiest clothes and Fletcherize. Unexpected vistas open up before me! Our minister at home is still unmarried! Perhaps I can find a duplicate of Miss Cutting's lace gown and pay for it by becoming a disciple of Fletcher."

MRS. MARSDEN: "I perceive you have also learned the recipe for eternal youth, Pauline. The receptive mind never grows old. I foresee the success of your experiment, and that Dinah will insist on baking your wedding cake."

MRS. BEVERLY: "It does seem as if these modern times demand a reversal of the Scriptural injunction—'Take no heed what ye shall eat, or wherewithal ye shall be clothed.'"



First Aid to the Injured

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PART IV

POISONS and Poisoning. Any substance which, taken or absorbed into the body, will produce death, is a poison. Poisons act in several different ways, either by destroying the tissues or by acting upon the brain and nervous system. Those which act as an irritant by destroying the mucous membrane of the mouth, oesophagus, stomach and intestines are known as irritant poisons. Those that act upon the brain and nervous system are known as systemic poisons. An irritant poison produces violent pain and cramps in the stomach and bowels, nausea, vomiting and sometimes convulsions. A systemic poison, sometimes known as a narcotic poison, produces stupor, numbness, drowsiness, coldness and stiffness of the extremities, cold perspiration, vertigo, weakened eyesight, delirium and sometimes paralysis of the extremities. Both the irritant and systemic poisons are frequently taken for suicidal purposes and also sometimes by mistake. It is not always necessary that a poison be swallowed—many of the fumes of dangerous drugs are so powerful as to cause death from simply inhaling the fumes—as an example, prussic or hydrocyanic acid. Then again certain metals in which people work daily gradually become absorbed through the skin and produce a chronic diseased condition from which they frequently die—for example, lead found in paints from which so many painters have been poisoned.

The reason why, in the past, there have been so many suicides from poisonous drugs, is the fact that up to within a short time, it has been a comparatively easy matter for anyone to go to a drug store and get any kind of a poison, without a physician's prescription. Even the most

deadly drugs, such as carbolic acid, arsenic, opium, cocaine, etc., have been obtainable without any question. Now, however, in most states and large cities, on account of laws passed, it is much more difficult and in some places almost impossible to obtain poisonous drugs, except when prescribed by a physician for legitimate purposes, and if the laws are only more strictly enforced, it will soon be impossible for anyone to obtain them. Then again, there are many instances where people are accustomed to have a family medicine chest, in which are kept not only harmless remedies, but, owing to carelessness, also alongside of them the most dangerous poisons, without having them properly labeled; and sometimes in an emergency, perhaps in the middle of the night, in the dark, thinking they can place their hands on some harmless remedy, they get a poison by mistake and do not realize their mistake until it is too late. Such powerful poisons should never under any circumstances be kept in the same place with household remedies.

Among the various irritant poisons, taken either intentionally or by mistake, are those containing arsenic, such as Paris green, rat poisons, fly papers and solutions, also the various salts of mercury, lead, phosphorus and various substances used for scientific purposes. Also the strong concentrated acids, carbolic, nitric, sulphuric, etc., and the strong alkalies, soda and potash.

It is a strange, but interesting fact, that one of the most frequent irritant poisons used for suicidal purposes is carbolic acid, and a more agonizing death could not be selected. Why anyone should select this poison, it is hard to understand,

unless on account of the fact that it is cheap and easily obtainable. This form of poisoning can usually be easily recognized by the odor, which is well known, and by the white burns or marks on the lips and mouth which are typical of carbolic acid poisoning. The first aid treatment, as well as any kind of treatment that can be given is the same. In the first place, send for the nearest physician and notify him that it is a case of carbolic acid poisoning that he is expected to treat, so that he can bring a stomach pump and the proper chemical antidote in order that he can be prepared to treat the case properly. In the meantime, as carbolic acid kills quickly, the first aid treatment must be prompt in order to get results. If possible cause the patient to vomit, by giving an emetic, such as ipecac or salt and water—a tablespoonful to a pint of warm water. This, however, frequently fails to work on account of the irritated condition of the mucous membrane of the stomach. One of the best chemical antidotes is epsom salt in solution. Another good chemical antidote is alcohol—the only trouble with this remedy being that it cannot be given in a pure form. It has to be diluted with water, and for that reason loses its efficiency. Just exactly why alcohol counteracts the effect of carbolic acid is not known, but if, for instance, carbolic acid is splashed on the hands, if they are at once immersed in absolute alcohol, there will be no resulting burn.

There are as many systemic poisons as irritant, and these are used intentionally and accidentally. Most of them are the refined drugs used for medicinal purposes, such as opium, morphine, belladonna, strychnine and many others. One of the most important differences between irritant and systemic poisons is that the irritant poison begins to act immediately and produces its deadly effect quickly, whereas the systemic poison has to be absorbed and carried to the brain and nervous system before results are fatal. Thus it can readily be seen that while in all forms of poisoning it is important to act quickly, it is of the utmost importance in systemic poisoning to remove the poison before it has a chance to be absorbed.

Probably the most frequent systemic

poison used is opium in some form, either laudanum or morphine. The symptoms of a case of opium-poisoning are as a rule typical. There is usually a sickish, sweetish odor to the breath, the person is either very drowsy or in a profound stupor and if not too far gone, can be aroused by shouting in his ear or by violent shaking, but sinks into slumber again at once when left alone. The respirations are very much slower than normal, and may be reduced to four or five a minute. The pupils of the eyes are always contracted to a pin-point. The first aid treatment consists of first sending for a physician and notifying him of the nature of the poison. Then in the meantime give an emetic, such as has already been suggested, and if the patient can swallow give two or three pints of warm salt water and thus produce vomiting. The reason for this is that it dilutes the poison and when the patient vomits, the stomach is washed out. One of the chemical antidotes for opium poisoning is tannic acid, which can be dissolved in the warm salt solution. After the patient has vomited and if he can swallow he should be made to drink large quantities of strong black coffee, as this stimulates the heart and respiration. Besides this the patient must be kept awake by lashing with switches or by walking him up and down between two attendants. Frequently it becomes necessary to resort to artificial respiration.

Another drug which is usually taken accidentally is strychnine, in the form of pills, and this unfortunate accident happens most often to young children, who get hold of a box of pills and think they are candy, which results as a rule in a horrible death and suffering. The typical symptoms of strychnine poisoning are violent convulsions. These convulsions come on suddenly and are sometimes so severe as to throw the person several feet, then again they are sometimes so severe that the head and feet are drawn backwards, so that the body is doubled up backwards. These convulsions follow rapidly one after the other and soon result in death. The slightest noise, touch or draught of air is sufficient to cause the convulsions. The first aid treatment is to first send for a physician, notifying

him of the nature of the poison. In the meantime give an emetic and large quantities of warm water with tannic acid dissolved in it, as the chemical antidote; after that it is up to the physician to administer bromides or an anaesthetic to overcome the convulsions. The thing to do if possible, is to get rid of the poison before it has had a chance to be absorbed, for if a poisonous dose of strychnine has been absorbed, it is almost impossible to counteract its effect, and as a result the person dies.

General rules to be followed in the first aid treatment of poisonings. Send for the nearest physician at once and notify him of the kind of poison suspected so that he may bring a stomach tube with him, also the chemical antidote for the particular poison taken. In the meantime, provoke vomiting, by making the patient run his finger down his throat, or give an emetic, such as ipecac, or give salt and water. By making the patient drink two or three pints of water and then causing him to vomit, it washes out the stomach almost as well as a stomach pump. He should

be made to vomit several times, but not to such an extent as to cause exhaustion. After the stomach has been emptied sufficiently, a bland soothing liquid should be given, to coat over the irritated mucous membrane of the stomach, particularly if the poison has been an irritant one. Milk with eggs, flour and water, gruel and mucilaginous drinks are soothing to the irritated stomach. Frequently following poisoning the patient is weak and depressed, feet and hands are cold, with cold perspiration on the forehead and palms of the hands. This is due to the shock to the nervous system, and requires stimulants, such as hot drinks, tea, coffee, gruel or broths.

For acid poisons use alkaline antidotes, such as lime, whiting, soda, chalk, plaster, tooth powder and even wood ashes. For alkaline poisons use acid antidotes, such as vinegar or lemon juice. In giving an antidote, never wait for it to dissolve, but stir it up in water and give immediately. The following table gives a complete list of the most common irritant and systemic poisons, their symptoms and treatment:

Poisons	Symptoms	Treatment
Unknown		
Acids		Emetic, bland liquids, stimulation.
Sulphuric	Staining and shriveling of lips and mouth; severe pain in mouth, gullet, stomach, and bowels; intense vomiting.	Alkali, bland liquids, rest, stimulation.
Nitric		
Muriatic		
Acid		Emetic, chalk, bland liquids.
Oxalic	Staining, and shriveling of lips and mouth; severe pain in mouth, gullet, stomach, and bowels, intense vomiting.	
Acid		Alcohol in large quantities, bland liquids, rest, stimulation.
Carbolic	White burned marks on lips and tongue; severe pain in mouth, gullet, stomach, and bowels; insensibility, collapse.	
Alkalies	Staining and shriveling of lips and mouth; severe pain in mouth, gullet, stomach, and bowels, intense vomiting.	No emetic, an acid (vinegar), bland liquid, rest, stimulation.
Hartshorn		
Soda		
Potash		
Lye		
Arsenic	Pain in stomach and bowels; purging; faintness; vomiting.	Emetic, beaten-up egg, castor oil, rest, stimulation.
Paris Green		
Scheele's Green		
Fowler's Solution		
Corrosive Sublimate		
Tartar Emetic		
Phosphorus	Pain in stomach and bowels; purging; faintness, and vomiting.	Emetic, strong tea, raw eggs and milk, castor oil, stimulation.
	Pain in stomach and bowels; purging; faintness, and vomiting.	Emetic, magnesia, eggs beaten up, no oil.
	Staining and severe burning of lips and mouth; severe pain in mouth, gullet, stomach, and bowels.	Emetic, starch and water, bland liquids.
Iodine	Patient drowsy; later insensibility; slow, deep snoring breathing; pupils of eyes contracted very small; flushed face at first, then livid.	Emetic, keep patient awake by vigorous measures; keep up breathing; artificial respiration if necessary; strong coffee.
Optum	Pupils of eyes dilated; peculiar flush of face; dry throat; gait unsteady; delirium.	Emetic, rest, warmth to legs and arms; strong coffee.
Laudanum	Spasmodic convulsions, stiffness of muscles.	Emetic, purgative; absolute quiet.
Paregoric	Peculiar numbness in lips and tongue; later, numbness and tingling in arms or legs.	Emetic, warmth; strong coffee.
Chloral	Deep stupor, snoring breathing; face pale.	
Belladonna	Sickness and vomiting.	
Nux Vomica		
Strychnine		
Aconite		
Alcohol		Emetic; 20 drops of aromatic spirits of ammonia in a teaspoonful or more of water; keep warm.
Chloroform		Emetic, purgative, teaspoonful powdered charcoal.
Decayed meats and vegetables		

The GREAT COUP

By FRANK E. CHANNON

Illustrated By ARTHUR HUTCHINS

(Continued from December number)

CHAPTER XV

EXPLANATIONS—

MY first concern, as I hurried below to make preparations for the transfer, was as to Ward's condition. My own plan was to leave him on the "Homer," induce my lady to accompany him if possible, and so obtain medical treatment for him at Scarborough, but to my gratification, I discovered him conscious and apparently doing well, with my lady in close attendance. Despite the rolling of the little craft and the decidedly cramped quarters, she had succeeded in making him quite comfortable. The hemorrhage had been stopped, and the main danger now to be feared was the reaction from the shock.

"What's next move, old man?" he whispered weakly, as I leaned over him. My lady had retired for a space, leaving the old woman to help in case of necessity. I told him what I proposed to do, but he shook his head in disapproval, muttering: "No, no."

I knew it would be most unwise to excite or cross him in any way, so I merely inquired quietly what he thought best.

"Get me aboard the other ship," he whispered. "I want—to—be—in—at the death—and—I may be of—of some use, Milton—in advice—Get me—there."

"Do you think you can stand being transferred?" I questioned.

He nodded his head, and I saw by the look on his white face that he was determined. Just at that moment my lady returned, and I arose to offer her my seat by his side.

"I want to take his pulse," she explained, as she placed her fourth finger

on his wrist, and lay a tiny little gold watch on the coverlet. "Isn't it remarkable," she continued, "my watch went in spite of that ducking—I thought water always stopped watches."

It was the first time she had referred to the events of the past night. Before I could reply, she went on: "I have not thanked either of you for rescuing me yet, but I will—I do thank you very much—I scarcely know how it all happened—there was the shock and I was in the water before I realized it, but I must not speak of these things now; they will only excite Mr. Willet."

Ward grinned, and shook his head. "Tell her, Milton," he whispered.

"Tell her what?"

"That I nearly knocked her over the head for hanging on," he explained.

My lady heard his faint whisper, and her features lighted up with a smile. "I would not have blamed you if you had; I must have been terribly in the way at that most inopportune moment; tell me truly, was it all arranged between you; did you contrive that the ships should bump together and so give you the chance to escape?"

"Ask no questions, my lady," I advised.

"And I shall be told no stories, I suppose; that is very sage admonition, Mr. Brice."

"Miss DeArcey," I said, changing the subject, "what would you wish us to do now? Mr. Willet and myself are going aboard the little craft that is alongside; if you wish, you can remain on this boat and be landed at Scarborough." I watched her closely, as I made the suggestion.

"Oh, no," she exclaimed, her face flushing up, "I wish to go where you go—you—

you see, Mr. Brice," she continued, confusedly, "I—I wouldn't quite know what to do or where to go if I was put ashore at Scarborough—can't I—can't I stay with—with you?"

Ward was dozing off. There was no one in the little cuddy but my wounded chum, my lady and myself. She looked most bewitchingly pretty, as she stood there with that embarrassed, appealing look. A thousand times since our interview in the stateroom on my first arrival on board the "Revenge" had I cursed myself for my churlish behavior then, but never more vehemently than at that moment. She seemed such a child—and yet such a woman. How had she ever become mixed up with that desperate crew and their fiendish aim?

"I can—can't I?" she was almost pleading.

I cursed myself for my hesitation. "Of course, of course, my lady," I assured her. "In fact," I continued, "I consider myself responsible for the disaster that befell you, because—"

"Oh, you must think me most horrid," she half whispered, glancing hastily at Ward's still form, "most horrid to be associated with these—these men. I wish—oh, I wish I could make you understand how it all happened. I didn't know they were going to—to be so desperate. I—I want to explain something to you, Mr. Brice—now—may I? You know I had just left the convent at St. Albans, where I had been educated. I—I have no parents—I—I told you a story about the Count. He is—is only a connection of mine on my mother's side. Oh, what must you think of me? He came to St. Albans; he was my only relative—and took me away, and then he explained a small part of this horrible plot—only a very small part, and I—I—it seemed such a lark—I agreed, and they used me for things they could not do—things in which a woman was required, do you understand? I played my part, but little by little I began to understand what they intended doing, and then I charged the Count with it, and he laughed in my face. What could I do? I was practically in their power—oh, do you believe me? Can you understand how it all happened? I

worried and worried. I saw how wrong it was, and last night at dinner when you and Mr. Willet were there, I determined to get away if possible—if—if it was not too late. I was—"

"Mademoiselle," I interrupted, "tell me, did you fall overboard last night on purpose?"

She shook her head, as she smiled through the tears that started to her eyes. "No," she whispered, "I had not nerve enough for that. I think—I think that Providence intervened there—oh, I am so happy now that I am free from them—can you—oh, you must, you will, won't you—you will stop this horrible thing? I feel as if I was responsible for it. Do, do stop it, Mr. Brice."

In her intense eagerness she had drawn so near to me that her breath fanned my cheeks. Her hands were clasped, as if in prayer, and her beautiful violet eyes were pleading with mine.

With a mighty effort I cast aside a mad temptation to take her in my arms and rain my kisses upon that upturned face. I drew myself up to my full height. "Mademoiselle," I said, gravely, "with God's help, we can and will stop this thing; can I count on you?"

"Here is my hand upon it," she said simply, with a frank, comradish air.

Seized by an uncontrollable impulse, I pressed her hand to my lips. "I am thrice armed now," I whispered.

There was a sound of feet outside, and a voice called loudly:

"Mister Brice, Mister Brice, be ye an' yer chum an' the lady ready—there's no time fur loafin' round."

I strode toward the door. "We are ready," I said, "but I want a stretcher of some sort for Mr. Willet—he insists on coming on the 'Scout.'"

"I knowed as he would, an' the boys is bringing one down—here it be—easy, there, lads, easy, luff up."

Ward roused himself, and we placed him gently on the improvised stretcher and carried him without mishap up the companionway, and then lowered him into the little gig that was waiting alongside.

A five-minute's pull, and we were under the lea of the speedy-looking "Scout." It was ticklish work, in the rising swell,

to get him safely aboard, but it was accomplished without accident, and as soon as I had seen him comfortably settled in the little after cabin, I again made the trip between ships and brought over my lady.

She sat quiet and reserved by my side in the stern sheets, as a couple of sturdy fishermen bent to their oars and sent the little gig flying over the gray water that lay between the two ships. The old woman aboard the "Homer" had discovered somewhere an Inverness waterproof, and in this my lady had encased herself. Her mood had changed again, and she was now the happy, gay, careless schoolgirl. "Isn't it a lark?" she cried. "Here I am in the middle of the North Sea with not a trunk to my name—my entire worldly possessions consisting of a last year's dinner gown and an Inverness stormcoat!" And then the schoolgirl was blotted out and the woman stood in its place, as she leaned toward me and inquired earnestly: "Is she—that ship, I mean—fast enough to catch them? And," she added, as she gazed anxiously into my face, "what will you do when you do catch them?"

"Stop their game," I muttered grimly, my thoughts again turning to the enemy, "or—" I added, and then stopped.

"Or what?" she demanded.

"My lady," I said, "to use what you would call an 'Americanism' it's 'Pike's Peak or Bust.'"

CHAPTER XVI

FORCED DRAFT

The "Homer," like a wounded duck was trailing away toward the Yorkshire coast. The "Scout," black smoke pouring from her high yellow stack, her sharp, lofty bows cutting through the swell like a knife, was tearing northward as fast as two thousand horsepower could drive her turbine engines, the white foam trailing astern, as her twin screws churned the waters. Her forward deck was piled high with coal, for Captain Jimmy had left the "Homer" only enough fuel to carry her in. "Me bunkers is full," I heard him exclaim, "but I wants me decks down with Newcastle, too, fur this 'ere

boat's a witch fur burning up the coal." On the bridge, the ancient skipper was pacing briskly to and fro, pausing now and again to call some instruction to the helmsman inside the wheel house, who answered with a steady, monotonous, "Aye, aye, sir."

It was a typical day for the German Ocean—a drizzling rain, a heavy rolling sea, and but little wind. For all he was twelve miles out, Captain Jimmy had a man in the bows with the lead, who ever and anon sang back in matter-of-fact tones: "Twenty fathom, sir—eighteen fathom, sir—twenty-two fathom, sir." They had a lookout in the bows and another in the crow's nest, and from the man aloft presently came the shout: "A fishin' fleet ahead on the starboard bow, sir;" followed instantly by the sharp order from Captain Jimmy of "Port your helm." "Port it is, sir? Aye, aye," came the immediate reply. The "Scout" answered her helm like a thirty-footer, and the mist swallowed up the fishing boats. Evidently, the skipper did not wish his whereabouts reported by sharp eyes.

I was standing close to Captain Jimmy, endeavoring to pierce the mist, when the look-out cried: "Steamer dead ahead, sir," and after a moment's inspection of the stranger, the skipper called down the tube, somewhat hastily:

"Captain Harvey, on deck wid ye, please."

A moment or so later and the burly form of the "Homer's" captain scrambled up the ladder.

"Be that her—take a look?" demanded Captain Jimmy, handing his glass over.

"Looks uncommon like her—by Jinks, it is her—but, what in thunder has she done with them two barkers that was on her? Can't have got 'em aboard the other craft yet, eh?"

"There ain't no twelve-inch guns on her that I can see," muttered Captain Jimmy.

"Mr. Brice, can you see 'em? You be more usted to them toys than we be," and Captain Harvey thrust the glasses into my hand.

I swept the decks of the "Assist" (for her it undoubtedly was) carefully, but not a sign of her cargo was to be seen. Her

two big guns were gone. "She's got rid of them," I said, turning toward the two salts.

"Could she have got 'em aboard t'other ship, think ye?" demanded Captain Harvey.

"That's what she's done with them; they had them all slung ready to hoist, and if they had the nerve to make the transfer, there's nothing to stop them. The trouble was they had no one on board who was used to such work, but when they lost me they *had* to do it. Depend on it, Captain, that the 'Revenge' now has those two guns, and is headed north as fast as her triple screws can propel her. There's nothing between her and her quarry, and there's nothing can stop her now but this little craft, twenty miles astern. It's up to us."

"Then, by Jinks, we'll make good!" thundered Captain Harvey Cassel, as he gripped the rail of the bridge in suppressed wrath. "What say, Captain Jimmy?" he demanded.

For answer, the ancient sailor spoke a few words into the tube. There was an immediate tinkling of bells, and I felt the "Scout" shake herself like a thing of life, as her powerful engines commenced to work under forced draft, and her long, black hull carved its course through the rolling deep with increasing speed. Then Captain Jimmy turned on his shipmate: "Captain Harvey," he croaked, "get ye below now and shake up them stokers; work 'em two on and two off, and tell 'em it's a third extra for short shifts."

"Put me on the end of a shovel!" I cried. "I can take my trick in the bunkers if you're short-handed."

"Nay, nay," muttered Captain Harvey, "stay ye here hon the bridge. Ye're more use—Stand clear on that craft, Captain Jimmy, we've no use fur her now—Hi'm below if ye wants me," and next moment his broad shoulders disappeared down the ladder.

The "Scout" had not been loafing before, but now she was fairly eating up the distance. She was built on beautifully fine lines—long, slender and graceful. Her steel hull was vibrating to the music of racing machinery; the black clouds of smoke were fairly boiling from her tall

stack, and the spray was flying like snow over her high bows. The wind was rising, and the sea becoming more choppy and she shivered like a thing of life as her master drove her into the teeth of it. The "Assist" was already lost to sight in the scudding mist, which were now breaking up before the fast-rising gale.

The dash for the Lofodens had commenced. The "Scout" was racing under forced draft, and as I realized the momentous results that depended on her—on us—I caught the fever of the mad race, and true to the fighting breed from which I sprang, I longed for the battle.

Eight bells clanged out. It was noon, and the watch changed. I went inside the chart house. She was doing 21.9; both propellers making within a few revolutions of each other, the engines running even and smoothly. Now and again the screws would be lifted clear as the racing craft dipped her nose into one of the great swells, and the staunch hull would quiver and wrack itself to the race of the blades as they were lifted, whirling madly, out from the churning sea. Old Captain Jimmy did not spare her. He drove the long, slender hull into the teeth of the rising gale. The foam surged over her bows and charged racing up to her forward companionway; then leaped in mad riot through her scuppers. Her hatches were battened down and everything made snug for a wild night. The new watch came out in their oilskins; the bow lookouts were not replaced, and the watch in the crow's nest was lashed there.

"Hi ain't takin' no chances with man overboard ter night; Hi ain't a-goin' ter stop fur nothin'," croaked old Captain Jimmy, as I joked him over his precautions. "Hi'll be abeam o' the Shetlands this time termorrow," he continued, "an', if they be afeared ter drive that craft on theirs, they'll be takin' me wash then."

"If we're to save the game it has to be done in the next forty-eight hours," I responded. "Once that craft gets them under range of her twelve-inch, they are lost."

"Hat wot distance now, sir, do ye suppose they could stand ter get in their knocks?" inquired Captain Jimmy, as he clung to the rail of the rolling bridge.

"Six thousand yards would be easy work for them."

"Ye don't say now!"

"With those fine pieces they would have the whip hand at eight, or even ten thousand in a moderate sea. There's only one chance, Captain Jimmy; that is for us to get word and let them run for it."

"I knows one o' 'em as won't run, Mister Brice," affirmed the old salt.

"I know another," I said quickly.

Captain Harvey Cassel had climbed up the ladder as we were speaking. He overheard the last two sentences, and his great hand came down on my shoulder with a crash. "By the Lord Harry," he roared, "it does me good to hear ye, fur I was minded the same way 'bout 'em. Hi'll back Eddie's boy, and Mack ain't a son of the hold country if he runs fur it, and—"

"Aye, aye," interrupted Captain Jimmy, "the sayin' is 'never two but three,' and his nibs with the fierce upper lip covering ain't no lout when it comes to a scrap; there'll be only one quitter in my hopinion, and that's his—"

"Gentlemen," I interposed, "you overlook one fact in thus rejoicing in the fighting qualities of those we seek to save."

"An' that is wot?" demanded both the salts in one voice.

"That it will make our task the more difficult. We seek to warn them that they may escape. They will wish to remain and fight."

Captain Jimmy glared at me for a moment, then his old thin voice croaked out, "An' good fur 'em, that's wot I say."

"Hand that's wot Hi say," bellowed the master of the "Homer."

"And that's what I say," I repeated, "for we'll stand by them in any case, eh, gentlemen?"

"Sairtinly," croaked Captain Jimmy.

"Bet your life," roared the "Homer's" skipper.

"Here's my hand on it," I cried.

And we three gripped hands on our compact.

CHAPTER XVII

AMATEUR SURGEONRY

"Dinner's hat two bells," remarked Captain Jimmy. "We 'as dinner hat dinner

time an' not hat supper on this 'ere craft."

"I'm ready for it now," I confessed, as I climbed down off the bridge.

I discovered my lady making herself very much at home and very useful.

"I was just on the point of sending Tommy"—indicating a diminutive-looking cabin boy—"to hunt you up," she exclaimed. "Martha and I have set the table, and the chef has managed to excel himself. See," and she waved her hand toward an inviting-looking table. "Linen, silver and decorations, but they are spoiled by these horrid rail things that Martha would put on. The first course is soup. Tommy, serve it, please—can you manage to walk along with it—it is rolling dreadfully, isn't it?" she concluded, appealing to me.

I could but smile at the elaborate repast she had contrived to conjure from the galley. "How about Mr. Willet?" I inquired, my thoughts turning toward my chum.

"I was just going to tell you," she rattled on, "he's doing so finely; he has no temperature to speak of, but really, you know, the ball should be probed for; I wonder how we are going to do it—there is no surgeon aboard, of course."

"I guess that's up to me, mademoiselle; I have done it before. By the way, have you seen Captain Harvey lately?"

"He passed through here a few minutes ago all black and grimy. He said he was 'showin' the boys how to fire up,' and he certainly looked like it."

Captain Jimmy joined us a few minutes later, and we three sat down to that strange dinner. It was very evident, however, that the old salt's mind was on the bridge rather than at the table, and after ten minutes of furious eating, he abruptly left us, and rolled up the companionway.

"I'm going in to see Ward," I said to my lady.

"Martha is with him, of course, and he seemed quite comfortable when I left him; if we can only find the ball everything will go all right, I am sure," she replied.

Together we made our way into the stuffy little cuddy. Ward was sleeping soundly, and we did not disturb him. The sea was increasing every moment, as was evidenced by the rolling and pitching of the

"Scout." I offered my arm to Mademoiselle, and piloted her along the narrow passageway back to the cabin.

"Now," she suggested, "I am sure you wish to go on deck again, so don't worry about me; I am going in to look after Mr. Ward. Tonight, or in the morning I wish you could see about probing; I think it should be done, don't you?"

"I would prefer a smoother sea before I do; we will see what the morning brings," I said, "and meanwhile"—I paused.

"Yes," she inquired, looking up at me, "what?"

"You must try to make yourself as comfortable as possible—as comfortable as circumstances will permit."

"Oh," she laughed gaily, "do not worry yourself about me; I have lots to occupy my time; I must look after Mr. Ward—I am his nurse, you know, and—and, in any case—you—you didn't ask me to come with you, did you?—I am sure I must be terribly in your way."

"I don't know what we should do without you," I returned truthfully. "You have been of great service, mademoiselle, to my friend, and we—I am very much under obligation to you. He would have bled to death but for you; will you accept my thanks, mademoiselle?"

She inclined her head with that pretty little foreign gesture of hers. "I have accepted much from you already, but your thanks, although I deserve them but little, I value the most—oh, I wish—I wish," she cried, clasping her shapely hands together, "that this terrible thing was ended—I fear for the results; I fear the conflict that must come; you do not know those men as I know them, Mr. Brice; they will—they must win."

"They won't; they *shall not* win," I retorted, as I left her and hastened on deck again.

I was in consultation with Captain Jimmy for half an hour in the charthouse, and after that fought my way forward to the foremast and climbed into the crow's-nest with the lookout. Then I went down into the engine room. A beautifully compact little turbine was installed, and Captain Harvey and four firemen, all stripped to the waist, were shovelling coal into the glowing furnaces with steady precision. It was

stifling hot, of course, and the stokers were working in short shifts, two hours on and two off. The engineer, a blocky-looking Scotchman, and his assistant, a young fellow of the same nationality, watched with keen eyes the working of the powerful turbines, moving about amongst the glittering, polished machinery, oiling here, adjusting there, and ever keeping watchful eyes upon the indicators. Sometimes there would be a tinkling of bells, as the skipper on the bridge called for more speed, and then a few short words from the tube. All was very businesslike, with a lack of excitement or undue bustle. I went away well pleased with conditions below decks—there would be no hitch there, I was convinced. I did not offer my services again at the shovel, for I realized I was in no condition to keep pace with those brawny firemen in their exhausting work.

It was Captain Jimmy, himself, who proposed that I should handle the "Scout" for a spell, as he expressed it. "Ye can do, can't ye?" he demanded, as I stood beside him again on the bridge.

I admitted that I thought myself capable of the task. When a man has manoeuvred a great fifteen-thousand ton battleship in company with a dozen others in line of column ten cables apart, and executed the "gridiron movement" a few times, he is not afraid to undertake the handling of a little hundred and fifty ton dispatch boat that answers her helm like a motor craft.

Captain Jimmy watched me as I took charge, and then after a few minutes' scrutiny, rolled away, apparently satisfied that his idol was in safe hands. Truth to tell, there was little enough skill required at this time. All I had to do was to keep her head to the laid course, and now and again ease her, as she wallowed into the heavy swells. She was speeding magnificently, reeling off twenty-two and a fraction with but slight variation hour after hour. Captain Jimmy had a right to feel proud of his handy little craft.

Once a great greyback caught her, and boarded her amidship, racing across her deck and leaping off through the scuppers to port. I caught a glimpse of her skipper's inquiring old face, peeping at me from the shelter of the main deck hatch,

as if to demand, "What be ye hat now?" I steadied her in a moment, and the thing did not occur again.

At nine o'clock that night, just as two bells clanged out, I made out the Stavanger light some three miles off to starboard. Captain Jimmy had laid a close course, and cut his corners fine, but as he had assured me he knew the Norway coast as well as he did his own Yorkshire, I was not uneasy.

The old salt relieved me fifteen minutes later, and I was not sorry to climb down and get something to eat; that North Sea wind certainly has the knack of giving a man an appetite.

My lady and I spent an hour with Ward that night. He was wonderfully bright—quite his old self, indeed, and I was greatly cheered.

"This thing must come out in the morning, Milton," he muttered, as I talked quietly to him, "it's here, right here, close up under the shoulder blade—I can feel it; it went right through—feel!"

I carefully raised him and in a moment my fingers had located the piece of lead. It was there undoubtedly, within an inch of the surface.

"I'll get it out now," I said, "there is no use in waiting; it will all be over in a moment."

"Won't you have to give me an anaesthetic?" he queried.

"No, it's not necessary, even if I could get any—just wait a moment."

I left him and made my way to the galley. I selected a sharp, curved knife that the cook used for peeling potatoes, and in five minutes had it as sharp as a razor; then, enlisting the services of my lady, I made the incision, and without a twist the ball dropped out on the pillow. Ward gave a grunt.

"It's out," I said, "look!" and I placed the lead in his palm.

He smiled weakly, as he sank back. "Thank God!" he muttered. "When can I get up?"

"You look a lot like getting up," I said.

"But I will—I will tomorrow," he asserted, with determination.

"Let tomorrow take care of itself," I said.

I left him resting easily, with Martha acting as night nurse.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE CHASE

I stood a trick of four hours at the wheel that night, as we raced on through the blackness, coming on at two bells in the after watch. The gale wore itself out by morning, and almost the first gleam of light showed me the Sulen Island scarce two thousand yards off on the starboard bow.

"Aren't you standing close in—too much so?" I questioned of Captain Jimmy, who had just come to relieve me.

"Hi ain't makin' no wide turns," he chuckled, with a broad grin. "But Hi ain't a-goin' ter beach her neither, don't ye fear."

I had turned around to survey the bleak coast aft of us, when I suddenly gripped Captain Jimmy's arm.

"Look!" I exclaimed.

"By Jinks," he muttered, "if she ain't held us—crept up in the night—'tis her, ain't it?"

"That's her, I'll wager, but I'm only judging by the smoke she's making—let out your last link, Captain!"

I had seized his glasses and brought them to bear on the clouds of black smoke that were pouring out four miles astern of us.

"She'll lose water now," he muttered, "she darsent follow where Hi'm a-goin'—she'll draw twenty foot, won't she?"

"All of it."

"Let her come, then," he growled, as he stood yet further in toward the sinister-looking coast—"By Jinks, look, she's a-firin' on us!"

A sheet of water twenty feet high spouted up half a mile astern, and then a dull, heavy boom broke on our ears. I saw no sign of the discharge; she was evidently firing smokeless.

"She don't seem afeared ter fire on us in these waters," growled the skipper. "She can't do us damage at this distance, can she?"

"Scarcely, unless by a lucky shot—get away from her, Captain Jimmy, get away as fast as your heels can show."

The old salt was talking in the tube, evidently with Captain Harvey. "No, stay ye below," I heard him say, "an' keep them boys a-shovelling on the Newcastle—

give me every ounce you got, Captain Harvey— send Jimmy to the tube.” And he talked now with the Scotch engineer. The result was soon apparent.

The “Scout” began to tremble with increased vibration; the black smoke fairly boiled from her lofty stack, and the gaunt cliffs loomed yet nearer to us. The “Scout” was letting out her last link

Closer, closer yet we stood in. I could hear the angry surf breaking on the grim rocks, and still Captain Jimmy held on his course, heading her apparently straight for the huge headland that blocked our vision of the coast ahead. With barely twenty cables sea room we rounded that menacing cape, and as we doubled it and flew behind its shelter on up the coast, there came a crash high up above our heads and the splinters of the shattered rocks fell almost on our very decks.

“None ter soon,” growled Captain Jimmy, glancing aloft apprehensively, “now we’ll give her a run; a stern chase’s a long one.”

“That was a close call,” I warned, “a lower elevation and they would have got us; can we hold them for another twenty-four hours?”

“Hi’ll do it if Hi has ter stop her up with cotton wool!” swore the old man.

We tore across the wide bay and doubled the next headland without getting a glimpse of our pursuer.

“Twenty-three,” muttered Captain Jimmy, glancing at the dial, “Hi’d knowed it was in her.” He beamed on me with the pardonable pride of a good skipper for a good craft. “Now, if you’ll go for’ard an’ have the boys shift that Newcastle from the deck ter the bunkers hit’ll lighten her by the head and make her steadier—Hi’ll bet there’s room below fur hit now.”

It took us two hours to shift that deck coal, and a dirty job it was, but the “Scout” certainly travelled faster for the change, and the bunkers were loaded to their top planks. Not a sign of the “Revenge” did we note during that time, but the quick succession of capes we doubled might easily have hid her from us, even if she had gained.

At noon we were abeam of the Fro Islands, and then stood out for the long

leg across the Scandinavian Sea for the West Ford. It was the last, long dash.

“They’ll be bound ter sight us soon now, and then it’ll be just a long, stern chase,” muttered Captain Jimmy.

“At any rate we shall see if they’ve gained on us,” I said.

“Twenty-three flat—she’s a-keepin’ it hup,” grinned the skipper. “She’ll have ter hump herself ter ketch us, I’m thinkin’.”

The morning had come off wonderfully clear and fine, but dark, purple clouds looming up to the northwest warned us that it would not last long. Three, four, five, six miles astern we left the Fro Isles, and still our chaser had not hove in sight. Suddenly the lookout up aloft cried out:

“There she be, sir! Eight miles astern ter port!”

“I’ll run up and take a look at her,” I cried, as, suiting the action to the words, I scrambled up the rigging. “Where away?” I demanded a few moments later of the lookout, as I reached the top.

“Three mile out, sir, and eight astern—see her?”

I saw her. She was bowling along at her best clip, but had lost a lot of time in clearing the numerous capes. Now she saw us, and altered her course a couple of points. I endeavored to gauge how she was footing it. We were certainly not losing. More, we were gaining! I was sure of it. If the “Scout” could keep up this pace we should reach our mark first. The Great Coup would yet be spoiled, or at least, their intended victims would get a fighting chance for escape. I climbed hastily down and reported to Captain Jimmy.

“We’ll spoil ’em yet, we’ll spoil ’em,” he muttered, his weather-beaten old face wrinkling up like a map. “Gosh, if we only had the wireless aboard,” he lamented a moment later. “Get you signallin’ buntin’ all ready, Mister Brice,” he ordered. “We shan’t be wantin’ it fur eighteen hours yet, but have it ready, lad, have it ready.”

A dull, heavy boom interrupted our conversation. We both glanced up hastily.

“Firin’ again, be they—blast ’em!” growled Captain Jimmy. “They can’t hit us at this distance, can they?” he demanded of me.

“Not one chance in a hundred, but their range is easily ten miles. It’s like aiming



"Three mile ou', sir, and eight astern—See her?"

at a cark when they try from that distance."

"Here comes a squall, too; they won't do no more potting fur a spell, I figure."

With a whoop and a roar the storm came down on us. The sky and sea was blotted out almost in a minute, and the "Scout" staggered, as the blast struck her, then righting herself, as if ashamed of her fright, tore through the charging waves undaunted.

Never have I seen a fiercer squall than that one. It raged for an hour and a half, and then died away as quickly as it came upon us. My first anxiety as the tempest lashed itself out was to locate again our enemy. Our own speed had dropped to eighteen knots for a great portion of the time, and I did not doubt but that it had also affected her speed. Nor was I disappointed. She was hull down far away. We had most certainly gained on her, and Captain Jimmy rubbed his horny old hands together and chuckled, as I reported to him the result of my observations.

We lost sight of the chaser soon afterward, and all that day we tore along at a speed but slightly varying between twenty-two and a half and twenty-three knots.

"We'll have 'em beat by an hour an' more when we gets ter Roost; ye be sure as 'tis Roost—them Lofodens is a mighty straggling group?" queried old Captain Jimmy.

"I am sure of nothing," I retorted. "Roost was simply the first rendezvous; the four yachts were to meet there, but they are liable to cruise off anywhere, but my opinion is that will not get very far from the group; most certainly they will hold their conferences first before any move is made. They were to meet there yesterday, you know, and they would certainly get no further than the visiting stage; to-day will see them getting down to business, I think, and tomorrow, unless we can warn them, they will be surprised right in the midst of it."

"We'll give 'em the tip, never you fear, Mr. Brice, but wot Hi'm a-thinkin' of is can they get away after we do, that's it."

"They can spread out and get four different ways at once if they wish to," I suggested.

"But they won't," added Captain Jimmy, promptly.

"No, they won't," I agreed, "and if they stick it out together"—I paused.

"Then eighteen—the speed of their slowest—is the speed of their fastest."

"Right—right ye be," snapped the old salt, "but wot's the matter with takin' 'em aboard this 'ere craft—hall four on 'em, eh?"

"If we can persuade them, it is the best thing that can be done," I said.

"I know wot ye be thinkin' on—it's your Mack, an' Hi'm a-thinkin' on the Widdie's son, an' Hi'm a-figurin' as neither on 'em'll quit their craft—tain't like 'em ter do it, an' you knows it, Mister Brice—then wot'll we do?"

"Don't borrow trouble, Captain Jimmy," I cried, as I clapped my hand on his bent old back.

CHAPTER XIX

MAKING GOOD

Night fell—the last night before the great crisis. In twelve hours we should know if our mission was a failure or success. The grand coup planned by those desperate villains who were now speeding along but a few miles astern of us, would either have been brought to a successful termination or—busted! The day after, or at the slowest the day after that, the world would learn with surprised horror of the dastardly plot that had been brewed in their very midst. A little hundred and fifty-ton dispatch boat and a few loyal men was all that stood between these devils and their victims.

Not a light shone from the "Scout." Now and again a few sparks would leap from her funnel, as the toiling stokers below fed her hungry furnaces, but always their escape brought forth a growl from Captain Jimmy, as he spoke down the tube a sharp reproof.

"Givin' us 'way! Givin' us 'way!" he would mutter. "Hit's slack stokin' as does it, that's hall."

If Captain Harvey Cassel got any sleep during those forty-eight nerve-racking hours, I didn't know it. Whenever I went below he was always in that sizzling furnace room, either shoveling himself or urging the other shift on with mild upbraidings or exhortations. Always he was grimy

and black and fearfully hot, but always he had for me a cheery word, and a savagely-expressed conviction that we should "do the beggars yet."

At eight bells in the first watch I paid a hasty visit to Ward. He was doing splendidly, and was loath to let me come away again until I had explained the situation minutely to him.

"Have your night signals as well as day ones ready, Milton," he urged. "We may run into them at any time now, you know."

"You don't expect them yet?" I questioned.

"No, not yet," he said, shaking his head, "but it's well to be prepared; one can never tell. I think that you will find them cruising off the Roost Island at about ten tomorrow morning, and you may have some trouble in making them understand at first; they will be very likely to order you to stand off, and if you have trouble in that way I want you to send this signal to them: Here, give me a scrap of paper and pencil."

He wrote carefully a cipher message and handed it to me.

"Flag that to them, and I think it will work," he whispered, "but perhaps you had better show it to Captain Jimmy first; he's master of this craft and will have something to say about any message that leaves her, understand?"

I nodded. My lady entered the cuddy at that moment, vivacious as usual.

"Isn't he doing splendidly?" she questioned. "He is an ideal patient, except that he insists he can get up tomorrow, and you know he cannot," she appealed to me.

"No," I agreed, "he cannot; he must get into the game from where he lies here."

"Curse it!" growled Ward.

"No bad language, monsieur," ordered my lady, in mock sternness. "Any excitement sets you back. Now, let me raise you; I wish you to take some of this," and she set on the stand a bowl of appetizing soup. I watched her as she skillfully propped Ward up in bed, and fed him like a child. She was such a creature of contrasts—one moment a gay schoolgirl, and then next a tender woman—

"Sweet woman in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou."

I had never seen her look prettier than that night—no, not even in that wonderful evening gown of hers. Martha had managed to find an old black dress somewhere, and my lady had gleefully donned it.

"It is like the ones we were dressed in at St. Albans!" she cried, as she rolled up her sleeves, preparatory to waiting on Ward.

My chum simply tolerated her ministrations. Ward has no eye for the beautiful; his whole mind was on this great game we were playing, and he had no eye for "women or other playthings," as he expressed it, although the Lord only knows what he would have done without this "plaything"; but Ward was always glum and in dead earnest; I believe he is a woman-hater, or something of that kind.

I hovered awhile around the little cabin watching her; her movements held a fascination for me, and long after I reached the bridge I caught myself sketching a mental picture of her in that sick room.

At midnight I turned in for four hours' sleep, and at eight bells in the after watch I came on again, relieving old Captain Jimmy. As morning dawned we were abeam of Kunna Head, but it was not in sight. Eighty miles and Roost Island would be in sight. We had evidently outdistanced the "Revenge," and we only passed two other craft—small fishing smacks, who courteously dipped their colors in true Norwegian politeness.

Captain Harvey, who had managed to get away from the furnace room for a few minutes, the skipper of the "Scout" and I held a brief council standing there on the bridge, and roughly sketched in our line of action. I was to get a cutter's crew together, with the long boat slung out all ready, and if, as we hoped, we should find our quest at Roost Island, I was to first signal them and then out cutter and away. Captain Jimmy and his mate were to remain aboard the "Scout" awaiting the result of my visit.

I confess my heart was beating faster as I thought of the approaching meeting. There would be so much to do, and so short a time to get through with it. I set about whipping on my signal flags, for it was now broad daylight.

Suddenly my heart leaped to my mouth as I heard the lookout sing out:

"A steamer away on the starboard bow, sir—two on 'em, sir—no, four now!"

"Aye, aye," roared Captain Harvey, "What're they doing?"

"Standing 'way from us, sir, I think, under easy steam."

"Get up aloft and see what you can make on 'em," ordered the skipper, briskly, and I sprang into the shrouds.

In a few moments I was in the crosstrees, and taking the glass from the lookout, brought it to bear on the four vessels.

"It's them!" I yelled down—"they're just under weigh—that's all."

"Come ahead down, then!" cried Captain Jimmy, and I scrambled down on deck.

We stood along at a twenty-knot clip, and ranged up a mile away on their port side. They presented a handsome sight. I picked out the "Sunflower" instantly, her graceful lines, clipper masts and single stack marking her easily. She was the nearest to me and from her main whipped the Stars and Stripes. On her foremost flew the President's ensign.

CHAPTER XX

OUR GOAL

The two British skippers were very grim and very business-like. I stood on the bridge pointing out to them the four ships.

"That's the 'Victoria and Albert' next her—the one with clipper bows and two stacks."

"Yep," snapped Captain Jimmy, "I spots her Royal ensign. Wot's the next un?"

"The 'Hohenzollern'; see the German flag?"

"The Russian's leadin' boat, then?"

"That's her—'The Standart'—look, the British boat's signalling."

Clearly I caught the two letters, "V. C." (What ship is that?)

"I thought so—wants ter know who we be—right an' proper—right an' proper; tell 'em, Mister Brice," croaked Captain Jimmy.

Instantly I gave word, and my two signal boys ran up the bunting:

"The 'Scout', Great Yarmouth, dispatch boat; important news; let us board you at once."

"Stand off," came back the significant reply.

"Here, I'll wig-wag them; this thing's too slow!" I cried, as I seized a pair of small flags.

"Dash-dot-dot-dot-dash"—like lightning I worked those flags, as I sent Ward's cipher across the water.

A moment later and two white-clad figures climbed up smartly on the flying bridge of the British yacht. They were followed by like figures on the other boats, and for fifteen minutes I had my hands full—then I got the message:

"A cutter, eight men and an officer will be received at the gangway of the 'Sunflower'."

"Your man ain't afraid on us if the others is," chuckled Captain Harvey.

I dropped my flags. "Out cutter and away!" I shouted.

My crew sprang to their work like man o' war's men, and in a twinkling we were pulling for the distant ships.

"Give way, lads!" I shouted, as they bent to their long sweeps, and sent the boat shooting through the green swell.

We did the distance in under ten minutes, and my bowman caught his hook in under the grating of the "Sunflower." A smart-looking young ensign was awaiting me at the top of the ladder. I found myself wishing most heartily that I was in a more presentable rig, but this was no time for false pride.

"I am Milton Brice, late of the United States Navy," I explained as I reached the foredeck.

"Ensign Kirk, at your service, sir," returned the young man; "What can I do for you?"

"Let me see the old man just as quickly as possible," I said, dropping back into the slang of the service quite naturally.

A half smile played about his youthful features for a moment, then he extended his hand: "Follow me, Mr. Brice," he said.

Thirty seconds later and I stood before a smart-looking, clean-shaven man. "Thank God!" I muttered, as my eyes fell on him. I was standing face to face with old Billy Muldoun, who when I knew him on the cruiser "Hartford," was a Lieutenant-Commander, but whose sleeve stripes now proclaimed to be a captain.

"Why, Brice!" he cried, throwing his dignity to the wind, and striding forward, he gripped my extended hand. "What in thunder brings you here?" he added, then glanced a little aft, to where a tall, dignified-looking gentleman was standing, observing the meeting with considerable interest. Captain Muldoun wheeled about and respectfully saluting this gentlemen, said:

"Mr. President, I can vouch for this gentleman. His name is Brice; he was formerly in the service."

For another moment the President studied me, then he drawled slowly:

"Mr. Brice, that is a very extraordinary story you have been telling us with those little flags of yours; you have held our unflagging interest for the last fifteen minutes."

"Mr. President," I said respectfully, "there is not a moment to lose, believe me. I have got here at considerable personal risk to warn you."

"Tell me that yarn again, Mr. Brice," drawled the Chief Executive, "and Captain Muldoun, as he relates it, be so kind as to send it word for word to our friends on the other ships; you have interested them, too, Mr. Brice."

I remember now; I always shall remember the exact words I used standing there on the quarterdeck of the "Sunflower," as I told the President of the United States of the danger in which he and his companions stood:

"Mr. President," I said, "By an accident my friend Ward Willet and myself have stumbled across a diabolical plot to kidnap you; to kidnap His Majesty, the King of England, the Emperor of Germany and the Czar of Russia as you meet here unprotected. We escaped, and thanks to that speedy craft yonder, have just reached you in time to block them if you at once heed our warning and run for it. They may be fifteen; they are certainly not more than twenty miles astern."

The little flags were snapping around me as I spoke, and I knew that my words were being repeated on three other vessels.

"You stated in your previous message that they belonged to the 'Reds'?" questioned the President.

"Yes, sir; they are Anarchists."

"Hum," mused the Chief Executive, "I was warned when I left for this trip to European waters that something would happen if I persisted in breaking all precedents, and now it seems that it is about to occur, eh, Muldoun?"

"Mr. President," I interposed before the captain could reply, "I wish to urge haste. Their craft is fast; it is all our little boat can do to keep away from them. In this ship you will be overhauled and captured in an hour, and the same applies to the other three." I waved my hand toward the rolling ships ahead. "Come oversides at once, sir, and let us get away with you and the others," I urged.

I can see his strongly-marked face now, as he pulled at his chin.

"Well, scarcely," he drawled.

He stood there pulling at his chin for a full minute, while I was consumed with impatience, then in a moment he was all action.

"Captain Muldoun," he ordered crisply, "I will go over in the steam launch to the 'Victoria' at once—make my visit an hour earlier, that's all," he finished, with a chuckle.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when a junior officer stepped up and saluting, said smartly:

"Steam launch ready, sir."

"Follow me, Mr. Brice," said the President, and without another word we went down the gangway.

CHAPTER XXI.

A ROYAL GROUP

I could see the group awaiting us on the "Albert," as our launch shot swiftly toward her. The President sat silent in the stern sheets, apparently deep in thought, nor did I venture to disturb him, although fairly boiling over with impatience to be off. I cast a hasty look back at the "Scout." She was just under weigh, crawling slowly up on us. Ahead, the "Victoria and Albert" awaited us.

Suddenly the President broke the silence. "We have already exchanged visits," he observed, "and today we were to meet just informally to discuss the matter that has brought us together. Now this other thing threatens to upset it all. It's decidedly annoying, and I wish to the Lord that

we had a few guns on our boat. "Do you know," he demanded, looking sharply at me, "that the 'Hohenzollern' mounts six four-inch guns, and the 'Standart' eight?"

"Yes, Mr. President, I do," I replied, "but of what use are four-inch guns, even if you had a hundred of them, against two twelve-inch? All they have to do is to stand off well out of your range and batter you to pieces; they have the speed of you as well as the range, you know, sir."

"True, true," he muttered, and lapsed again into silence.

We were alongside the British yacht by this time. A short, trim, smart-looking man was standing at the top of the ladder, as we shot under. It did not require a second glance for me to know I was looking at the King of Great Britain and Emperor of India. Around him was grouped a little knot of officials, with the tall form of the yacht's commander, Sir Hemming Flowers, looming in the background.

"You are an early bird, Mr. President," the King called out, in bluff, hearty tones.

"It would appear, your Majesty, from what this gentleman informs us; that the other fellow is the early bird, and we are to be the worm—follow me up, Mr. Brice."

Together we ascended the ladder, and I saw the King slip his arm into the President's and walk him aft. I discovered myself to be the object of considerable curiosity from the group of officers gathered at the gangway. I suppose my appearance, let alone my mission, was enough to excite comment from anyone anywhere. I had not shaved since I came aboard the "Scout," and I had slept a great part of the time in my clothes; in fact, I rather expect I looked like a tramp.

"Have a cigarette?" inquired a young lieutenant, thrusting his case into my hands.

I took it greedily. "Thanks," I said, "one will go well, I assure you; I haven't smoked for sixty hours."

"Oh, Mr. Brice!" called the President from the other side, "will you be so good as to come over here."

I pushed the cigarette case back into the officer's hand, and stepped across deck. Evidently it is not etiquette for one to be introduced to a king, for the President simply said:

"Kindly relate as quickly as possible the story you told me, Mr. Brice."

I did it, and I hope quickly enough to please even a king. When I had finished, the President said: "It is really a very extraordinary thing, your Majesty, when one comes to think about it, that neither the 'Sunflower' nor the 'Victoria and Albert' mount any guns of any power."

While he was speaking I noticed a sudden bustle going on at the gangway, and in another moment, to my surprise, the military form of the Emperor of Germany made its way toward us, followed by the smaller, almost frightened-looking Czar. I stepped to the rear and from there watched the greeting that took place. The conversation was in English, I suppose for the benefit of our worthy President, who spoke no other language than his own, so I was able to follow all that occurred. It was, indeed, a memorable gathering—an Emperor, a Czar, a King and a President. Our Chief Executive had, as I was well aware, broken all precedent by thus making the voyage to Northern European waters to meet there three monarchs and discuss with them the great plans of world-wide disarmament. Without escort of warships, almost unofficially, had the great conference been brought about, and this was the opportunity seized upon by these enemies of society to kidnap—nay, to murder, for all I knew—the heads of four great nations. In equipping the destroying vessel that even now was fast closing down on us, they had realized that with a pair of long-range guns and superior speed they would have the luxuriant yachts of their enemy completely at their mercy; they could stand off at six or eight thousand yards and batter them to pieces from a range at which the little four-inch guns of the Russian and German boats would be impotent.

The voice of the German Emperor raised in loud, almost threatening tones, suddenly broke in on my thoughts. He was speaking in fluent, forceful English, with almost no trace of foreign accent. His remarks appeared to be directed to the British King and our President. The smaller, pale-faced Russian monarch was almost shivering in the rear of his strong, aggressive-looking brother ruler.

"Why should we run?" he demanded,

fiercely. "Did I arm the 'Hohenzollern' for her to run before these scoundrels? Go, you, cousin George, and you, Mr. President—your boats are unharmed, but His Majesty here," and he turned toward the cowering Czar, "has a cruiser more powerful than mine. Together we will show this scum a fight—Gott in Himmel!" he burst out, "I'll not show the white feather!"

"The suggestion was, your Majesty, that we embark on this small steamer lying over there, and leave our captains to take care of these yachts," observed the President, in curt, business-like tones.

"Whose suggestion, Mr. President?" quickly snapped the German.

"This gentleman who—" he turned to where I was standing—"has come to warn us. Kindly step forward, Mr. Brice."

I advanced cap in hand. The emperor gave me a quick glance, but did not deign otherwise to notice my presence. There was an awkward pause, which King George broke by beckoning to his captain, Sir Hemming Flowers. "Sir Hemming has a plan to propose which I believe will commend itself to you, Cousin William," he observed. "It even comes under the head of stratagem," he added. The young monarch's face lighted up with a smile as he uttered the word, and then moved aside to make room for the big form of his captain.

There was a hasty conference, which had scarcely commenced when a seaman stepped up, and saluting, reported:

"A large steamer is reported hull down, sir, to the sou'-west."

I glanced hastily across the waters. The "Scout" was signalling frantically, and coming in under a head of steam at fifteen knots.

"Is that she?" demanded the President of me.

"I cannot see her, sir, but it most assuredly is," I responded.

The British captain scarcely heeded the seaman's report, as he went on explaining, without gesture or any expression of excitement, his hastily arranged plan. I caught the words, "Maelstrom—Leading ship—Come about—and running for it."

The frightened-looking Russian monarch made some exclamation, and Sir Hemming retorted quickly: "Some risk? Yes, certainly, your Majesty."

King George made an ill-concealed gesture of annoyance, and the Emperor William spoke some words in a low, hasty tone. Next moment the plan had apparently been agreed upon, for there was a rapid scattering of the royal personages, while our President, smiling and nodding to me, invited me to accompany him, and we went over-sides into the waiting launch.

She shot through the water, and in a few minutes I again found myself on the deck of the "Sunflower." Quickly the President explained to me the plan agreed upon, and I hastily made out a message for the anxious "Scout," now ranged up on our port quarter ten cables away.

"Consider yourself under orders of the 'Victoria and Albert,'" was the signal.

"Kindly follow me, Mr. Brice," invited the President, quietly, and I shadowed him up onto the bridge of the "Sunflower."

The British yacht was making a wide sweeping movement, passing the German and Russian ships, who followed in her wake in the order named. Then we swung into line, the little "Scout" bringing up the rear ten cables away.

The "Revenge" was now plainly in sight, fairly boiling through the water. It was too great a distance to distinguish any signals, but while we stood there watching the approaching drama, an orderly gave Captain Muldoun a slip of paper. He scanned it hastily, then read aloud:

"Unless you hove to immediately we shall shell you."

"The wireless brings this, Mr. President," he observed, passing the message on to the Chief Executive.

"The 'Victoria' is spokesman; take no notice," came the careless response.

Whatever the reply of the "spokesman" was, it apparently was unsatisfactory to the "Revenge," for a few moments later a shell burst four hundred yards astern of the little "Scout," followed almost instantly by another a little nearer, and then two heavy booms sounded on our ears.

The crisis had arrived!

CHAPTER XXII

THE MAELSTROM

We were running, despite the German Emperor's protest; there was no doubt of

that. Strung out ten cables apart the four yachts, with the plucky little "Scout" astern, were flying from the fast approaching "Revenge." The black smoke pouring from the stacks gave evidence that the furnaces were being stoked for all they were worth. Again two huge waterspouts broke on the surface of the sea—this time to starboard of the "Scout," and not three hundred yards away. I judged the distance of the firing ship to be at this time fully five miles, so the practice was really not so bad.

All ships, with the exception of the "Scout," which was keeping her place astern, were now doing their best, and travelling easily at nineteen or twenty knots. It seemed fitting to me that the Anglo-Saxon boats should be in the position of most danger—in the rear of a desperate retreat; what could be a better position for them? I positively gloried in the gallant little "Scout," as she doggedly stuck to her course. I could make out quite plainly through the glasses the figure of old Captain Jimmy on her bridge, and I could imagine very readily the expression on his wrinkled old face, as he growled inside to the steersman: "Keep so, keep her so," and mentally I could draw a picture of the burly form of Captain Harvey Cassel, as, stripped for action, he worked like a giant in the sweating furnace room of the "Scout," shovelling on the coal. Then my thoughts flew to Ward in the little cabin lying there helpless, yet consumed with a burning impatience to be on deck; and by his side would be my lady—my lady of the violet eyes—my Hortense. My Hortense! What was I thinking of? I was awakened from my thoughts by the President lightly tapping me on the shoulders.

"Getting a trifle warm, Mr. Brice," he suggested, and I became aware of a screeching shell tearing over our heads and throwing up a fountain of spray three cables astern of the "Victoria and Albert." We were well under range of those powerful twelve-inch guns, while from that distance, even if the German and Russian yachts had dared to swing and bring their broadside to bear, their little popgun battery of four-inch pieces could not have begun to reach the oncoming vessel. I turned to answer the remark of the President.

"It is only a matter of time, sir, before

they will reach us with one of those big shells."

"It appears to me that they are not coming quite so fast as they were," continued the President, still gazing into the distance through his glasses, and apparently taking no notice of my warning.

"No, sir," I said, "you will find they will keep at about this distance and take no chance of our small guns finding them, while they will surely land soon with a great shell and probably put one of us out of action. Is it our intention to stand by one another when this disaster takes place, or is it a case of 'Sauve qui peut'?"

"The plan is this," drawled the President, lowering his glasses and smiling quizzically at me. "But, look—here we go!" His manner had suddenly become very alert, and gripping the rail, he leaned forward, watching intently the maneuver of the "Victoria and Albert" ahead of us.

The yacht had suddenly sheered off to starboard, disclosing the "Hohenzollern" and "Standart" making the same movement to port; our own boat and the "Scout" astern of us were following the British ship. Less than eight hundred yards dead ahead loomed a rocky island, whose precipitous sides towered up out of the dark waters almost into the lowering sky.

"Vaeroe Island!" ejaculated the President.

As we swung yet farther apart two shells burst in rapid succession almost in the very position we had just quit. Had we been there they would surely have raked us aft to fore.

"None too soon," muttered the President, "now watch!" He had dropped his leisurely manner, and was now all action. "How is it, Muldown?" he cried, appealing to the "Sunflower's" commander, who stood just outside the wheel-house, giving his orders to the steersman inside.

"Going all right, Mr. President," came the cool reply.

I could but notice that no one invited our Magistrate to take shelter from his exposed position; I suppose everyone knew the man too well.

The sombre, giant rocks cut off our view of the Russian and German yachts, as we divided, and now we three—the British Royal boat, ourselves and the "Scout"

ploughed through the beating waves with the island thirty cables away to port. I heard the crash of more bursting shells, as they struck the high cliffs above us, and then we lost view of the pursuer, as a sharp cape hid us from view.

"Wonder which she'll follow?" queried the President, a grim smile lighting up his hard features for a moment.

A dull roar sounded on my ears. I glanced toward the cliffs, thinking it was the surf beating on them; then, realizing that no surf could make that uncanny sound, looked questioningly at our President. He nodded confidently, as he muttered:

"The Maelstrom!"

In an instant the truth flashed across my mind. We were headed for the Maelstrom, that dread and scourge of the Norwegian coast! The dull roar had increased to a perfect fury of thunderous noise, and now, as we shot past the last extremity of Vaerøe Island, the seething, boiling waters burst into view—a hellish cauldron set in the midst of that dull, gray sea. The Maelstrom, that great whirlpool where mighty ships are caught like feathers and carried down in the vortex to their awful doom in the bowels of the earth, was now raging before us.

Instinctively I discovered myself gripping hard to the slender rail of the bridge, as if anything on the earth, or the seas, the heavens or the world below could save one from the fury of that awful giant. Then my naval training came to my rescue, and I was as calm and cool as anyone on that ship.

The "Standart" and "Hohenzollern" had darted out from the further side of the island, and now almost abreast of us, the five ships steamed down at top speed to their apparent doom.

If the owner of the "Standart" was a coward, his captain was not. Straight as the shot from a gun he stood on almost parallel with the British yacht, headed for that boiling whirlpool, and behind him tore the German ship, the "Sunflower" and "Scout" following the "Victoria and Albert" with the same grim determination.

Suddenly a barred blue and white flag whipped from the after pole of the British yacht, and instantly the little "Scout"

sheered off and stood away to starboard, crowding on her top speed as she did. Her place appeared to my excited brain to be almost instantly occupied by the pursuing ship—the "Revenge," her great guns belching fire, and her shells bursting all around us. She had evidently raced at her greatest speed as she lost sight of us around the island, and was now not more than a mile astern. It was a foolish move for her. Thinking it over quietly afterwards, I could only come to the conclusion that they lost their heads during that exciting chase, and fearing we would escape them, closed in on us, heedless of results. They were throwing away the advantage of their long-range guns. There was no time to draw conclusions then. Before my eyes was taking place an exciting maneuver—the famous "gridiron" evolution—but, Great God, under what conditions? On the outer edge of that fearful whirlpool, with the swirling, boiling waters roaring for their prey, I saw the "Standart," followed by the "Hohenzollern," turn in half a circle. Bunting was leaping from the poles of the "Victoria and Albert," and at the same moment we commenced our in-curve. Here was our position, but no words can describe the nerve-racking suspense of those few awful minutes.

The "Revenge" was evidently taken by surprise at our sudden movement. First she yawed a minute, letting go with the big twelve-inch as she did, and I saw the splinters fly amidship of the "Victoria and Albert." The yacht staggered like a man struck, then came on again continuing her movement. Next moment the "Revenge" thought better of her movement, and came on again at full speed. The four yachts crossed each other's bows at a dangerously close angle, and bore down. On the "Revenge" under every ounce of steam—the Russian and German on her starboard, the British and American to port. The "Standart" and "Hohenzollern" gave her their broadsides as they came—they could do so without hitting us at that minute, and three at least of their shells found their mark, for I saw their crash and noted the confusion they made. The "Revenge" swung her pair of guns over to port and gave us their contents, still making the

"Victoria and Albert" her mark. In the excitement of the moment their aim was hurried, and neither shells took effect, for all the range was so close. The Russian and German stopped their firing, and with every ounce of steam bore down on the enemy. I felt our own yacht leap forward under her forced draught, as she rushed to the attack.

The maneuver had developed! We four were to ram our enemy—two to starboard and two to port. Thus beset on each side, the "Revenge" shot forward to escape the impact, going at tremendous speed. So fast did she travel that we missed her completely, all four yachts converging astern of her. For a moment it looked like a disastrous collision, but smart seamanship and prompt handling saved us. We crossed right over, and so close that the port battery of the "Standart" carried away our port boats and some tackle. The "Victoria and Albert" and the "Hohenzollern" just cleared one another.

Aboard the "Revenge" was confusion. They put their helm down and endeavored to come up on us, but she refused to answer. Then I saw their three propellers reversing at great speed, in an endeavor to back.

"She's caught! By the God she is!" cried the President, for the first time showing any excitement.

"It's got her!" I yelled. "The Maelstrom has her—look!"

Captain Muldown, leaning over the rail, watched with calm mien the tragedy that was taking place before our eyes. For another minute he stood gazing at the struggling, quivering ship, then he turned away with a groan:

"We've done," he muttered, "but, by God, it's awful!"

From the doomed vessel arose a fearful cry—the cry of men in fear of death. The "Standart" was again opening fire on her, but a flutter of flags from the British ship stopped it.

"That's murder," growled Captain Muldown, "there's no need for that."

Frantically, madly, the lost ship strove to escape her fate. The boiling sea around her was surely, swiftly sucking her toward the vortex. In vain she endeavored to head up; in vain she reversed. She was like

a child in the arms of that awful sea.

Fascinated, horrified, I watched her approaching end, as we stood well clear of the awful trap, steaming slowing back and forth. It was not long in coming. Now she was caught in the inner lines. Dizzily round and round she sped with sickening speed. Nearer, yet nearer, always nearer to that treacherous, deadly calm in the centre, until at last, with an oily, quick motion, her bow rose high in the air, and stern foremost she was swallowed up in the great whirlpool.

The "Revenge" was gone!

The Great Coup had failed!

CHAPTER XXIII

CONCLUSION

No happier fellow than I existed in all this world on that June morning—just nine months after the failure of the Great Coup—when I led to the altar at St. Mary's my bride, Hortense DeArcey, and no fairer bride ever passed up the historic old aisle.

Ward was there, clean-cut, unemotional, short of speech as ever. His presence was really necessary considering he was acting as my best man, but I think he enjoyed the ordeal but little. He said he gave in and came simply because I had never done the thing before, and he trusted I should never do it again.

Hortense said she would vouch for me that I never would.

Quite a few notables attended that wedding, and some *exceedingly* notable personages sent representatives, while at my persistent insistence, two less notable, but perhaps more interesting personages came up from Great Yarmouth—the two deep-sea fishermen, Captain Harvey Cassel and Captain Jimmy.

They blew into town the night before the wedding like a breath of the gale from their own East Coast, and "tied up" at a little inn just off Fleet Street, where they became my guests.

"Now, by the Lord Harry, sir, ye're startin' hon a voyage w're the charts bain't much, and w're ye must take yer own soundin's, but I reckons as ye've shipped a mighty good 'and for'ard," observed Captain Harvey.

"Maybe," croaked old Captain Jimmy, "as Mister Brice'll be the for'ard 'and, an' 'tis 'im has his signin' articles—ha, ha, ha!" and the old salt laughed heartily at his own joke.

Hortense and I spent a most delightful seven weeks at her old home in Southern France, and then left for an extended trip in "God's Country." All's well that ends well, but I wish before I bring to a conclusion this narrative, to attach to it the following clipping from the *London Queen* of the day following our marriage:

At high noon yesterday a fashionable wedding took place at the Church of St. Mary's, the contracting parties being Mr. Milton Brice of Chicago, U.S.A., and Mademoiselle Hortense Marie DeArcey, niece of the late Count Leopold DeArcey, of Montpillier, Southern France.

The bride, who looked most charming in a gown of white satin and Irish point lace, came into church on the arm of Count Felix Zelmot, an old friend of the family, Mademoiselle DeArcey being the last of her line.

The groom's best man was his friend, Mr. Hugh Ward-Willet, and a large congregation witnessed the ceremony, which was fully choral. The happy event was made more than usually interesting by the presence of the representatives of no less than three Crowned Heads and a President of the Great Republic.

In connection with the above extraordinary gathering it will perhaps be well to remind our readers that the groom and his best man are the two gentlemen who figured so prominently in the great attempted Royal kidnapping case some nine months ago, and it is understood that Mademoiselle DeArcey is the young lady mentioned at the time as being rescued from the would-be kidnapers by the

gentleman who has now so happily become her husband. Rumor, of course, has added her share to the story, and it has probably not lost in the telling, but it is safe to state that if the inside facts of that sensational episode were made public they would appear even more startling than at present. A representative of the *Queen* accidentally stumbled across two East Coast deep-sea skippers, who unfolded a most wonderful tale of the stirring events of that exciting period, but they were unfortunately located and hurried away by their friends before we had time to listen to the conclusion.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Brice left immediately after the ceremony for the South of France, where the honeymoon will be spent, after which the happy couple will engage in an extended tour of the United States, the groom's home.

Among the gifts, which were unusually numerous and costly, was one from His Majesty which attracted great attention. It was a study in oils of the Maelstrom, especially painted by command of the King by Sir Arnold White, and pronounced by critics to be the celebrated master's best work.

The significance of the subject chosen will not be lost upon our readers, who will recall that the last dramatic scene in the attempt to capture the Royal personages was laid in the waters of the great whirlpool.

Equally significant was the gift from the President of the United States, which consisted of a solid gold cigarette case, with the initials set in diamonds, and the motto: "Vincit amor patriae."

The German Emperor and His Majesty the Czar also sent presents by their representatives, but they were not on view.

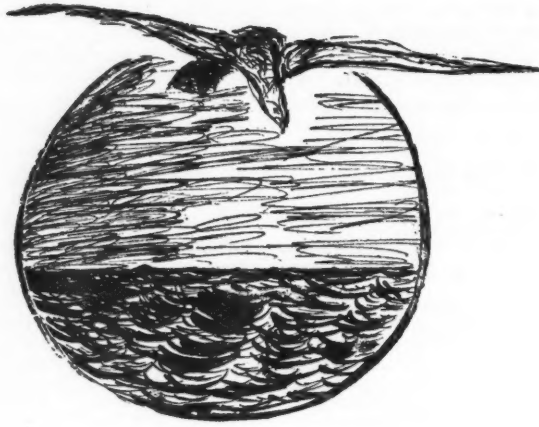
The *Queen* takes this opportunity of joining with the rest of mankind and offering to Mr. and Mrs. Milton Brice their hearty congratulations and their best wishes for the future.

WITHOUT YOU

WITHOUT you, love, the day would hold no light;
The kindly stars would vanish from the night;
The flowers would forget to wake at morn;
The rose die sleeping, leaving but the thorn,—
Without you.

Without you, love, no promise would be bright;
Hope's golden sun would darken at its height;
The world of all its glory would be shorn,
And I should be a wanderer, forlorn,—
Without you.

—Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."



Fancy's Realm

O H, let me lie on the albatross' wing
As it rests in its boundless flight
O'er the bosom of the waving ocean;
There fain would I sleep tonight.

The harmony of the wind and the wave
Would bring peace to my troubled soul,
The wondrous imagery of my dreams
Leading still higher to the goal.

—William Janvrin West.

The LIBRARY LINES

by Stuart B. Stone

I HAVE not an atlas handy, and ever in my mind the map of the world appeared a jumbled, jargon-crammed splotch of feverish colors; but I should judge Effingham center to be some five or six thousand miles from the choppy little kingdom of Balkanita. The somnolent Podunkian Center is peopled with placid philosophers and amiable idlers and dream-folk; its architecture is of brick and pine in the proportion of fifteen to one, all duly emblazoned with the blue-and-scarlet, silver-shaded sign-handiwork of the tramp painter; the only ruffling event in its history was the holding of the State Grange convention in 1883. Therefore it was to Effingham Center that I repaired to weave the web of romance about Prince George Gabriel Milan Alexander Damian Karageorgevitch of Balkanita and the rich Miss Rockingham. Stephen Lloyd Atherton has never made pretensions to realism, an it please the court.

After arranging with the good Mrs. Vincent that for the sum of seven dollars a week, in advance, I was to be served with two eggs done on one side for breakfast and was not to be called thereto before half-past eight, I went to the Carnegie library of Effingham. In the catalog I found abundant promise of local color for my opening chapter—the frowning, feudal castles, the skirted shepherds of the hills, the gay court-in-miniature, the vineyards

and the threatening shadow of the Bear. Making out my bibliography, I approached the librarian's counter. The librarian's scant coiffure was of a yellow, muddy-gray. Her eyes were penetrating, her nose most aquiline. The librarian would have inspired respect in the breast of a Visigoth. The Athertons belong to the Society of Friends.

"I would like—" I began, "I would like very much—" I broke off, conscious of a voice, enchanting, wonder-chorded, pure gold for sympathy.

"No, ma'am, the plot of 'A Tale of Two Cities' is not laid in St. Paul and Minneapolis," said the voice. "And I couldn't furnish you the complete works of Mrs. Southworth in one volume."

A young woman had emerged from behind the rack that held the green-and-gilt Waverley series. She was chestnut-haired—rich with its tumbling masses—pink-and-cream cheeked, hazel-eyed. But to array her in Parisian conceptions and necklace o' pearl and Helena Rockingham stood forth.

"Well—what do you want, sir?" came the jarring voice of the lady librarian. The divinity, hearing, lavished her deep, expressive eyes upon me. I blushed. I could not remember my name, multiply six by thirteen, recite the briefest of the beatitudes. A century rolled by. I faced the grim librarian, a staring, gaping figure of unrecalling asininity.

"Fudge!" sniffed the librarian, after the world had turned the twenty-four hundredth milestone.

"Darn!" said I, and broke for the folding doors.

Behind me I heard the divinity snigger. Let her snigger! I would draw on a vivid imagination for the meeting of the lovers in the Balkanitan hills. It is for dilemmas like this that an author's imagination is given. Let the chit snigger. See if I cared. Elisha was laughed at—so was Ben Franklin—and the fourth reader boy who cried "Wolf!"

But, after an hour's brooding beneath the red-floss motto, "Knowledge is Power," in Mrs. Vincent's best spare-room, I began to chide myself for my rout. That I, the author of eleven published works of fiction, including last season's notable best-seller, "The Princess Amazona," should speckle crimson and turn tail under the gaze of a lady-dragon and a hazel-eyed child, was preposterous. I would return and establish my dignity.

This time the divinity herself waited upon me. She was wonderfully helpful, suggestive, sympathetic. She even cited an especially conscientious and microscopic work by Villari, which I had overlooked. Had I visited Balkanita? Was I contemplating a tour?

"I am writing a book," I informed her, with some degree of steadiness. "It is a romance with Balkanitan setting."

"Oh!" cried the goddess, softly, sweetly, wonderingly. She looked at me as if I had displayed the Great Hope diamond or turned a serpent into rod-of-gold.

"Oh, an author a real, live literary man!" she repeated, clapping her hands. I strutted to a nearby table and for an hour I sat there turning the pages of atlas, encyclopaedia, travel sketch and consular report. At the end of that time I had accumulated this reference note:

"Balkanita is a small kingdom—hazel eyes and chestnut-brown hair—lying between the 43d and 44th parallels—and two most distracting dimples—and the Black Sea."

For a week I worked at the table in the little library accumulating notes from the tourists, diplomats, soldiers and war correspondents who had sojourned at the

court of Balkanita. It was, of course, a shameful wasting of time—with Mrs. Vincent charging steadily for the two eggs done on one side, even though half the time I did not rise at eight-thirty to eat them. But they were good, lulling hours, and I quieted conscience by the fact that, in watching Venicia Gregory flit among the serried ranks of *Comedie Humaine* and *Waverley*, *Romance* and *Realism*, *Sybarites*, *Platonics* and *Stoics*, I was at least absorbing color for my heroine, the rich Miss Rockingham.

At the end of the week, in the midst of a pleasing reverie, I sensed the faint perfume of mignonette, and looking up found Miss Gregory at my shoulder. She was holding the five books of old Gibbon in her arms akimbo.

"Is—is this your first book?" she asked, a bit reverently.

The awe in her liquid eyes would have agitated a stronger man. I tilted my chair upon its hind legs. "It is my twelfth," I boasted.

"Twelfth!" she gasped. She even dropped the first volume of the "Decline and Fall," affording me the chance to return it.

"Would you mind telling me your name?" asked Venicia, after a moment. "You see, I adore books—and bookmen. And down here in Effingham Center we never see a real, live genius."

"My name is Atherton," I told her.

"Atherton," repeated Venicia, as if endeavoring to recall.

"Stephen Lloyd Atherton," I amplified.

"Stephen Lloyd Atherton," she repeated, unenlightened. In a moment she added apologetically: "Of course, there are so many authors—great and famous—and I know of only a few."

I had heard her recite the thirty-odd novels of Harrison Ainsworth to one patron, the forgotten sensationalities of Gustave Aimard to another, the weird concoctions of Mrs. Radcliffe to a third. A shadow of disappointment crossed her pretty face, followed by a faint ray of hope.

"What are the titles of your books?" she asked eagerly.

"The Princess Am——," I began chestily, then stopped. As I have intimated, if,

under normal conditions, I have one virtue in the catalog, it is modesty. I dislike greatly to be stared at, to be pointed out as the author of this and that. I have a mortal distaste for having my books discussed in my presence. I had come to Effingham Center to be quiet and to write the moving romance of Prince George Gabriel. Perhaps if I had taken more time for deliberation—perhaps if I had taken none at all—perhaps if I had been from under the demoralizing spell of Venicia's eyes—perhaps—a plague upon your "perhaps." I glanced up at a row of prim, stiff tomes under the general heading, "Gardens and Gardening." A heavy, gray volume displayed the title, "The Propagation and Culture of the Barcelona Cabbage." A slanting ray of sunlight from a western window brought out the whitish lettering.

"'Cabbages that bask in the Sunlight,'" I answered, in happy inspiration.

"Ah," murmured Venicia, "what a queer title!"

The eagle-nosed librarian was frowning our way. "'The Gloomings Dragon,'" I continued.

"How very odd!" commented Venicia, relapsing into disappointment.

Someone in a distant corner laughed. "'They that Make Merry,'" I quoted, and checked myself. Conscience—the still small voice—cried out that I was too glib at this title-making. Already I regretted my extravagant effort. Venicia's hazel eyes regarded me steadily, sorrowfully. I am not a forceful man. I could not start again with "The Princess Amazona." I compromised—I sighed. Venicia echoed the sigh.

"What is the plot of your new story?" she asked.

"It is of a Balkanitan prince of the blood," I said, springing at the opportunity to be utterly truthful once more. "In his native hills he encounters an American girl—rich, beautiful, vivacious. Prince George—impetuous, fiery, romantic—loves the girl. He comes to America disguised as a Greek tradesman, titleless, moneyless. He contrives an acquaintance with the heiress and woos her, with no recommendation but his own good face and personality."

I paused. Venicia was nodding enthusiastically. "How does it turn out?" she demanded. "You wouldn't end it in the dark and grewsome fashion affected by some of the realists? You wouldn't hold true lovers apart, would you?"

"I don't quite see the finish," I answered. "She's bound in time to discover the deception—if it be a deception. What should a true American girl do?"

"Oh, love is greater than—" began Venicia.

"—than—" I prompted.

"Than all the deception in the world," said Venicia. "What are the names of your other books?"

I wavered between truth and fiction. Among other accomplishments, I am a talented waverer. "You wouldn't recognize them," I compromised again. "Nobody in this wide world would recall them." I sighed for the second time.

Venicia sighed also. Venicia's sigh was of sympathy—for the unremembered eleven books—for the man-who-knew-not-how—for the ink-stained toiler and dreamer who toiled and dreamed without recognition and without reward.

"Miss Gregory," called the "Gloomings Dragon," "are you going to stand gossiping all day?"

Venicia departed, sighing for the third time.

The following week I divided my time between Mrs. Vincent's best spare-room and the Effingham public library, glowing with the thought of Venicia's golden sympathy, chilling with the realization of my unworthiness and making precious little progress with George Gabriel Milan of Balkanita. At the end of that period I found myself still dabbling after Balkanitan local color. Then it was Venicia came to my table, a gorgeous-backed duodecimo in her hand.

"I have taken the greatest liberty," she confided. "I think—I don't know—you see, I thought maybe a study of this book would aid you in—in technique, style, plot construction, in attaining popularity. He is my favorite author." Venicia is most charming when enthusiastic.

"By all the Six Best-Sellers," I responded, "who is this prodigy?"

She handed over the volume. It was

"The Crimson Blade," by E. Kelmscot. A silly book of swashbuckling.

"Tut, tut," I growled. "Whatever you do, don't throw Kelmscot at my head."

"But," said Venicia, "he is popular."

"Advertising," said I.

"He is intensely interesting."

"Artful," said I.

"And a stylist."

"A word-juggler," said I.

Venicia colored exquisitely, whereupon I knew that I had been rude. "I believed—I so wanted you to succeed—I thought you might be able to acquire inspiration and ideas from Kelmscot."

"If it had been anyone else."

"I believe you're jealous," said Venicia suddenly. Then she moralized. "No struggling author can afford to be jealous."

"Miss Gregory—" I began.

"Oh," said Venicia, "I didn't mean to be rude. It is only—only that I felt—but what of Prince George? You won't send him back to Balkanita without the lady Helena?"

"The wretch has deceived her—" I started; but Venicia had gone to find something dear and lovely by Miss Braeme for an old lady with an ear trumpet.

With the prince royal of Balkanita en route for the home of the free, I could not justify myself in dallying longer in the Effingham public library. Therefore I spent long hours under the damson plum tree in Mrs. Vincent's horse lot, inducting the Prince of Balkanita into the mysteries of the city of the four million, regretting my lapse from veracity, resolving to correct my position, retreating from my resolve through fear of losing the golden sympathy. I had not meant, in my questionable excess of modesty, to give her the impression that I was a plodder and a failure. Yet, so awkwardly had I managed the affair, no person with a grain of sense could think otherwise. To be an unknown and unlisted author of eleven never-mentioned books with outlandish titles! Possibly she thought that I had even paid for their publication. My blood dribbled at the thought. I determined to go and set myself as nearly straight as I could do without exposing my sorry deception.

"Miss Venicia," I told her in the little

parlor that evening, "I fear that you may have—er—possibly been led to jump at conclusions regarding me—that is—"

"Oh, dear no," interrupted Venicia, misunderstanding, blushing gloriously. "I never jump at conclusions."

"I mean about my books," I hastened to say. "The fact is, one of my novels has been translated into the Arabic."

"Oh," said Venicia, looking relieved, "which one?"

There it was again. I stammered, choked, stared helplessly into Venicia's eyes. "The Angel," I blurted, so fervently that Venicia blushed.

"But I thought," she objected, "that a novel, to be translated into the Fiji, Eskimo or any of those barbarous tongues, had to go through about ninety-nine editions in this country first, and I never—I never—" Venicia paused and looked at me rather troubled.

I regretted my foolish boasting. I took refuge in bridling. "Do you mean to insinuate—"

"N-n-o-o-o," denied Venicia; and reverted to Etherington Kelmscot. I was chagrined, exasperated, confounded.

"Hang Kelmscot!" I thundered.

Venicia bit her fresh, red lips. "It would be a loss to *real* literature to hang a man whose every novel has sold in its tens of thousands without having to be translated into the Arabic, the Hottentot or the Patagonian."

So I had progressed with Venicia to the point of quarreling.

Before I reached Mrs. Vincent's spare-room, I regretted my silly effort to restate myself in Venicia's good graces by boasting. The next day I hung penitently about the public library, leaving His Royal Highness to struggle alone in the great metropolis. But Venicia selected books on orthography, astronomy, the Copts, the measles, rhubarb, rodents and the Renaissance for all kinds of people and did not look my way. Finally I penned her in the corner by the Elsie books and told her that "The Angel" had been translated into the Arabic merely because any old thing could be palmed off on the heathen, and that I was a sham and a failure. I was glad that I had thus humbled myself. Venicia beamed on me,

cited the lesson of Bruce and the Spider, wormed from me the facts that I had also written "Doors that Flap Behind Bookmen" and "A Literary Liar," declared her belief that my titles were too fantastic, pleaded the cause of the Prince of Balkanita, and allowed me to press her hand for one feverish moment as the Dragon-Librarian sought the Areogapitica upon a high, cobwebby shelf. Finally she brought out E. Kelmscot and insisted that I worship the fellow as the king of present-day romanticists.

"But he isn't," I protested earnestly.

"Oh, well," pouted Venicia, "if you will persist in being stubborn!"

After that, I played a weak-kneed, spineless part, zigzagging from humility to vaingloriousness, from abject repentance to further mendacity and stultification and back again. I declared "Cabbages that Bask in the Sunlight" to be a nature-fakey allegory laid in a Tuscan garden, with a squash and a cauliflower for heroes. I stated that "A Gloomng Dragon" was the old story of Saint George re-worked in words of one syllable. As the only means of preventing Venicia from borrowing "The Angel," I was forced to explain that Mrs. Vincent's pup, Bilk, had chewed the volume. I read her extracts from the sentimental scenes of my novels—the proposals of the Duke of Sandringham, the renunciation of Calvo the Monk, the plighting of the troth of Lisbeth and Ricardo—while she nestled beneath my sunshade.

"Oh," Venicia would exclaim prettily, "if you can do work like that, I don't see why—" Whereupon I would drop the book and win a rebuke from Venicia.

I floundered, repented, boasted, hemmed, hawed, allowed Mrs. Vincent to rob me on the pretext of "extras," wished that I might die, exulted in the mere joy of living and—yes, and loved. Venicia sighed, beamed, criticized, hummed witching songs, derided my extemporaneous plots, ripped apart my extravagant titles, saved Prince George from heart-crush, snubbed me, enthused over my readings and cuddled close under the silken sunshade.

There was one thing between us—Etherington Kelmscot. Venicia called

him the literary man of the hour and the worthy successor of Gautier and Dumas. She insisted that I study, imitate, idolize the man. But with all my wishy-washiness, on this one point I could not wishy-wash. I had, at least, to retain my self-respect.

One day in early autumn, having attained the middle of chapter nineteen, I threw down my pen. The Prince of Balkanita was upon his knees. The beautiful, beautiful story, old as his Carpathian summits, had been told. The lady Helena knew him only as a common tradesman. Crimson spots burned in her cheeks. She must say something—for he waited. Romance demanded that she murmur "Gabriel—my beloved!" Reason put into her mouth this: "It cannot be." But my falcon pen, heeding neither romance nor reason, let her remain dumb. What fate awaited the Prince—the lady or the mitten? Aye, there was the rub. I slapped on my hat and strode down to the Effingham public library.

Venicia was dragging down the Henty books for a lord of the marble arena. She did not seem to sense my presence.

"Venicia," I said, after I had shifted from foot to foot as long as I deemed compatible with literary dignity, "Venicia, I'm bound to have your assistance."

She looked my way, cold as some goddess of reason. "Indeed," she commented.

"Indeed" from Venicia conveys more than three volumes of heroine-patter by Bulwer-Lytton. "Venicia—oh, Venicia—what is the matter?" I agonized. The Henty devotee stood gaping at me.

"Fraud—deceiver—impostor," withered Venicia. "I have searched the American and United States catalogs year by year. There is no trace of 'Cabbages that Bask in the Sunlight.' 'The Gloomng Dragon' was never published. The others are not listed."

I groaned.

"Plagiarist," continued Venicia. "That exquisite idyl you read to me about Calvo the Monk is another man's work. I found it last night in a book called 'The Princess Amazona.'"

I groaned again. The Henty worshiper whispered loudly that the long-haired

guy was sick. Venicia turned haughtily to wait upon an old gentleman who sought to know of comets.

"Venicia," I shouted, so that the Henty follower dropped "With Clive in India."

"The Prince Gabriel is on his bended knees. Should the lady Helena take him for himself alone — risking, believing, blindly trusting?"

Some note of agony in my voice must have held her. Besides she had always plead the cause of His Royal Highness. Venicia hesitated. I brushed into the little enclosure.

"Venicia Gregory, will you marry me?"

She handed "Schlegelburger on Terrestrial Gravitation" to the open-mouthed urchin and gave "The Cat of Bubastes" to Father Graybeard.

"But—" protested Venicia.

"Will you," I pressed, "risking, believing, blindly trusting?"

"But—" insisted Venicia.

"Hey!" cried Father Graybeard. "This book is all flags and battles."

"Hi!" yelled the Henty devotee. "This here's a school book about stars and what makes it rain."

"Will you, Venicia?" I asked for the third time.

"Y-e-e-s," said Venicia. "But that beautiful renunciation scene is from 'The Princess Amazona,' by Etherington Kelmescot."

"I'm Etherington Kelmescot," said I, and squeezed her hand beneath the covers of the rejected "Terrestrial Gravitation." "Only my publishers and immediate relatives know that Kelmescot, the novelist, is in real life Stephen Lloyd Atherton. I fibbed about the titles and plots in order to keep the secret."

I scribbled on the blank sheet of paper I had brought these words: "Gabriel, my beloved," said Helena Rockingham.

"That's dear of you," whispered Venicia over my shoulder. Then she exchanged the "Terrestrial Gravitation" for "The Cat of Bubastes."

REMINISCENCE

EDWARD WILBUR MASON

TO me the sight of roses on the briar,
Brings swift a dream of storied Helen's face;
And all my soul entranced with lovely grace,
Drinks like a moth of beauty's flame of fire.

The clouds of dust that on the winds aspire,
Recall the thought of Caesar's majesty;
And something in the courtier's soul of me,
Bowing its head, is thereby lifted higher!

To me the mighty city's iron height
Recalls Olympus, and the crowd that plods
The channeled street and struggles day and night,
Brings back a vision of impassioned gods;
And all my soul aroused to brotherhood,
Salutes with awe the common multitude!

Creegan's TUNNEL ADVENTURE:

by Frederick Willis

CREEGAN, Hayes, Eagan and Pridey, the tunnel workers, and Kelly, the ward politician, were all sitting around McMann's stove in the corner saloon on Henderson Street, Hoboken, one cool evening in March, 1905. They were all silently smoking their short, clay "T. D." pipes, for though

"The Indian with his pipe of peace has slowly passed away,
The Irishman with his piece of pipe has surely come to stay."

"Do yer mind, b'ys," said Eagan, meditatively, as his pipe belched forth a cloud of smoke, "the accidint that was after happenin' to poor ole Conlin, on the night of October 9, 1903? He was wurruking in the south bore of the Noo York and Noo Jarsey railroad company's twin trolley tunnel under the Hudson River, near the Jarsey City shore. A leak was after bein' sprung bechune the steel-plated roof of the tunnel and the tail end of the borin' shield, which was followed up by a blow-out. The silt and water rushed into the box, and the body of poor ole Conlin was found thirty-one days arter in a lot of weeds which came up from the bed of the river."

"Sure, that was a tough death," remarked Pridey, puffing hard on his pipe, "and do you mind, b'ys, the case of Mike Burke, the man from Phillidelphi, who was killed in the same tunnel, on June 30, 1903? He was caught in the machinery which they used for runnin' the cyars. Arrah! it's a dangerous bizness."

"And do yuz also mind," said Mike Lynch, the bar-tender, as he carefully polished a glass on his apron (he being an interested and privileged bystander), "that cave-in about twinty-five years ago, when most of yez wuz kids, in which more than twinty men lost their lives? That made 'em give up the attmpt to make a tunnel bechune Noo York an' Jarsey City."

"Yis," said Hayes, taking a huge swallow from his glass, "an' me brother wuz a brakeman on the Erie whin five cyars loaded wid coal standin' on the thracks over the Pennsylvania tunnel at Weehawken fell into the hole—but luckily nobody wuz hurt that time."

Silence once more fell upon the company as they smoked in quiet contentment.

"Creegan," remarked Kelly at last, as he held up his right hand with the fingers distended to signify to the bartender that five extra beers were required, "would yer mind bein' after tilling us about that advinshure yer wuz after havin' in the tunnill the other day I wuz home, sick?"

"Sure, Kelly, if yer want to hear it, although Lord knows I'm after bein' sick for the tellin' of it so many times," replied Creegan, who was a small, pale, wiry Irishman of about twenty-four years of age, apparently, "but perhaps some of these b'ys who wuz wid me at the time could be after telling the story better than I can; at innys rate they can help me out wid it."

"Yer see, Kelly, it wuz this way. The boss who is buildin' the tunnel under the river from Brooklyn to Noo York for the Rapid Thransit Commission, offered

me high wages if I wud worrk at the danger p'int up in the front of the ditch, me knowin' all about me bizness. Yer see the East River Tunnel is bein' bored from both sides of the river by the Noo Yorrk Tunnel Company, and on the Brooklyn end at the foot of Joralemon Street and forninst the Woodruff stores where I wuz worrk in we had got about two hundred feet from the shaft and were well under water. Yer see the tunnel is like a big tube and we have to keep back the mud and water with compressed air of about sixteen pounds to the square inch. Gee! but don't I remember how me ears were after bleedin' when I first had that weight on 'em! But Hayes or Johnny Eagan kin tell yer more about the tunnel than I kin, Kelly," continued Creegan modestly, "altho' I know the ways of the crittur pretty well.

"Yer see it takes eight min to keep the blades free and clear that are eatin' into the river mud, and we have to have two sets of locks. In the rear box made by the lock nearest the shore, the min are shovelin' back the dirt an' mud. In the front box where the blades bite the mud is where the fun is. What we calls an 'apron' divides the box into two parts; four men they work above it and four men they work below. Now it is in the front box where we min are after gettin' the most pay. That is where the danger point lies, for yer see it is only the air presshure which is after keepin' back the mud and water. If the tunnel springs a leak, why look out, that's all. If the air bubbles out, the river is likely to come in on us at any moment and then it's all over but the shoutin' and the takin' of us away to the cimitery. We fellers have to have plenty of bags of hay and sand to use like corks to a bottle, in case she springs a leak.

"Now me frien's and meself," said Creegan, pointing to his three companions, "had jist commenced worrk the other mornin' when I hears an unusual soun' above the grindin' of the machinery, a sort of cracklin' and crumblin' like I have heard in an approachin' thunderstorm, that heavy air on our ears makin' it sound more peculiar. Of course I looks at the walls, and there I sees above me head

the ooze was a shiftin' and bubblin', and the water was beginnin' to trickle down in big drops.

"The bags, b'ys, the bags!" I yelled as loud as I could, although yer can't hear a voice in the tunnel very well. Me frien' Hayes, he grabs a bag of sand and plunks it up forninst the spot where the water is a bubblin' out, an' I starts for another bag, and jist thin it all takes place. But jist here's where I'll let me frien' John Pridey tell the story for a piece."

"Well, Mr. Kelly," said Pridey, as he bit off a liberal section of that dainty known as "Soldier Boy," (his pipe having gone out in his interest in Creegan's story), "the next thing as I knows I finds meself a goin' thro' the air jist like I had been blown away by a dinnimite blast (as I wuz once before, Lor' bless me), an' Eagan and Hayes and meself all found ourselves tying our legs in monograms up against the back o' the lock. But where was Creegan? Shure, he must have gone up like a rocket with his hands stretched out forninst his head, for there we sees his feet and legs a hangin' down from the hole in the roof and kickin' like mad, but no more of Creegan to be seen. He was a kickin' and squirmin' just like he had been a fish caught on a hook, and for the life of me, if I had been killed on the spot, I couldn't help laffin' at the sight. But I soon stopped that when I saw the position we wuz all in. There was Creegan up there, plugging the hole. Now if we all took hold and pulled him back, the river would come in on all of us. Was it better to save the lives of three min by lettin' one die, or should we all die together? For a quarter of a minute we stood there not knowin' what to do when suddenly the fates decided it for us. I hears a rush an' a roar, and thin I sees Creegan's feet go up like a flash out o' sight, and then the river came in on us. But strange to say the leak stopped as quick as it began, and the presshure of the air came back on our ears. Then the b'ys from the lock behind who had heard the rumpus and knew somethin' wuz up, came in an' pulled us out.

"Now, Creegan, yer go on wid yer story," said Pridey, once more refilling

his pipe, and taking a long, refreshing drink from his schooner. Story-telling is always thirsty work.

"Arrah, min," exclaimed Creegan, while his little gray eyes twinkled with amusement. "I was thin havin' the time of me life. The fust thing I knew I was jerked up to the ceiling like I had been tied to the drag rope of a balloon. I found meself stuck in the mud, head fust, an' I couldn't get up nor down, and the mud and pebbles of the river bottom a chokin' of me like as I would be strangled. O, the minny thoughts of the sins of me past life I had, run thro' me head as I hung there for a minute which seemed days and days long, and me with me breath mos' gone. I knowed what had happened. While us fellers were all pluggin' up one leak, another had started in a spot we did not suspect, and the compressed air trying to get out carried me up to the hole like a wet snowball. I knew I could not get back for the presshure was too strong, and me only hope was to butt up thro' the river bed, an' me not knowin' how many feet of mud I would have to go thro'. Talk about Hiram Buttinski—he wuzn't in it wid me. An', oh, the thoughts I think at that time. I remembered once readin' a story in me boyhood days of a Prince who was so fond of plum puddin', that his father, in order to break him of the habit, had a small room made of puddin' built for his son, and the only way the boy could escape was by eatin' his way thro' it. He got so sick of eatin' that pudding that he was mos' ready to die—but it cured him of the habit and he never touched puddin' afterwards. Sez I to meself, sez I, I guess the only way out o' this is to eat me way out, and I opens me mouth to say good-bye to the b'ys, when instanter it is filled with the mud and pebbles of the river and I finds meself nearly chokin' to death. I thought of many of me bad deeds in that awful minit, and pertically of the five dollars I owed McCann for drinks. I knew I could not get back and so I jabbed and butted into the mud and pasted away jest as I used to go for Eagan when we wuz b'ys together. Just as I feel me breath goin' for good, I gets free and wid an awful rush up I goes into the open air as high

as a house, an' I sees a great light and gets one look at the Brooklyn shore and down I comes into the icy river wid me breath gone and I just able to keep afloat, while I tries to fill up me lungs a little with God's fresh air.

"Then I seen a boat a-comin' alongside, and though me hands were nearly froze, it was that cold, I managed to catch hold of the rope they threw me."

"An' what was you a-thinkin' about when yer wuz up in the air, Dick?" asked Mike, pouring out another beer. "Did yer think yer wuz goin' straight up to St. Peter's?"

"Shure," said Creegan, "I didn't have time to think of anything till I struck the water, and thin I stretches out me legs and finds they wuz all right, and then I feels of me ar-rms, and shure, they wuz all there, and I thinks to meself, 'indeed, I don't believe yer can kill an Irishman.' And thin they rowed me ashore, took me to the grogery and after puttin' a few hot whuskies into me, I felt like another man. Ah, shure, it is whuskey which is the grand invintion.

"I had to laff at the way Mike Maloney, one of the longshoremen who pulled me into the boat, told the story. Mike spun his yarn while they wuz warmin' me up in the saloon. Mike sez, sez he, 'I wuz on the dock a-lookin' off to'r'd the Statoo of Liberty, when all of a suddint I sees a bubblin' and a boilin' on the surface of the water jist about half a block away. Then I sees the bubblin' stop, and up shoots a big geyser like one I seen in the Yellowstone, about thirty feet high, an' on the top of it I sees something black like the body of a man go whirlin' 'round and 'round, mixed up with boards, rocks, hay, sand and mud, and thin I skips to untie a boat and shouts 'Man overboard' and in twc minits we had yer in the boat, Dick."

"The company wanted to do somethin' for me, but I only took a day off to rest up. The ambulance surgeon and the police thought somethin' must be done for me, but a few drinks and a trolley over the bridge wuz all I needed. You fellers (pointing to Hayes, Pridey and Eagan) wuz worse off than I wuz, although you wuz more scared than hurt. They put a few stitches in me head an' I wint

home, put on me b'iled shirt (widout de collar) and turned in wid me boots on. Me poor ole mither she cried over me, an' me sister called me a careless mon, an' a bunch of me nabors hearing of the story come aroun' an' takes me here to McMann's. Sure, it was a good thing for McMann, for he did a rushin' business all the rest of that day an' evenin' and he marked me score off the slate an' told me he hoped I'd get blown up through the river at least once a week in the future.

"Brother Jim he sits out on the steps an' tells about 150 noospaper photographers an' reporters that there would be no more picters that day, and it wuz too bad to worrit poor people what had troubles of their own."

"The remarkable thing about this ad-vinshure," said Hayes, "is the fact that the three of us who were left behind after Creegan went up, got out alive. Accordin' to all rules of tunnels what I have ever worked in, the rush of mud an' water should have done the bizness for us poor divils. In ninety-nine cases out of one hundred the air would have been pushed out of the bubble, and thin the mud an' water would have settled down, drowning us like rats in a cage. Probably a rush of mud and silt plugged the hole after Creegan shot through."

"At inny rate," exclaimed Creegan, "I'm sick o' hearin' this story ag'in, an' it's only told for Mr. Kelly's binift.

"Here, Mike, set 'em up ag'in."

AT JERUSALEM

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

I STOOD by the Holy City,
 Without the Damascus Gate,
 While the wind blew soft from the distant sea,
 And the day was wearing late,
 And swept its wide horizon
 With reverent, lingering gaze,
 From the rolling uplands of the west
 That slope a hundred ways,
 To Olivet's gray terraces
 By Kedron's bed that rise,
 Upon whose crest the Crucified
 Was lost to mortal eyes;
 And, far beyond, to the tawny line
 Where the sun seemed still to fall—
 So bright the hue against the blue,
 Of Moab's mountain wall;
 And north to the hills of Benjamin,
 Whose springs are flowing yet,
 Ramah, and sacred Mizpah,
 Its dome above them set;
 And the beautiful words of the Psalmist
 Had meaning before unknown:
As the mountains are 'round Jerusalem
The Lord is 'round His own.

A LAST WILL

B · F · M^c Millan

HE was stronger and cleverer, no doubt, than other men, and in many broad lines of business he had grown rich, until his wealth exceeded exaggeration. One morning, in his office, he directed a request to his confidential lawyer to come to him in the afternoon. He intended to have his will drawn. A will is a solemn matter, even with men whose life is given up to business, and who are by habit mindful of the future. After giving this direction, he took up no other matter, but sat at his desk alone and in silence.

It was a day when summer was first new. The pale leaves upon the trees were starting forth upon the still unbending branches. The grass in the parks had a freshness in its green like the freshness of the blue in the sky and of the yellow of the sun—a freshness to make one wish that life might renew its youth. The clear breezes from the south wanted about, and then were still, as if loath to go finally away.

Half idly, half thoughtfully, the rich man wrote upon the white paper before him, beginning what he wrote with capital letters, such as he had not made since, as a boy at school, he had taken pride in his skill with the pen:

"IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN: I, Charles Lounsbury, being of sound and disposing mind and memory [he lingered on the word memory], do now make and publish this, my LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT, in order, as justly as I may to distribute my interests in the world among succeeding men.

"And first, that part of my interests which is known in the law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of

none account, I make no account of it in this my will.

"My right to live, it being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but, these excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

"ITEM—And first, I give to good fathers and mothers, but in trust for their children, nevertheless, all good little words of praise and all quaint pet names, and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously as the needs of their children shall require.

"ITEM—I leave to children exclusively, but only for the life of their childhood, all and every, the dandelions of the fields and the daisies thereof, with the right to play among them freely, according to the custom of children, warning them at the same time against the thistles. And I devise to children the yellow shores of creeks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, with the dragon-flies that skim the surface of said waters, and the odors of the willows that dip into said waters, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees.

"And I leave to children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the Night and the Moon and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the right thereafter given to lovers; and I give to each child the right to choose a star that shall be his, and I direct that the child's father shall tell him the name of it, in order that the child shall always remember the name of that star after he has learned and forgotten astronomy.

"ITEM—I devise to boys jointly all the useful idle fields and commons where ball may be played, and all snow-clad hills where one may coast, and all streams

and ponds where one may skate, to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows, with the clover blooms and butterflies thereof; and all woods, with their appurtenances of squirrels and whirring birds and echoes

"ITEM—To lovers I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red, red roses by the wall, the snow of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, or aught else they may desire to figure to each other the last-
ingness and beauty of their love.

"ITEM — To young men jointly, being joined in a brave, mad crowd, I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry. I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude and rough, I leave to them alone the power of making lasting friendships and of possessing companions: and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave choruses to sing, with smooth voices to troll them forth.

"ITEM—And to those who are no longer children or youths, or lovers, or young men, I leave a memory, and I leave to them the volumes of the



"He was stronger and cleverer, no doubt, than other men"

and strange noises: and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found, I do give to said boys to be theirs; and I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all the pictures that may be seen in the burning wood or coal, to enjoy without let or hindrance, and without any incumbrance of cares.

poems of Burns and Shakespeare, and of other poets, if there are others, to the end that they may live the old days over again freely and fully, without tithe or diminution: and to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers I leave, too, the knowledge of what a rare, rare world it is."

(Signed) WILLISTON FISH.

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

By W. C. JENKINS

THE attitude of the United States regarding the high cost of living is about like that shown in Nast's famous cartoon of the Tweed ring: It is always the other fellow who is responsible and not oneself. We accept high prices for what we produce with a virtuous air of having gotten only our just deserts, whereas we strenuously object to paying higher prices for things produced by others; and so we raise the question of blame.

Committees of Congress and various commissions have been trying to fix the blame. It would be only fair to say that we are all to blame, for the fundamental reasons for higher prices of things lie to a large extent back of the present generation and beyond the power of present control.

Once a Colorado plainsman, who took the Pikes Peak trail in '59, complained that "these days are not like the old days." Now he works on a ranch for forty dollars a month and board. In the old days he got from twelve to fifteen dollars a day. Asked concerning the cost of flour, pork, clothing and other necessities in '59 his answer showed that he had nothing left, as indeed his character would indicate. But when it was said to him that he was no better off in those days than now he answered: "Well, maybe not, but I had the fun of spending the money." It is so with most of us; we prefer the large income, even though the outgo is proportionately as large.

This magnificent continent was built up through geological ages, its hills and mountains stored with precious metal; its plains underlaid with coal, oil and gas, hidden for the later uses of the race; its soil was first created and then made rich by a workman who asked no wages, and the forests were grown regardless of expense. And nature presented this continent so rich in all that is of value

to humanity as a free gift to our race, whereupon we, or our fathers, began to exploit it and convert the wealth, which had been centuries in creation and development, into usable and marketable forms. We converted the soil elements into crops without regard to replacing them, and when the soil in one farm became exhausted we abandoned it and moved to another virgin spot. Trees, which nature had been a hundred, two hundred or five hundred years in growing, we cut down, used the best of them and let the rest decay or burn or grow, as chance should direct, on untold millions of acres. When we began to mine we dug out the coal which was most easily secured and of the best quality and left half the fuel value in the ground to be buried by cave-ins. In our gold and silver mines we skimmed off the cream, and now we are going back for the tailings. So it has been in all our development; we have not produced, we have simply converted what nature produced into something we could sell.

Everything used to be cheap on this continent, for the reason that all that corn, wheat, cattle, hogs, cotton, lumber, coal and oil cost was simply the labor of converting these freely given natural resources into salable commodities, plus a profit, little or big, as opportunity permitted.

If we or our fathers have been to blame, we have nevertheless all received the benefit, for on the basis of these cheap things we have built up a great nation; and if from the beginning we had conserved our resources instead of exploiting them, the development would have been slower, to what extent it is impossible to say.

As we approach the end of these virgin resources, we are concerned about replacing those which can be replaced, or of making the utmost possible use of those

which cannot. We demand that the soil shall not be mined but cultivated. We demand that the forests shall be replaced and that those which remain shall be used so as to perpetuate them; we ask

resources which we particularly had in charge in the same way and have treated the forests, so far as we had to do with them, with even less respect than have the lumbermen, because the latter are dealing with the thing out of which they make their living.

When this continent was opened to the white race a solid forest, magnificent in variety and quality, covered from the Atlantic shore line westward to well beyond the Mississippi. At first this forest was free to everyone, but as settlement began the woods were allotted to individuals, or for the use of the settlement, and gradually private ownership in them was recognized; yet for two hundred years most of the forest area was open to exploitation by anyone who could make use of it.

Up to seventy-five years ago the forest was a blessing to the extent that the settler could make use of it, but an encumbrance beyond that point. The early settler in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky, or Tennessee built his house and his sheds out of the timber on his land; used what he could for fencing, and perhaps in some places sold a few logs for the market; but for the most part he had to fell the trees, roll them into heaps and burn them, for it was always more important to raise men than trees, and he must have room to grow corn and wheat that his children might have bread.

The lumber industry developed with the cities. The Dutch settlers on Manhattan Island found enough timber on

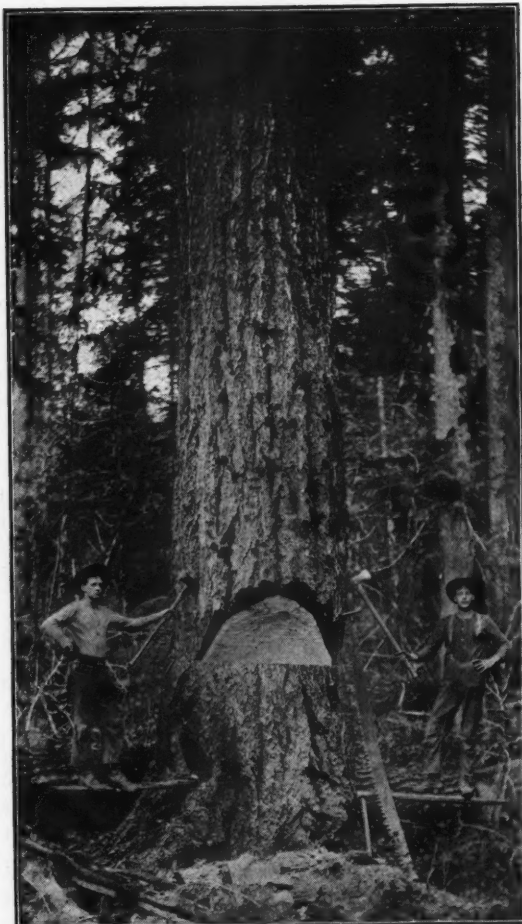


Photo by courtesy of the American Lumberman

A DOUGLAS FIR, CONTAINING ABOUT 16,000 FEET
Worth \$24 at \$1.50 a thousand feet; cost to grow \$183.36

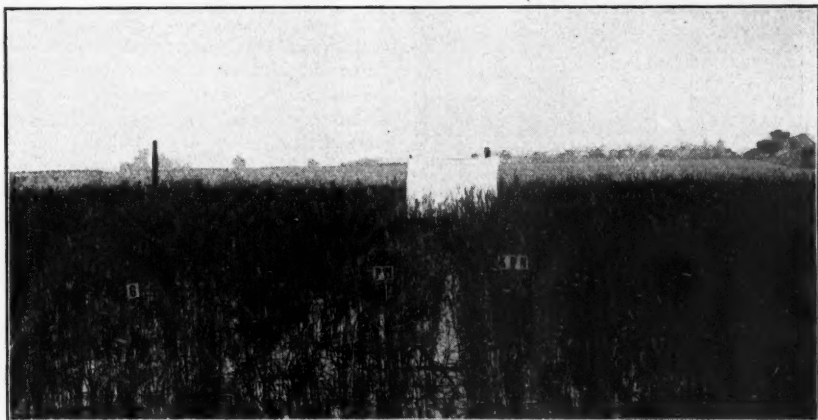
that our mines shall be so handled as to prolong their addition to our national welfare.

The forests attract no small amount of attention, and great is the clamor against the lumbermen, but all of us have used the

the island for their first wants, but eventually, as the nearby forest was cut away, they went up the Hudson for their supplies. Every city as it grew had to go farther and farther away for its lumber and timber and shingles and everything of

wood it needed, and so the lumber business came to be gradually more than a purely local industry and finally stretched out beyond the forests of New England, New York and Pennsylvania into Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. With the increasing demand and the diminishing supplies in the older lumbering states it extended South and finally West, where now the sound of the saws is mingled with the roar of the breakers of the Pacific—but always, until very lately, the timber of the continent seemed inexhaustible.

brick and steel. Even thirty years ago a price of more than two dollars a thousand feet, board measure, for standing timber was a rarity; and such a price was paid only in sections where the industry was developed and for preferred classes of timber. At that time practically the whole yellow pine territory of the South could have been bought at from sixty-two and one-half cents to \$2.25 an acre, while the timber of the Pacific Coast, except a little redwood and fir lying so close to the water that it could practically be



WHEAT ON WORN CLAY SOIL

Grown by W. A. Hart, Jay County, Indiana, season 1910. Field marked (K P N), fertilized with 77 pounds blood, 77 pounds neutral phosphate and 50 pounds sulphate of potash, yielded 8 2-3 bushels. Field marked (P N), fertilized with blood and phosphate without potash, yielded 6 bushels, making an increase of 2 2-3 bushels, due to the 50 pounds of sulphate of potash. Value of wheat 90 cents to \$1.00 per bushel, cost of potash \$1.50, which is the maximum price for potash, shows the potash more than paid for itself in the yield, although the difference in the stand on the two plots is not as striking as where no fertilizer is used. Referring to photo on page 376 you will note that the field without potash tested 56 1-2 pounds per bushel, while the field with 50 pounds of sulphate of potash in the fertilizer tested over 57 pounds per bushel. If the wheat was sold by the struck bushel a larger price would be received for that testing 57.1 pounds than that testing 56.5 pounds, and so the net gain from the field fertilized with a well-balanced fertilizer would be greater than from an improperly fertilized field. A point to be brought out here shows that accurate methods in farming pay far better than haphazard methods.

Until within forty years there was hardly any timber land in the United States that was sold on the basis of a close estimate of the quantity per acre. Good pine land could be secured from the government at almost a gift or bought for a song from the homesteaders or other original holders. Timber was cheap. Its ownership was not prized, and it was treated as a cheap thing.

The people wanted cheap lumber and they got it, and out of it was largely built the cities, villages and the homes of all the people, until these days of concrete,

felled into it and floated to the mills, had no value at all that anyone could quote. Even ten years ago the Northern Pacific Railroad Company timber lands in Washington—one million acres—went begging a buyer at seven dollars an acre and were turned down by everyone until finally Frederick Weyerhaeuser—he of the far-seeing mind—succeeded in capitalizing a company to take them over.

It is no wonder, in view of the fact that timber was little regarded and was used as a cheap thing, that it was from our standpoint wasted by settler and

lumberman alike. But note for a moment this fact: Nature spent years in growing a beautiful pine, straight as a column in a cathedral, tall as the loftiest ship's mast, white, light and soft—the delight of the woodworker. Nature counted not



CORN ON MUCK LAND

Grown by Joe Dahl, Starke County, Indiana. No fertilizer applied. Photo taken August 12, 1910

the investment or the interest charges nor hazard of fire or wind or disease. The forest, perhaps, had been building for twenty-five thousand years and for five thousand it had seen no change. Trees had grown to maturity, died, fallen and been succeeded by others, and then man came as the inheritor free of charge of this age-long process and simply converted it into lumber with practically no regard for the cost of raw material—the tree standing in the forest—and sold it at the cost of conversion, plus his profit, if he was fortunate enough to secure a profit. Even a profit was ordinarily hard to get, because the forests seemed exhaustless and they were free to any exploiter and competition was unrestricted. But then came the time when it was seen that there was, after all, an end to the forests, or if they were inexhaustible that the nearby supply was coming to an end, and standing timber came to have a value.

Now we face the certainty that in the not far distant future, timber must be grown as we grow wheat or cotton; and when we come to grow trees we must pay the cost. The anticipation of that not far distant future is already felt in the market value and the quality of our timber supplies. The government has put into reserve most of the forests still

remaining on public lands, and private holders, at last realizing the real value of their possessions, are putting a price on them which will save them from waste.

The lumber industry shows the same controlling conditions as does the agricultural soil—scarcity first; and, second, the necessity of replacement by actual growth and investment. Lumber is not high-priced today—it was simply too low-priced a little while ago. When we actually arrive at the point of paying the cost of our lumber the present price will seem insignificant.

A forester has made some careful computations as to what it will cost to grow different kinds of timber. In each case he assumed a land value of only three dollars an acre and a cost of planting that acre with trees of seven dollars. On this basis white pine, which is now worth, on the average, in the United States, about eight dollars a thousand feet, board measure, would cost fourteen dollars at the end of ninety years, when it would have no such quantity of clear lumber as we have enjoyed in the past. Red



CORN ON MUCK LAND

Grown by Joe Dahl, Starke County, Indiana. Applied 200 pounds per acre of muriate of potash in spring before planting. Photo taken August 12, 1910

oak, that quickly growing species, and no the heavy, strong and enduring white oak, would cost \$28.39 in one hundred years. Poplar in a hundred years would cost \$27.23, whereas now its average price in the tree is about \$4.64 a thousand. Yellow pine furnishes more than a third of all the lumber produced and used in the United States. There are several

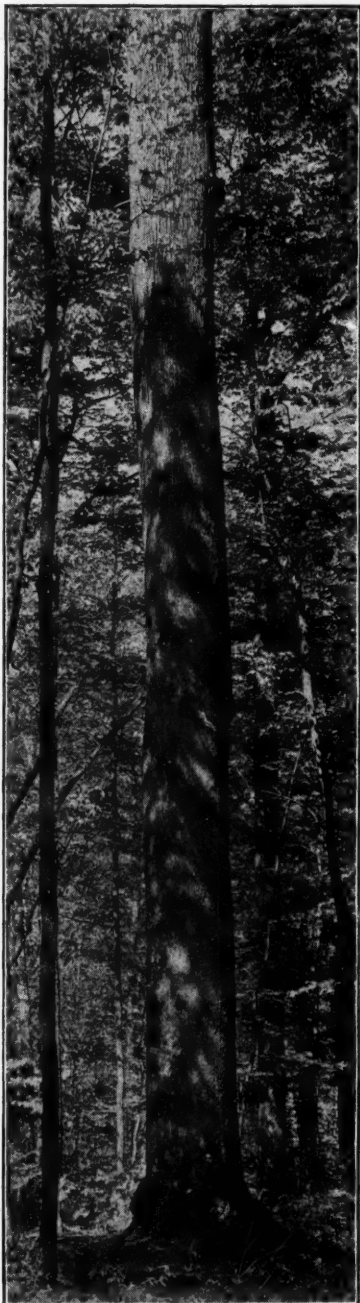
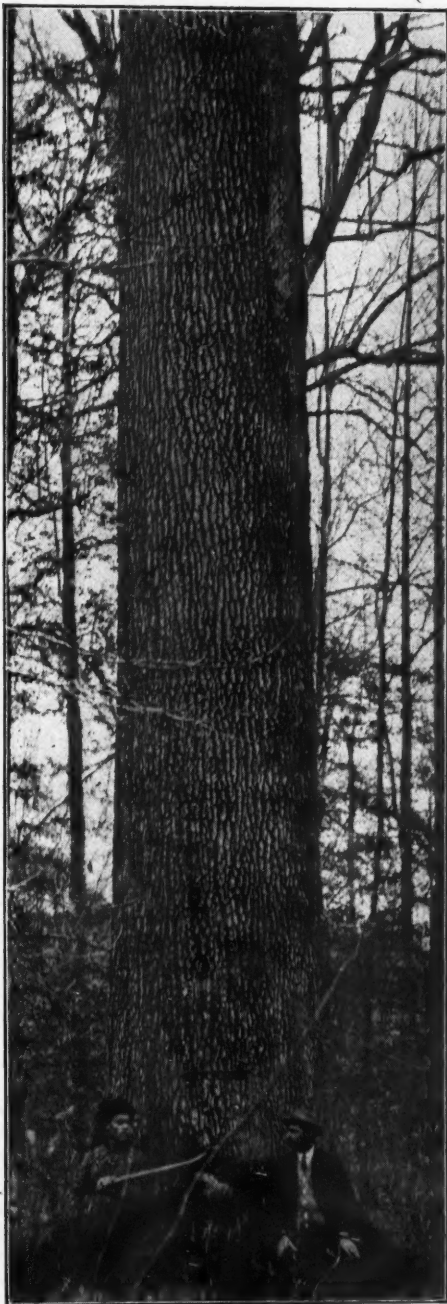


Photo by courtesy of American Lumberman

A MAMMOTH POPLAR

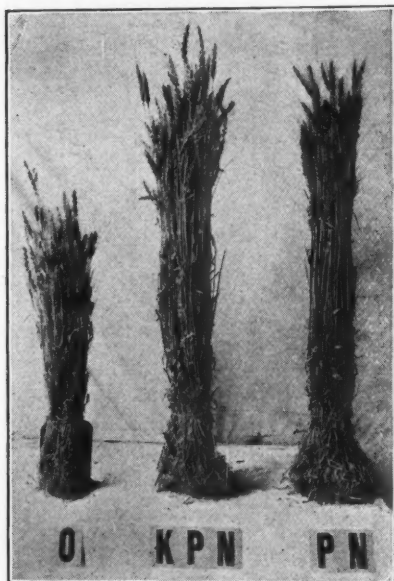
Containing approximately 40,000 feet board measure, worth \$185.60 at present market value of \$4.64 a thousand feet. Cost to grow \$1,069.20



TYPICAL SOUTHERN RED OAK TREE

Containing approximately 8,000 feet board measure, worth \$16 at present market value of \$3 a thousand feet. Cost to grow \$227.12

species. Averaging them all, the present value is a little over three dollars a thousand feet. Loblolly, a fast-growing species, would cost to bring it to fifty years of age \$4.70, but the long leaf, the famous pitch pine of commerce, the Georgia-pine as the architects know it, would cost at the end of one hundred years \$22.28, and then it would but poorly compare with the magnificent trees standing today, which furnish the basis of commerce in the woods, and have been



WHEAT GROWN ON WORN CLAY SOIL

By W. A. Hart, Jay County, Indiana, season 1910. Photo shows characteristic wheat grown on field fertilized with well-balanced fertilizer with plenty of potash (K P N) and wheat grown without potash (P N). Samples pulled roots and all from soil. Roots plainly shown

growing from two hundred to 250 years. Douglas fir, or Oregon pine, the chief product of the Pacific coast forests, is worth today less than \$1.50 a thousand feet. Many of these trees have been five hundred years growing, but in only a hundred years its cost would be \$11.46 a thousand.

When the country reaches a point that it is willing to grow trees it must pay prices which make those now prevailing

insignificant. It will simply duplicate the experience of western Europe, where prices are from two to ten times those prevailing in the United States, and as the cost of stumpage—the standing timber—advances, so must the cost of its product, as the consumer buys it, also increase.

The soil problem is very similar. It is true that ordinary crops are of annual growth while trees require from thirty to 150 years to mature. But crops without fertile soil are impossible and, while the lumbermen have been marketing what nature gave them free of charge, many farmers have been doing identically the same thing by selling soil fertility of untold value which they acquired for a song. Only in the last few years have we begun to realize the serious aspect of the agricultural problem. So long as there was virgin soil to rob of its fertility, the inevitable end was obscured. But now that consumption has overtaken production, and there are no more states like Iowa, Illinois, Minnesota, the Dakotas and Nebraska to be exploited, the American people have awakened to the true situation and are inquiring whence are to come the necessities of life at prices that seem reasonable.

The truth must be told with brutal frankness that we have been mining the soil instead of tilling it; that with the finest body of agricultural lands in the world we excel in wheat-growing only the peasants of Russia and the ryots of India; that we grow less than one-half the wheat grown in England, France and Germany on land that had been farmed many centuries before the first plow penetrated the American soil.

In many localities in the United States may be seen woeful wastes from lack of organization and tools for different types of farming; loss from systems in which labor is not kept fully employed on the farm and from fluctuation in labor needs; loss from neglected machinery; loss from idle lands on roadsides and in fence corners; loss from lack of product-storing facilities; loss from unmarketable fruits and vegetables and the failure to utilize such products for feeding and canning; loss from proper education and training of farm managers and workers; loss from wrong

methods of marketing and loss from lack of proper financial credit.

A continuously flung flag will never mark an unusual event; so long as the price of food products remained about the same, good or bad systems of farming failed to impress the mind or to arouse any particular attention. But since the American people have seen every farm product that enters the kitchen door greatly advanced in price, it is perhaps not strange that a searching inquiry should be made in an effort to locate the cause which has produced the effect.

We have been gradually, but surely, approaching the present problem for more

American farmers, is not a new one. It was asserted in the earliest English work of importance on agriculture, "Ye Boke of Husbandrie," published in 1534.

Twenty-eight years later Martin Tusser published his famous "Five Hundred Points of Husbandrie" in which he says:

"Otes, rie or else barlie, and wheat that is gray
Brings land out of comfort, and soon to decay.
One after another, no comfort betweene
Is crop upon crop, as will quickly be seene.
Still crop upon crop many farmers do take
And reap little profit for greediness sake."

A study of agricultural conditions, as today presented in this and other countries, will not enable the searcher for



WHEAT ON WORN CLAY SOIL

Grown by W. A. Hart, Jay County, Indiana, season 1910. Field marked (O) produced 1.7 bushels and received no fertilizer. Field marked (K P N) fertilized with 77 pounds blood, 77 pounds neutral phosphate and 50 pounds sulphate of potash, and yielded 8 2-3 bushels. Difference in stand and yield both strikingly in favor of fertilizers

than a quarter of a century, but only within the last few years have we begun to realize the seriousness of the situation. We now find that, notwithstanding the virgin acres added by the million, the yield of grain per average acre has been slowly declining for forty years. We find, too, that our farmers have burned up the humus of the soil by excessive cultivation and lack of proper fertilization and they must restore, at great expense, the phosphorus and nitrogen they have sold for a song to feed the people not alone of their own country but of other nations.

The permanency of agriculture lies in proper rotation of crops and in the conservation and systematic building up of the fertility of the soil. This doctrine, though disregarded by thousands of

truth boastfully to laud the American farmer. He will find conditions of farming in many parts of the United States but little advanced over those of Mexico, ancient Egypt and others of the less progressive nations of the Old World. He will be amazed at the comparative results of fifty years of American agricultural progress with that of Japan. For half a century the people of this progressive little nation have been gaining ideas and lessons from the farmers of the universe and the result is not only a tribute to their energy, but well worthy of emulation.

The frugality and thrift of the German farmer has increased the cultivated fields of Germany and greatly enhanced their productivity. The national growth and resources have been correspondingly stim-

ulated. The German farmer is a firm believer in crop rotation, the use of manures and commercial fertilizers and has secured thereby a greater production per acre as well as an added value to the land.

From the very verge of bankruptcy at the beginning of the nineteenth century to a prominent position among the nations of the world is the result of intelligent and thrifty farming methods in the little Kingdom of Denmark. In that country agriculture has advanced to a high state of perfection due to the intelligence and general thriftiness of the Danish farmers. The same is true of Holland.

Soil robbers are unknown in France. Although centuries old, the agricultural fields of that country are producing forty bushels of wheat per acre—a yield three times as great as the average wheat yield in the United States.

Although not land owners, the majority of English farmers are among the most progressive and intelligent of the world. Over eighty-five per cent of the farm lands in the United Kingdom are still held in large estates and are leased to tenants. These tenants compose the great middle class of the nation and are

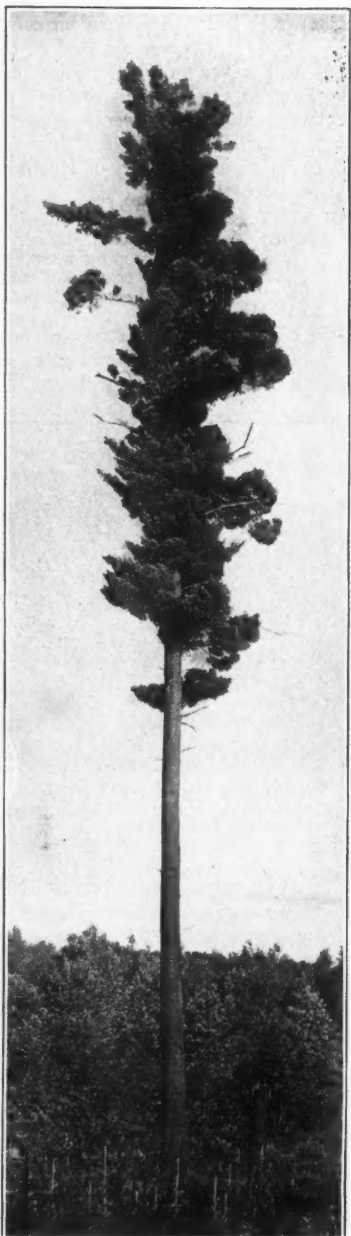


Photo by courtesy of American Lumberman

A WHITE PINE

Diameter 30 inches, will average about 2,000 feet of lumber per tree

the backbone of the monarchy. Not only are the lands tilled under scientific and approved methods but a careful study of the most advanced systems of stock-raising has been going on for many years. No other country can show superiority in the quality of domestic animals, and none has produced so many varieties of the standard breeds.

If state legislatures would appropriate sufficient money to send delegations of farmers to the little island of Jersey, they would bring back ideas of incalculable value to the country in general. They would find a land area of but forty-five miles in extent, supporting a farm population of over twelve hundred inhabitants to the square mile. Farm holdings are necessarily small and every foot is cultivated in the most approved manner. The land is kept at the maximum of production all the time. For hundreds of years Jersey cattle have been the only kind allowed on this island. Land values range from \$1,500 to \$2,500 per acre, and the average annual product of a Jersey farm exceeds \$250 per acre, and this is in a state where the general agricultural conditions are considered greatly inferior to those of many parts of the United States.

The history of American agriculture, at least until very recently, must be a history of bad farming. In this country, owing to the great stores of wealth which the past had accumulated in the soil, it is only within recent years that the question of the supply of plant food has assumed any practical importance. As long as there are virgin fields at the disposal of the soil robber the restoration of exhausted fields was of little consequence. The final result has been that the wealth which has been accumulated in the soil for thousands of years has been exhausted

instead of making two blades of grass grow where one grew before, he destroyed the one that grew.

No lower prices in wool are probable because the day of free ranges for the sheep men is rapidly drawing to a close. Cotton will advance in price rather than decrease, for the reason that much of the soil fertility in the cotton states has been exhausted which is evident by the diminution in the crop.

Everything in the past has been sold at virgin soil prices. The cost of a large proportion of these virgin soils did not



CORN ON BADLY WORN CLAY SOIL

Grown by W. A. Hart, Jay County, Indiana, season 1910. Corn in foreground to which no fertilizer was applied. In background to the left, corn to which 80 pounds blood, 250 pounds acid phosphate and 100 pounds sulphate of potash had been applied broadcast per acre. Photograph taken August 15, 1910

in less than a half a century. Not only have these stores of plant food been utilized, but much to the discredit of the American farmer, they have been wasted.

Yet the farmer must not be too harshly blamed. He was simply doing the best he knew how. It was cheaper to move to virgin soil than to replenish his worn-out acres. Like the lumberman he availed himself of nature's free gifts and sold his products at prices that were reasonable. He followed the lines of least resistance and adopted types of farming akin to mining, and in the final results he drew from the resources of the soil fertility until it was exhausted; in other words,

exceed ten dollars per acre; hence the annual interest charge for each acre was not more than sixty cents. In virgin soil the average wheat yield is about thirty bushels per acre; therefore with a sixty cent interest charge the expense per bushel for interest would only be two cents. Many farmers are raising wheat on land valued at one hundred dollars per acre and through soil exhaustion are only getting a yield of fifteen bushels to the acre. In such cases the annual interest expense is six dollars or forty cents for every bushel raised. In view of these facts lower prices on food products can hardly be expected.

Our greatest national agricultural asset is the character and intelligence of our farmers. The most inexperienced and ignorant man can make a living by farming in new soil; all that is necessary is to plow, harrow, plant, till and harvest. Exploitive farming only requires a small degree of intelligence, while conservative farming, whereby the best forms of stock-raising for a given locality is applied, requires more than an ordinary amount of brains.

In the more newly settled regions of the Dakotas, the semi-arid plains region and the upper Columbia Basin of Idaho and Washington, the original fertility of the soil still suffices for the production of good crops under the most unscientific methods of farming, though it is not difficult to find many instances of decrease in crop yield. Over the great body of agricultural lands in the Mississippi Valley extending from the Canadian line to the Gulf, and from the Appalachian mountains to eastern Kansas and Nebraska, may be found large areas of land that have been farmed long enough to exhaust their original fertility. Many of the more progressive farmers have changed from the exploitive system of farming to the conservative system and have adopted methods which tend to build up the



Photo by courtesy of American Lumberman
A YELLOW PINE, 50 FEET SHOWN
Diameter 30 inches, will cut about
2,500 feet of lumber per tree

soil's fertility, but the movement is far from general.

Farming never can be organized as thoroughly as manufacturing, nor with profits along such narrow lines. The man who tills the soil will always encounter many forces and conditions which are only partially controllable even by men of the greatest knowledge and skill; but he has before him a wonderful field for development. If in the taming of a continent some mistakes have been made, they have been incidental to experimental problems encountered in frontier life, but they are not beyond correcting. It is possible to plant more productive forests than ever grew wild; more forage can be grown on the ranges than grew before and we can renew the fertility of depleted soil so that it will yield one hundred bushels of corn per acre instead of ten bushels.

Unfortunately agricultural labor has grown scarcer and poorer during the last few decades. The immigration of the peasantry of Northern and Western Europe, formerly so abundant as to furnish a steady supply of the best kind of farm labor, has, in recent years, almost ceased. The horde of immigrants now coming to the United States is largely from European cities and of little use as farm laborers. Hence it is imperative that

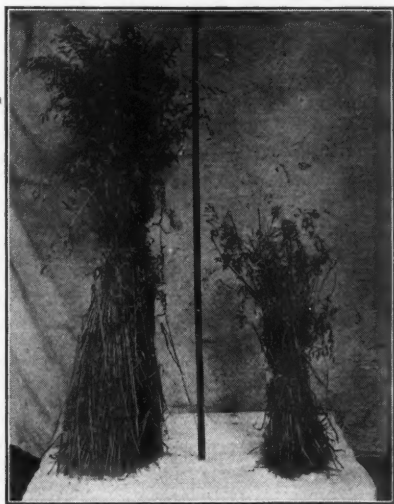
American agriculture should be made so attractive as to induce a fair proportion of the brightest young men to remain on the farms. This attractiveness must be created by other means than by mere theoretical discussion on methods of farming with which the farmer boy is often more familiar than his instructor. Farm life with its intimate relations to the biological and physical sciences is really the ideal place for the energetic young man bent on scientific investigation. The intellectual development realized by the breeding of a new plant or berry, or a new and superior grain of corn, far exceeds in interest and importance the endeavors of the average farmer boy who goes to the city. To drain the country of its brightest minds in the future, as has been done in the past, is to invite a continuous intellectual decline of the farming class. A free, active and intelligent farm population is the backbone of every country and no increase in wealth, no triumph of the industries is possible when the intelligence of the rural population is on the wane.

There are few exceptions wherein the exploitive types of farming have lingered beyond the legitimate life. These exceptions may be found among the cotton farms of the South, in the tobacco fields of Virginia and Maryland and in certain wheat lands of Southern Illinois, Western Kentucky, and Southern Missouri. Yet the great wheat fields of the Sacramento Valley have reached a point where waning fertility and a general unprofitable yield is plainly noticeable. A dozen years ago the Willamette Valley of Oregon passed through this experience, but in that section a change to dairying and other types of livestock farming have brought the soil back to its original fertility.

Perhaps it should be stated that the lack of capital prevents many of the farmers from adopting the most conservative and profitable types of farming. The equipment of an ordinary cotton farm in the South, including buildings, livestock and implements, would not exceed ten dollars per acre. The grain farm of the West requires an equipment that amounts to approximately twenty dollars per acre; a well-conducted hay farm requires forty

dollars; the raising of stock demands a much larger investment, and a properly equipped hog farm must have an expenditure of seventy dollars per acre, for buildings, fences, livestock and machinery; a good dairy farm requires an investment of from one hundred dollars to three hundred dollars per acre.

When we remember that the Great West has largely been settled with pioneers without capital, we are not surprised that the present types of farming should have



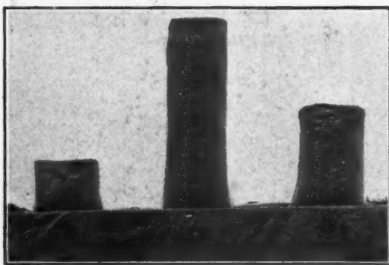
OATS ON MUCK LAND

Grown by Joe Dahl, Starke County, Indiana. Oats on left was grown on field which had received 200 pounds of muriate of potash in 1909, previous to planting corn. No fertilizer used on the oats direct. This shows the lasting effect of potash fertilizer. To right oats grown on corn ground to which no fertilizer was applied in 1909. Photo taken August 27, 1910. The fertilizer oats yielded 51 bushels per acre. The unfertilized 21½ bushels per acre.

prevailed; but a campaign of education among the farmers with the object of inducing them to adopt a more improved type of agriculture is imperative. They should be shown that while they are raising thirty bushels of corn per acre it is possible to raise one hundred bushels; that under more approved methods their wheat yield could be increased from fifteen to thirty bushels per acre, and this, with only a slight increased cost to their farms, for better labor and fertilizers. It would

be possible by united efforts to practically double the yield of nearly every crop in this country. This has been done in many of the older countries of Europe on land that was farmed for centuries.

Twenty years ago the use of artificial fertilizers was practically confined to the Atlantic Seaboard and largely used by fruit-growers and truck-raisers. During the past two decades the use of commercial fertilizers has traveled westward at a rapid pace. To more or less extent they are used by many farmers from the Atlantic Coast to Eastern Kansas, from the



WHEAT ON WORN CLAY SOIL

Grown by W. A. Hart, Jay County, Indiana, harvested 1910. Unfertilized acre marked (O) yielded 1.7 bushels and tested 54.5 pounds per bushel, and contained 6 per cent smut. Acre fertilized with 77 pounds blood and 77 pounds neutral phosphate and 50 pounds sulphate of potash marked (K P N) yielded 8 2-3 bushels and tested 57.1 pounds per bushel and contained but 2 per cent smut. The acre fertilized with phosphate and blood marked (P N) yielded 6 bushels and tested 56 1-2 pounds per acre, and contained 2 4-5 per cent smut

Gulf of Mexico to the Ohio River and northward as far as Michigan.

In 1900 the value of commercial fertilizers in the United States was about fifty million dollars; more than one hundred million dollars will be spent this year. Some farmers place a dependence in chemicals to the extent that fully ten per cent of the value of their crop is returned to the soil each year in the way of commercial plant food.

Many scientists assert that it is not necessary for farmers to engage in stock-raising or dairying in order to maintain

the fertility of the land. This can be done by commercial plant food, supplemented by the use of green manuring such as clover, alfalfa, or other legumes, for the purpose of maintaining the humus content of the soil.

With the present and increasing shortage of labor in the rural sections, it would seem that if more crops are to be produced it will have to be done by more intensive cultivation and by the use of reliable commercial plant food. The fertilizers do not ruin the land as some farmers suppose, because in the experiments begun more than sixty years ago in Rothamsted, England, the land treated with commercial fertilizer still maintains its fertility equal to that where barnyard manure has been applied. By observing the precautions of right farming, the fertility of productive land can be maintained for generations to come.

In any community where fertilizers have been rightly used, it is a common experience to find farmers producing fifteen to thirty bushels of corn more than neighbors who practice the haphazard methods. Conservative farmers can get as much from eighty acres of land and be in much more favorable circumstances than their exploitive neighbors who plant 160 acres. They have no money invested in half-worked or idle lands; and they get much better returns from capital invested.

As the late President Cleveland remarked, it is not a theory but a condition that confronts us. It will be of little avail to indulge in recrimination—more constructive farm methods are needed, and the sooner they are put into effect the sooner will the price of food products cease to fly upward; yet the people should not expect the old standard of prices to be reinstated. Those prices belonged to a period of virgin resources wastefully and recklessly used. Now we have arrived at a time when we must conserve, build, grow things; and such a condition involves costs unknown to our fathers.



THE NESTOR OF EXPLOITATION

By R. E. NORTON

WHERE is there an advertising man who has had anything to do with advertising on a large scale who has not been impressed by the original, earnest, practical individuality of Thomas Balmer, who has dug the holes, set up the posts and strung the wires that have brought the whole advertising and purchasing world into communication? For nine years Mr. Balmer was advertising manager of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, in Chicago, where he was the herald of many important business events.

Later he became advertising manager of the Butterick Trio, but, while always an enthusiastic advocate of whatever line he represented, his relation to magazine advertising or general publicity has been that of a scientific expert. He has always been able to present the best side of any particular medium or form of advertising, studying every feature of each proposition and grasping both its advantages and weak points—as a skilful captain sails his ship, making the most of her best points of sailing, and not relying wholly on his dead reckoning, but making daily observations to correct and keep the true course.

Many hundreds of young men, now successful advertising solicitors, date their first inspiration to the wise counsel of Thomas Balmer. His retirement from active business has lately called up many such reminiscences

and evoked much enthusiasm concerning his splendid services. Mr. Balmer has always insisted that hard commonsense, and not chance, produce success in advertising, and, while pointing out ways in which many advertising men and firms have lost money by injudicious exploitation, holds that business

men today realize more fully than ever the immense value of properly informing the public concerning their wares.

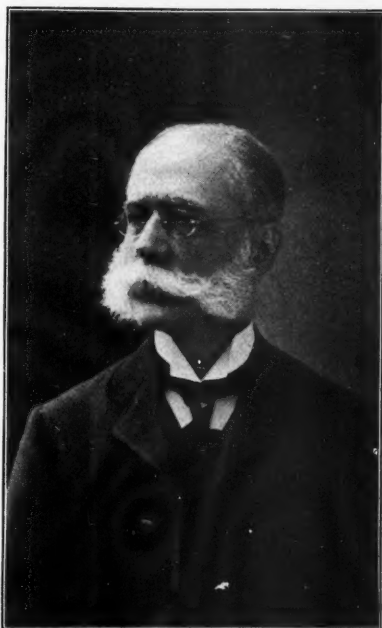
But that information has to be given in the right way, as Mr. Balmer says:

"See that you are not the bulldog that is hanging on with his teeth to a bar of steel, rather than the dog that has his teeth sunk in the beef-steak."

Mr. Balmer regards the advertiser from a psychological standpoint, and believes that the most impressive advertising is that which conveys a positive mandate—"have you not seen?" is much less forceful than "go and see."

He does not approve of advertisers "squinting," but insists that to secure success the truth must be boldly told, and there should also be a readiness to shoulder all responsibility regarding the goods. Mr. Balmer says that salesmen are doing even more than the clergy in the campaign for honesty and truth-telling.

He also maintains that the higher and better ideals of government are aided by the higher standard that advertising is attaining.



THOMAS BALMER

Young men who are prominent in the bold and aggressive exploitation of modern advertising, and discarding tyranny of old conventional ideas and customs, are not only adopting the methods of Thomas Balmer, but his ideas, and working out an ever-improving science of publicity.

Many an aggressive campaign has been conducted by Mr. Balmer, to advance the cause of advertising. I recall that once he gathered together his entire force of solicitors in New York and the West and put them into New England for a week to call on the New England manufacturers and wound up by a big dinner in Boston, creating an unwonted interest among the textile manufacturers which soon bore fruit and could not have been secured in any other way. Textile advertising as at present conducted may be said to have commenced with that campaign.

He had previously made a similar campaign in Philadelphia, where he concentrated his entire soliciting force on the 700 manufacturers in Philadelphia and neighborhood, and very largely increased the volume of business coming from Philadelphia to the Butterick Trio.

Mr. Balmer's arrangement united the soliciting force of a large number of magazines to develop advertising in the city of Cleveland, and later led a similar campaign in co-operation with the solicitors of other magazines in the city of Detroit, just as a body of evangelists might plan to sweep down upon a town and get to work in the churches. Mr. Balmer has been truly an apostle of honesty in advertising and has done much to raise the standards of this class of literature throughout the world.

A man of cheerful disposition and pleasant

address, he has not ignored the social side of advertising, and has been called the grandfather of all the exploitation clubs of America. He initiated the Agate Club in Chicago.

In later years Mr. Balmer has been prominently identified with street railroad advertising, and has given this phase of publicity such impetus that it would be hard to find a car going to and from the cities that has not some evidence of his personality. This now firmly established medium of publicity is singularly effective in scattering advertising bacteria all over the country, spreading them even more rapidly than measles and whooping cough microbes. Just as foreseen by Mr. Balmer, "what we saw on the cars" is carried by travelers all over the world.

If advertising were regarded as the science it truly is, and had become a part of the university curriculum, no lecturer on a chosen subject could command more widespread attention than Mr. Thomas Balmer on his line of work. What Charles W. Eliot is to university education today he is to exploitation. Whether all his ideas are accepted or not, there is but one opinion as to Thomas Balmer's splendid achievements and uplifting influence in advertising. He may well retire from actual work with the consciousness that his past effort is crystalizing into a mighty force, for every year sees rapid advance along the lines initiated by Mr. Balmer years ago. He remains a counsellor and leader, an adept in the art of producing results, who is admitted to have done more than any other American to advance methods that have become peculiarly associated with the United States, and whose efficiency is admitted all over the world.

TRUTH, THE INVINCIBLE

From the book "Heart Throbs."

Truth crushed to earth will rise again,—
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

—Bryant.

Concerning The INCOME TAX BILL

by Senator Wm. E. Borah :
of IDAHO

IN ORDER that the people of the United States should be fairly taxed—that is, burdened only with their fair share of the enormous amounts levied upon them by civic, state and national taxation, I advocated an income tax which should reach the wealthy, whose personal and family expenditure can never subject them to such relative taxation as falls through the tariff and real estate assessments on the men of moderate income and family responsibilities. In order that a part of them at least should understand why my associates and myself ignored mere party considerations in our action in Congress, at the suggestion of the editor of the NATIONAL I have given herewith a summary of ideas and argument advanced in an address on the subject.

Those who are members of the majority in the Senate and who are advocating an income tax do not concede that they are outside of party lines or that they are advocating policies or principles which are new or radical. We believe we are advocating policies and principles that are well accepted as a part of the faith to which we subscribe, and that we are advocating principles as old as the revenue laws of the United States. We advocate an income tax not as a temporary measure for the purpose of securing revenue for temporary purposes, but because we believe it should be a permanent part and portion of our revenue system.

I have reread within the last few weeks the cultured and faithful biography of John Sherman. Although read with that object in view, I did not find that that great leader in his day was given to radicalism, socialism, or that he was often swung from his moorings as a conservative statesman. He was one of the steadfast and sturdy councilors of this country in a very trying hour. Long after the war had closed and after we had had the experience of an income tax for some several years, after we had known its benefits and its defects, its failures and its virtues, and after the necessity of maintaining it as a war tax had passed, this distinguished leader of his party, in 1871, said:

WHAT JOHN SHERMAN SAID

They have declared it to be invidious. Well, sir, all taxes are invidious. They say it is inquisitorial. Well, sir, there never was a tax in the world that was not inquisitorial; the least inquisitorial of all is the income tax. . . . There never was so just a tax levied as the income tax. There is no objection that can be urged against the income tax that I cannot point to in every tax. . . . Writers on political economy as well as our own sentiments of what is just and right teach us that a man ought to pay taxes according to his income. . . . The income tax is the cheapest tax levied except one.

Referring at that time to the bank tax.

Again he said:

It is the only tax levied in the United States that falls upon property or office or on brains that yield property, and in this respect is distinguished from all other taxes



SENATOR WILLIAM EDGAR BORAH OF IDAHO

levied by the United States, all of which are levied upon consumption, the consumption of the rich and the poor, the old and the young.

WHAT PRESIDENT HARRISON SAID

I would also call attention to a later Republican leader. While he was not at the time specifically discussing the income tax, he was discussing the basic principles upon which that tax is based, and that is the obligation of property and wealth to

the Government, which protects property and wealth. This is the language of Mr. Harrison, after he had retired from the presidency:

We live in a time of great agitation, of a war of clashing thoughts and interests. There is a feeling that some men are handicapped; that the race is sold; that the old and much vaunted equality of opportunity and of right has been submerged. More bitter and threatening things are being said and written against accumulated property and corporate power than ever before. It is said that, more and more, small men, small stores, and small factories are being thrown upon the shore as financial drift; that the pursuit of cheapness has reached a stage where only enormous combinations of capital, doing an enormous business, are sure of returns.

Again he says:

The great middle class of our people has never failed to respond to the fire alarm, though they have only small properties at risk, and these not immediately threatened. But there is danger that they will lose their zeal as firemen if those in whose apartments the fire has been kindled do not pay their proportionate share of the cost of the fire department.

* * *

WHAT ALEXANDER HAMILTON BELIEVED

I am one of those who look upon Alexander Hamilton, all things considered, as the greatest intellectual force that ever dealt with the science of government.

There was in all that he did that fascinating air of mysterious power, that indescribable force which moved with triumphant ease to its immeasurable purpose. His career was the most sudden, the most startling, the most brilliant, and the most masterly of all of his compatriots. And he was never greater, never more of a statesman and a patriot, than when he advocated the policy as a part of his general-revenue policy of laying a portion

of the burdens of government upon property and upon wealth, along with consumption. He was charged in his day with being the special advocate of property and of property interests and of wealth, the minion of power, the advocate of royalty. He was in favor of a government strong enough and stable enough to protect the vested rights and the gathered fortunes of men against the passions and the prejudices of a day, but he did not belong to that shortsighted class of statesmen who, believing in protecting property and property interests, believe also in relieving property and wealth from its corresponding obligation to government. You will search in vain through the works of Alexander Hamilton to find any help or any argument which would enable you to relieve property and wealth from the obligation of meeting a portion of the burdens of government.

WHAT ABRAHAM LINCOLN DID

The first "income tax," so called, bore the name of Abraham Lincoln, and was supported by the great men who surrounded him upon that occasion.

I am not willing for one to concede that the policy which fixes the burdens of government upon property and wealth is not a Republican principle. I am not willing to concede, above all things, that there has been engrafted upon our constitutional power that which is an absolute exemption of property and wealth from the burdens of government. I am not willing to have it admitted that the constitution, as made and framed by the fathers, was such as to exempt the great property interests of this country from the taxing power of the government even in the hour when the very exigencies of government may involve the life of the government itself.

* * *

I favor an income tax not for the purpose of putting all the burdens of government upon property or all the burdens of government upon wealth, but that it may bear its just and fair proportions of the burdens of this government.

We believe that every tax system based upon consumption should be supplemented by a system which taxes property and the

wealth of the country; not for the purpose of inciting class feeling, but simply calling upon the great interests of the nation to share that part of the burden of government for which they receive an unquestioned benefit.

* * *

NEEDED TO PROMOTE ECONOMY

But I advocate it for another reason—and this will seem strange, I have no doubt, to some—and that is as a teacher of economy in public expenditures. For more than a hundred years we have been making speeches in favor of retrenchment and curtailing public expenditures, and as consistently and persistently voted the other way. It is a notorious fact in our political history that the Congresses at which the voice of retrenchment has been the loudest have been followed invariably by Congresses in which the appropriation was largest.

We knew when we met here last fall that we were facing a deficit. We knew that there was the cry going up all over the country that there should be a revision of the tariff downward, and we knew that in the midst of universal peace and of prosperity we were actually contemplating putting a tax upon the necessities of life which we do not produce in this country.

If there was ever a time in the world when the voice of retrenchment should have been heard and heeded, it was at the beginning of that Congress; and yet we are told by the leader on the Republican side that Congress appropriated \$50,000,000 which we could just as well have left in the treasury and without embarrassing the government one particle. If that be true, what a fearful indictment of this Congress, and how futile it makes all the promises with reference to retrenchment.

Our Secretary of the Navy tells us that we must have another navy as large as the one we have. This sounds to me like discord. He must have spoken with authority. I am not to discuss the question of the necessity of these ships; that is for another day; but I do say that if we are to build new ships and to continue to compete with the naval building of the world that expense should be visited to some

extent at least upon the property and the wealth of this nation.

If this is the part of retrenchment, if these expenses are to be met, can anyone contend that we should continue to impose that burden upon consumption? It may be necessary to continue to build these ships. It may be necessary to go on until we will be able to overawe the nations of the earth, and until, like the father of Frederick the Great, we are lonesome without the music of the sentry's tread. But if it be true that we must continue to do so, upon what basis and upon what theory can men say that the whole burden should rest upon the men who pay practically as much when worth \$500 as the man who is worth \$500,000,000? Take a part of the burdens off the backs and appetites of men and put it upon the purses of those who will never miss it, those who enjoy the pomp and circumstances of glorious war—without the war.

* * *

LESSON OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

To illustrate further, our system of taxation had its origin in the period of feudalism, when the tax was laid upon those, and those only, who could not resist the payment of it.

The plan then was earnestly argued in those days—that it was a proper distribution of the burdens of government that the clergy should pray for the government, the nobles fight for it, and the common people should pay the taxes. The first fruits of that system, and the first modification of that system, were had during that economic and moral convulsion which shook the moral universe from center to circumference—the French Revolution. Historians dispute today as to the cause of the French Revolution. If you would know the cause, you will not find it in the days transpiring with the fall of the Bastille; you will not find it in the days when Robespierre, drunk with human blood, leaned against the pillars of the assembly, as he listened to his own doom. It is back of that. It is in those immediate years preceding, when the burden of government had become intolerable, when the stipends paid to the miserable satellites of royalty had become criminal; when

bureaucracy reached out into every part of the nation and bore down upon the energies and the industries of the common man; and when eighty-five per cent of that fearful burden was collected from the peasantry of France, which forced them from their little homes and farms into the sinks and dives of Paris, where the French Revolution was born.

The history of taxation is well worthy of the attention of those who believe that, in order to maintain a republic, we must always have at the base of our civilization an intelligent, free, and, to some extent, an unburdened citizenship. No, we will not repeal all taxes; but we will distribute the burdens; though we may not do it this session, and I do not suppose we will, we will do it before this fight is over.

* * *

THE INCOME TAX NOT SOCIALISTIC

But it is said to be socialistic. The great and honored lawyer, Joseph Choate, the pride of two hemispheres, hard pressed for legal arguments against the tax in the Pollock case, turned and denounced the tax as socialistic—socialistic to lay a fair tax upon wealth, to sustain and keep in operation a great constitutional government. When the State or the government sees fit to lay a tax which may take thirty per cent of the income, the fruits of the labor, of the man of ordinary means, that is the exercise of constitutional power. But when you lay a tax of two per cent upon incomes, so slight a burden that it would scarcely be felt, that is socialism. Man's intelligence should not be so universally discredited. But he says if you can lay a tax of two per cent you may lay a tax of fifty or one hundred per cent. Who will lay the tax of fifty or one hundred per cent? Whose equity, sense of fairness, of justice, of patriotism does he question? Why, the representatives of the American people; not only that, but the intelligence, the fairness, the justice of the people themselves, to whom their representatives are always answerable. There is not a constitutional power but in its last analysis rests for its fair and equitable enforcement upon the sense of fairness and of justice of the people. Especially is that true of the taxing power, a power that has

been used more than once confessedly for the purpose of taxing a business institution out of existence as in the case of the state banks. All the powers of this government in the last and final analysis in the matter of their abuse or non-abuse rest upon the intelligence and the fairness of the people as a whole, and you can safely rest the power to impose this tax with them also, provided you do not dam up the even flow of the stream of equity until it shall burst forth in an uncontrollable torrent of wrath.

I neither envy nor feel ill toward the man of wealth. Moreover, I believe strongly that a government which does not protect property and the gathered fortunes of men when honestly gathered will not long protect either the liberty or the life of the humble citizen. I have never hesitated when property rights were attacked and wealth as such challenged in the name of riot and crime, to help hunt down those who thus sow the seeds of lawlessness in a government of law. I know that when our constitutional safeguards are torn away, when the law becomes the plaything of individual men, that in that fearful struggle the first man to go to the bottom will be the common man, the toiler, and the producer. If there is any man in the world who is interested in maintaining this government just as it was made, protecting as it does so carefully the rights of individuals, rich or poor, maintaining laws, and protecting rights under the law, it is the common citizen in the common walks of life. The ordinary man, the great toiling millions, have prospered and been made happy just in proportion as government has become a government of law, and in the main just

in proportion as laws have been enacted and enforced, just in proportion as established law and order have taken the place of the caprice and ambition of individuals or the passion and hatred of mobs. We all understand this, and the people understand it. There is no place in this country today where there is such a deep-seated reverence for the government, such a profound regard for the law and all men's just rights under the law as down among those who constitute the great body of our citizenship, the small banker, the small merchant, the small farmer, and the toiler. The crimes of the century, the contempt for law, and the disregard for the Constitution, the disrespect for our government so prevalent, are found among the great and powerful—they are the ones who are sowing seeds of lawlessness. Let them return and take their place inside the plain provisions of the Constitution and under the laws of the land before they talk of socialism and of the decay of the Republic.

I do not believe that the great framers of the Constitution, the men who were framing a government for the people, of the people, and by the people, intended that all the taxes of this government should be placed upon the backs of those who toil, upon consumption, while the accumulated wealth of the nation should stand exempt, even in an exigency which might involve the very life of the nation itself. This cannot be true; it was never so intended; it was a republic they were building, where all men were to be equal and bear equally the burdens of government, and not an oligarchy, for that must a government be, in the end, which exempts property and wealth from all taxes.

A FRAGMENT

WHOSO has ever loved has known of these;
The tempest, and the plunge in straining seas;
The hymns of peace; the incense of the heart
Arising in the morn, when only two
Are gathered in the quiet of a wood;
The blending of the evil with the good;
The sinking of the old within the new;
The playing of a long and untried part.

—Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."

The Unrolling of the SCROLL

by
Minnie
Barbour
Adams

THERE was a subdued hum of preparation as Wyndham entered the operating room. Doctors came in briskly, asked a question or two about the wreck, and went about their duties; nurses prepared tables and sterilized instruments; and all was in readiness when the wide doors noiselessly slid back to admit the stretchers with their ghastly burdens.

Whitney, the head surgeon, beckoned Wyndham and, together, they took from the foremost the cruelly mangled body of a girl and laid it on a waiting table.

"Pretty little thing, isn't she?" Whitney said when they had worked over her in silence for some time, giving an inquiring twist to a suspiciously limber arm.

Wyndham painfully straightened his tired body and glanced indifferently at the face of the girl. He had never seen her before, but there was something about the sweet, unconscious face that attracted him strangely; and his casual glance became so prolonged and intent that Whitney had twice spoken before he roused himself, not without effort, and set about cutting off a small, torn shoe that stained his hands unpleasantly in the process.

"No use," Whitney said at length, abruptly. "We're only wasting time."

Wyndham stared at him stupidly. "Wasting time?" he repeated. "But, you see, I—why, we can't let her die, Whitney," he said, his haggard face growing anxious and troubled.

"Guess we haven't much to say about it," the other returned carelessly.

"But—oh, don't you understand?" Wyndham cried desperately. "We've got to save her!"

Whitney looked at him curiously, then shook his head.

"Can't do it," he said tersely. "She'll never regain consciousness."

Wyndham groaned.

"Brace up, boy," the older man said kindly, laying his hand soothingly on Wyndham's arm; "you're half crazed for want of sleep. Come, help me patch up the rest, and then I'll promise not to call you for a day or two."

"Not to the emergency ward; take her to the Sargent room," Wyndham said in a low tone to the waiting nurse; then, with a long look that he realized with sickening impotence might be his last, he stumbled after the head surgeon.

Others, fresher and stronger than he, went down under the strain and horror of that awful day; but he continued doggedly, doing his work surely, if mechanically, for ever before his tired eyes was the sweet, serene face of the unconscious girl. It mercifully intervened between him and the horribly distorted face of the dying engineer; between him and the hard, brazen features of a woman who shrieked and blasphemed till the ether cone came as a welcome extinguisher.

Did she live? he wondered dully; or, when he escaped from the shambles, would he find the pretty room empty—awaiting another occupant? Were they watching beside her, doing all he would have them do for her; or, with the hospital

taxed as it was to the utmost by fire and wreck, would she receive only the necessary attention? He set his teeth and worked on feverishly.

"Go to bed, Wyn," Whitney said peremptorily late that night when the last victim had been trundled away and he had time to notice his friend; "and don't you let me see you out of it for twenty-four hours."

Wyndham hastily flung off his stained gown and hurried to the Sargent room. An overtaxed nurse was arranging things for the night, and it was not till he had dismissed her for an hour's much needed rest that he turned to the bed.

She had not changed greatly, he decided, taking one slender, inert hand in his; only the shadows beneath the long lashes that lay on her cheeks were a little deeper, the lengthening and relaxing of the short, full upper lip more pronounced. Had it not been for her pallor a casual observer would have thought her asleep.

How exquisitely beautiful she was! How softly the dark, silky hair framed her flower-like face, little babyish curls and tendrils clinging lovingly to the waxen brow and smooth, rounded cheeks.

He found the scarcely perceptible pulse, and realized that Whitney was right; the end was very near. He hoped that someone—her mother, maybe—was waiting for her. It would not be so hard to let her go if he knew that loving hands were outstretched to greet her; though it suddenly came to him with overwhelming certainty that life would never be just the same to him again; that, in some inexplicable way, this unconscious girl had entered it and, in leaving, would take with her all the joy and zest of living.

Must he let her go without a word, without a glance from those dear eyes? Oh, he couldn't bear it! He must try—

Bending above her, his feverish hands upon either shoulder, his wild, bloodshot eyes fixed despairingly on her calm face, he concentrated all his waning faculties upon her. "Do you hear me?" he whispered tensely. "Do you hear me? Oh, my God, don't go this way? One word—one look!"

Was it imagination, or did the long lashes flutter slightly, the faint smile about the sweet mouth deepen?

"Don't go! Don't leave me!" he begged, kneeling down beside her, his lips to the little half hidden ear. "I love you, dear, and life without you—oh, don't you understand—now that I have found you—" He sprang up, his hands locked in his hair.

"You shall not go! No one shall take you!" he raved. "Not your mother; not even Almighty God!"

He brought himself up abruptly. Was this delirium or insanity? With a mighty effort he calmed himself, leaned down with his lips to her ear and said confidently, a ring of exultation in his voice:

"You shall not go! Do you hear? You shall not go!" Again the waxen lids fluttered ever so slightly.

O God! there was some way to save her, he thought wildly. He'd call Whitney. He'd call the nurse. There was oxygen—electricity—

His uncertain feet tripped on his overturned chair, he staggered—recovered himself—and fell heavily, the polished andirons receiving his tired head.

* * *

The day was done. The sun had sunk behind the Hindu Kush mountains, but the reflection from the snowy peaks still flooded a narrow valley with a rosy light. Here, in the rock-ribbed cradle of the human race, a group of stalwart men, resting from the toil of the day, lay sprawled on the grass. There was laughter and jests among the younger ones, serious converse among the older, and all seemed content, save one, the youngest, who lay apart, his shapely hands locked beneath his blonde head, his eyes, moody and sullen, fixed on the changing sky.

Deeper and deeper grew the shadows, and the rosy light faded slowly as though loth to leave the valley to the encroaching night. One by one the sounds ceased till, save for the occasional cry of some wild animal in the forest above, the valley was still.

Suddenly the eldest of the group broke off in the midst of a sentence and rose hastily to his feet, standing with reverently bowed head and folded hands. The others, looking in surprise for the cause, saw a tall, patriarchal old man issuing from a nearby tent; and, rising quickly, they stood by their brother.

"My sons," the old man said, extending his palsied hands in benediction, "my sons, there is something of which I wish to speak. Come close, for talking wearies me and I have much to say."

The eldest, whose hair was already silvered, brought a sheepskin from the tent and made a seat for him against a convenient tree; another brought a gourd of cool water from the goatskin suspended near; while the youngest, banishing the gloom from his face, carefully drew the cloak about his father's shoulders. Then the old man spoke, his voice gathering strength as he progressed.

"It seems but yesterday," he said, laying his hand affectionately on the head of one of his sons, "that my hair was as dark as his and you were little, helpless children about my knees; but you are grown now, most of you have children of your own; but the valley has not widened to your needs, neither have the mountains crowded back to give you room. There is no longer pasture on which to graze your flocks, nor soil to till for your sustenance."

The faces of the men grew grave and anxious, and they nodded in corroboration though, at his next words, they lifted their bowed heads, and interest, if not hope, replaced the gloom.

"A trader—he who rested with us three nights gone—tells me that there is much land to the westward; pastures for a thousand herds, and fields for grain that stretch onward to the setting sun. Thither you must go; you and your wives, and your flocks, and all your possessions. I have done."

His head sank wearily on his breast and his eyes, dim and unseeing, were fixed on the ground at his feet. There was silence for a time; then the eldest asked: "And you, father, you will journey with us to that far land?"

The old man roused himself with an effort. "No," he returned, "I am very old. I have but one more journey to make and on that one I must go alone. I will abide here with your sisters until that time."

During the ensuing days there was much bustle and excitement in the little valley; much mending of tents and trap-pings; much gathering and preparation

of food. All were eager and hopeful, except Nathan, the youngest, who performed his tasks mechanically, or wandered gloomily apart.

In the early morning hours of the day of their departure he climbed far up the mountain; and, standing on a rocky spur, looked out upon the land of his birth. Far below him he saw the assembling of the herds and the long train of laden donkeys slowly filing out through the pass. He had seen them many times before; little bands of the young and adventurous, tired of the narrow confines of the valley, starting out into the great unknown; always to the westward; always, never to return. He, like the others, would never see it again; never look upon the kindly face of his father; never see his sisters—or Miriam again.

He dropped down on the rock and buried his face in his hands, groaning aloud. Where was Miriam? She had disappeared a short time after his father had bade them go; and though they had searched diligently for her, especially he and her betrothed, they had found no trace of her. Could it be that she loved him, even as he loved her; and that grief at parting had driven her to the lake as it sometimes had other maidens of the tribe? It were better so, he thought fiercely. He would rather see her dead than given to brutish old Ahmed, who would break her young spirit, and to whom she would be but a slave. But he must go. One last look about him, and then—

He rose to his feet, and his eyes fell to a ledge a few feet below him. With a despairing cry he plunged recklessly down.

Miriam was lying on the narrow ledge; dead, he believed at sight of her ashen face. Kneeling beside her he took the slender, inert hand in his and gazed long and wistfully on each loved feature. How beautiful she was! How soft and abundant the dark hair that framed her exquisite face!

He was glad that she was dead—out of the reach of old Ahmed. But, as he bent over her, convulsed with grief, the dark eyes suddenly opened and the pale lips parted in a contented smile. They still smiled, inscrutably, when, after a parting that to him was worse than death,

he stumbled down the mountain after the departing caravan.

He understood the smile when, late that night, being unable to sleep, he wandered back over the way they had come, and she called to him from the thorn thicket in which she was hidden.

"I could not stay behind," she told him wistfully. "I would rather die than go to Ahmed. But you are sad; you are not glad I followed?"

Glad? His eyes answered the question; but he said gravely:

"You know the laws of the tribe, Miriam? If they discover you, it means death to both of us."

"Yes," she said calmly. "But they shall not find me; and when we reach the land of which your father spoke we will search out a little valley among the hills, far from the others, where I can abide near you."

As the days passed it seemed as though her wish might be granted. Seated on the donkey he had given her, her few wants abundantly supplied, and watched over by the man she loved, she followed ever just so far behind, protected from wild beasts and still wilder marauding bands by the close proximity of the caravan.

Nathan's brothers had grown accustomed to his love of solitude, and he was allowed to range at will; sometimes before, but most often behind them, for his was the keenest eye and the surest hand. Thus he found it possible to journey many delightful hours at her side, and to sit beside her during the long nights while she slept, her pretty head upon his knees.

He had thought he loved her when he used to see her among the other maidens in the valley; that no love nor no despair could have been so great as his when she had been given to Ahmed, or when he had bidden her good-bye on the mountain; but, these nights, as he watched over her in the wilderness and felt the trustful, clinging touch of her little hands and heard her soft breathing, he felt a fierce, mad passion; a wild, delirious joy of possession beside which his former love of her seemed but a boyish affection.

Why, now, he would take her life with his own hand rather than give her up to Ahmed, should he follow them. But what about that other menace that was ever on their track; that shadowy some-

thing that took the old and young alike? Would he ever forget that awful night when it had come so near her? Their journey had been still young when he had ridden back one night to find her parched and burning with thirst, her soft eyes wild and hunted, with no knowledge of him in their depths. A terrible fear had clutched at his heart. Was he about to lose her, after all? At least he would go with her into the great silence. But the herbs and roots—of which he had unusual knowledge—had driven off the shadow; and, soon, she was her merry, happy self again. Was ever man so blest? he often wondered, his heart aching with a vague, yearning pain.

It was nearly sunset one night when he started on the backward trail. The caravan was traveling slowly, drifting hither and yon like a flock of weary birds seeking a place to rest. They had reached the land of which the trader had told them; and, even now, the tired herds were feeding upon the grassy plains and drinking at the many streams that flowed through them.

"I am going back," Nathan had told his eldest brother, who had already pitched his tents, though some of the younger ones were still pushing on toward the great river Oxus. "While following a drove of strange beasts three days ago, I came upon the land I wish for mine."

"Can you not abide among us, Nathan?" his brother asked. "At least, until you have taken a wife. It is not well for man to dwell alone in the wilderness."

But he had pretended dissatisfaction with all but the land of his choice; and, taking his few possessions, was even now approaching the wooded hillside where he had bade Miriam wait for him. Tomorrow they would start southward; and, when they were far away from the tribe, they would pitch their sheepskin tent, plant the grain he had so carefully guarded, and life together would begin.

He would be there very soon now, he thought exultantly. He would see the flash of her bright eyes as she peeped at him from some thicket, and hear her happy laughter when he pretended that he could not find her.

He left the herd behind, peacefully grazing, and stole silently forward. There she was now, creeping stealthily from tree

to tree. Why this caution? Had she seen him? Was this some new game?

At that instant the stooping figure stood upright, and the heart of the watcher contracted with fear. It was not Miriam, but Ahmed, huge, grim and terrible; and he was evidently watching the unconscious girl, for his eyes gleamed with fury.

Nathan crept warily through the dense underbrush till a pebble, dislodged from above, caused him to raise his eyes. There, crouched in a narrow fissure among the rocks, was a score of hideous savages. They had seen neither him nor Ahmed, but were looking and pointing gloatingly at something just out of his range of vision. A step more, and he saw Miriam sitting in a little open glade, busily weaving from a pile of rushes at her feet. Never had she seemed so dear or so fair to him as she did this minute that was to be her last; for, already, his flint-tipped spear was poised for flight.

She was clad in the tunic of white fur they had finished the night before, and there were crimson flowers at her throat and in her dusky hair. She was singing happily to herself, but ceased as she held up her work and eyed it critically, a smile upon her lips. Only for one agonized, breathless instant did he see her thus; then, with a snarl, Ahmed sprang toward her, one great hairy hand outstretched; and the savages hurled themselves from their hiding place upon both.

"Miriam, Miriam!" screamed Nathan, and would have sent the spear on its mission of mercy had not strong hands seized him and borne him down. He struggled fiercely, though handicapped by a strange, numbing weakness. There! One hand was free—both, and his panting adversary was beside him on the ground. He got heavily to his feet, eluding the detaining hands. Where was she? All had vanished save the man who was babbling in an unknown tongue, and another that he took to be a woman.

He called again, despairingly, and heard a faint, answering cry. But what was this? Walls had suddenly risen to encompass him; bright lights that could not possibly be stars were twinkling over his head; and there were strange things in his way that were neither rocks nor trees. Stumbling toward the opening

from whence her answering cry had come, he saw her lying on a narrow bed, while before it another woman, strangely garbed, disputed his way. He brushed her aside and flung himself upon the girl.

"Nathan, did you see?" she breathed, her eyes wide with terror. "O Nathan! Ahmed—and the wild men—"

"They are gone, dearest. We are safe," he assured her, stroking her hair and kissing the hand that frantically clutched his coat. He felt safe and secure, for he had suddenly become aware of Whitney's presence; and Ahmed and the wild men could "go hang" for all of him.

"You were gone so long," the girl complained, stroking his cheek with a trembling hand. "And I was so lonely."

"I know," he said pityingly. "But I have brought the herd, dearest, and I'll not leave you again. As soon as you are better"—he became aware of her bandaged arm and shoulder—"we will travel southward to the fair land we saw that day, and—"

"And we'll pitch our tent beneath the great tree to which the grape-vine clings?" she asked delightedly. He nodded. "And Ahmed and the wild men will never find us there?" she continued happily.

His eyes met Whitney's and he chuckled.

"Well, I guess not," he said confidently. "Why, they wouldn't last two minutes inside the city limits, would they, Whit?"

The girl's eyes followed his glance and saw a man standing puzzled and uncertain at the foot of the bed. They wandered on to the white-capped nurse; to the white walls of the room; to her bandaged arm; and then to the face bending above her.

"I don't—don't understand, Nathan," she faltered weakly.

There was silence for some time. The doctor and the nurse exchanged glances, but did not speak; and the face of the kneeling man was a study. Once he put a tentative hand to his bandaged head and glanced accusingly toward the fireplace; once he half rose to his feet as an ambulance clanged up to the entrance; but, at length, with a little shrug as though the problem was too much for him, his gaze again rested on the girl. Their eyes met; his adoring, hers trustful and very tender.

"Neither do I understand," he returned cheerfully. "At least, only this part of it." And, stooping, he kissed her on the lips.

A Plea for CLEMENCY

by Florence Miriam Chapin

IT is almost four o'clock, Robert." The man at the desk, intent on his work, did not look but responded absently: "I have almost finished."

His wife resumed her book, and for a time the only sounds that broke the stillness were the ticking of the clock, the scratching of a pen or the turning of a page, and, from without, the soft thud of falling snow as small drifts melted and slid from the gambrel roof.

But the woman grew uneasy and at length spoke again. "Come, Robert, you are over-doing."

This time he made no answer and, crossing the room, she seated herself on the arm of his chair. "It is late," she urged, arresting his pen. "You must not work any more today."

"But I'm not tired, dear—do let me finish it."

"Is there much more? Won't tomorrow do?" Her hands were on the papers ready to gather them up.

He drew the manuscript from her gently and imprisoned her hands. "It's all right, Diana, I'm not tired, really, and if I put this thing off it may never be finished." She still seemed dissatisfied, and he added slowly: "Let me work at it now while I may. I've tried so many times before and never felt quite equal to it until today—and this strength may not last."

"It cannot if you work like this," she pleaded. "Come, put it up until some other time."

"I wasn't speaking of physical strength," he answered strangely.

"No, no!" as she again tried to take his writing from him: "Let me work at it now while I have the courage."

Something in the tenderness of his voice startled her. "Why, Robert!"

"Well, Diana?"

"Why does it seem so hard—is it such a dreadful story?"

"Not dreadful—no; yet, in the last analysis, it is a soul picture, dear."

"Oh!" she deprecated slowly. "It sounds shivery—not quite normal."

"It isn't."

"Then don't bother with it, Robert. It would be a pity, when your work has always been so splendidly free from that unhappy key. And I have watched so closely of late for fear you would strike it. It seems to be a phase of invalidism."

"Soul analysis," mused the man. "It is not so dreadful—when you've grown accustomed to the idea. Have you never tried to fathom a human heart?"

"No!" Her great, dark eyes searched his face wonderingly.

"Not even mine?"

She shook her head, puzzled, distressed. "I have no right, except to what you reveal to me. It belongs to you—and your God."

"Perhaps—yet nothing is sacred to the analyst. He knows where, in the shadowed chambers of the soul, skeletons in armor lie deep hidden from the light of day."

The woman drew away from him and gained her feet. "Ah, no!" she cried. "You have no right to tear life's rose like that—time will deflower it, and lay bare its heart."

"But," he interposed more gently, "I am merely recognizing finite limitations."

"Doesn't it come nearer criticism of the Infinite?" she breathed. "Don't, don't do that, Robert."

"Little Puritan!" He watched her gravely for a moment and suddenly caught her hands. "Try not to set your ideal of life too high, Diana. There are heights

that some of us can never hope to reach, and clemency is our only sanctuary."

"You think me, then, without charity to those who—"

"Have you ever had to stand the test?" he broke in quickly.

She shook her head. "But try me and see, since you doubt me."

He watched her as she crossed to the window and rested her arms against the lattice. "I may," he ventured, after a little.

"You!" There was wonder, incredulity, in her voice as she faced him.

His smile grew quizzical. "Am I infallible?"

She did not answer, but pondered his words slowly, and he waited for her.

"I don't know," she said at last, reluctantly. "But that would hardly be a test. Love cannot judge, Robert."

"How I wish I could believe that, Diana!" He rose into sudden vehemence, then checked himself. "But it is the very opposite of truth. Only when the farthest depths of our nature are stirred can we be truly tested."

"Love would swing the balance weight," she persisted quietly. "Hurry with your work—the light is going."

She turned again to the western window and her eyes, gazing out upon the winter landscape, swept the frozen lake and lifted to the snow-capped mountain and the last radiance of the swiftly setting sun. It was a cold sky, clear and windless, and as the flush of sunset faded into dull-toned gray, Diana shivered and drew down the shades. The warm room with its deep rich coloring, the crackling fire, and the heavy Eastern hangings seemed more suited to her temperament than the arctic scene without. Yet in spite of the barbaric beauty of the room it was a strangely isolated spot in which to find a woman of her type. She was like some rare exotic that, with all its tender nurturing and transplanting, persistently proclaims its foreign birth and custom. In truth she was an exile, driven into this waste of snows and silence to escape the grim shadow with its dark prophecy that followed her husband's footsteps. No longer pursued, but entrenched and garrisoned, the long siege nearly ended and victory in sight, her heart welled up in

love and gratitude for this wild battlefield, yet, forever hidden in her deep dark eyes brooded the love of home, a longing for life and the city they had fled from with such blanching faces.

She lighted the lamps, toyed with the fire for sheer joy of it, and then busied herself with some sheets of music on the piano, humming now and then in a low voice as some old favorite came uppermost in her hand.

"There!" Robert Garrison laid aside his pen. "It is done at last."

"Oh! I am so glad. Now you can rest and—shall I sing?"

"Not now, dear. I want you to read this first."

She took the manuscript from him, and as her eyes fell to the page she laughed. "No title, Robert?"

"It is for you to name, Diana. The story is yours—for you alone."

Again she laughed. "The king writes stories to amuse his idle consort. Splendid!"

"Read it, and then answer that." Garrison's voice sounded dry and thick, and, as he turned and went back to throw himself down in a chair by the fire, his wife's eyes followed him closely. He coughed once or twice, and the exertion brought a faint color to his cheeks, but after a little he grew quiet and Diana took up her reading.

The man never moved in the half hour that followed, but his face grew steadily ashen and the lines about his mouth sharpened as though with pain.

There was a quick rustle of paper and a little suppressed sound of emotion as the wife laid down the manuscript. "Where is the rest? It isn't all here, Robert."

"That is all there is, Diana."

"All!—but the ending, dear?"

"Is for you to tell."

"I—I fear I do not understand, Robert."

"I mean that it is a true story—and I know no more than I have written."

"True! There is a man like that?"

They were facing each other now, the width of the table between them, and Garrison's voice was strangely calm as he answered: "Yes, Diana, there is."

The woman seemed to hear the beating of her heart in the pause that followed.

"Who is he?" came her low whisper.

Again the silence held them with its awful potencies, and the man's words seemed drawn from him by the mighty chain of his will alone, as he slowly answered: "He is standing before you."

Quick and steady came her exoneration. "I do not believe you."

But even as she spoke her face went gray above the warm crimson of her gown, and a low cry died on her white lips, for in the resolute face before her she read the confirmation of the truth.

"It is the truth—before God," he avowed simply, and waited in silence for her judgment.

But Diana's mind groped with slow painfulness through the chaos built of his confession, and only an inarticulate "O, why!" answered his appeal. It was long before she spoke and the man stood the burning quietly, forcing his eyes to endure the other's misery even when she sank into a chair and bowed her head in her folded arms upon the table. She made no sound—her very calmness frightened him—and even when she raised her face there was no sign of turbulent grief about her; all her anguish seemed to concentrate itself in her voice, as she said at last, "Tell me everything."

"You've read all there is to tell, Diana, in the story. I found the book, in manuscript, among Walter's papers after his death. He, I doubt not, had forgotten its existence, and everything was left to me—there was no one with a stronger claim."

"If you make excuses and give reasons for your act I shall hate you," Diana whispered hoarsely.

Garrison felt the whip of scorn in the low-spoken words, and a flame of color rose and died in his white face. "I am not doing that. I want you to have the facts, no better—no worse—than they are."

"Could they be worse?" came the stern accusation. "You robbed the dead!"

"No! my sin was to the living—to you, my wife." Suddenly he was on his knees before her, eyes levelled to hers as he offered her his defence. "Do you remember," he implored her, "asking me, long ago, to prove myself worthy of being what you so often called me—Fortune's Child? I must bring, you said, a something not



"Who is he?" came her low whisper. . . "He is standing before you"

made with hands—some territory of the mind which, by right of conquest, I had made my own. It was while I was thinking of this that Walter's manuscript came into my possession. I read it at first curiously and then, seeing the possibilities that it held, set to work to see what I could make of it. I don't think I had any definite idea in view even then, but the thing fascinated me. When the end came, after weeks and weeks of careful revision, the thing seemed wholly mine by right of conquest—even as you had

said. The theft was gradual, Diana—the actual committing of the deed a triumph, for the foundling denied its birthright and betrayed its foster parent.”

“And then—and then?” she hurried him on.

“Nemesis did not leave me long alone, and if it had not been for your great happiness I would have made the wrong public at the very first. Again and again I tried to face you with the truth, only to be met with some fresh burst of enthusiasm as soon as the book was mentioned. Your joy held me fast. I was caught in a net of my own weaving. It was then that I set to work on ‘Cecilia.’ Is it any wonder the book has always been your favorite when every word, every letter in it, was written to you, for you—a confession and an expiation? Oh, my dear! believe that what I lacked was not the power to reveal my act, but the strength to give you pain. It has taken me three years to rouse the courage to crush you so—yet I cannot live any longer with this miserable shadow between us.”

In the silence that followed the woman rose from her chair and moved away as though she dared not trust herself to linger near him—but her eyes fell before the dark misery in his.

“And it was all built upon the sands,” she murmured piteously.

“Diana!”

“Of what value is that which is founded upon falsehood?”

The words Garrison would have spoken froze upon his lips as a child’s clear treble sounded suddenly through the camp.

“I saw a moose, Daddy, dear!” The diminutive sportsman bounded in with a rush and took his father by storm. “It was a drate, big moose—O, awful big!—but I guess p’raps I could have got him, if I’d had your gun.”

“You young scoundrel! Where’ve you been?”

“Oh, with Alecs. I don’t know ‘xactly where—ever so far from here,” with a child’s supreme indifference for direction, “but maybe some day Alecs will take you with us and show you,” he finished magnaminously. “And muver, too,” he added, on second thought, turning with a laugh and running to Diana.

She did not speak, but gathered her boy to her with a great sob.

He looked up wonderingly, the laughter gone from his face. “Did I hurt, Muver?”

His mother kissed him quietly, quite calm again. “You did not mean to, dear,” she said gently. “Come, you are cold, and hungry too, I know.” They went from the room together, Diana’s slender arms clasped about the child, and Garrison, as he watched them, felt that somehow it would always be like that now—one of them must stand alone.

All that evening and the following day things went on quietly and as usual, only the child was always with them. If he went out Diana went with him, and when, in the early evening, he fell asleep by the hearth she carried him off to bed and did not return again that night.

Garrison silently understood and accepted the ultimatum. Since she willed it thus he had only to obey, but as he came to realize what her quiet acceptance of fact meant his sorrow took on a keener edge, and he paid the penalty in sleepless nights and days of even heavier grief, veiled by inertia.

On the third morning Diana was engaged in a snow-battle with Dick when the sound of sleigh bells and a cheery shout broke in upon their play. “Heigh there! Hello, youngster!” someone shouted.

The speaker was a man enveloped in a great coat, seated on a queer sled built of logs. As the horses drew up beside them, he sprang out with a laugh and outstretched hands.

Diana stood immovable, but the lad sprang to his side. “Oh! it’s Dr. Cecil, Muver,” he said excitedly.

“So it is, boy! Dr. Cecil stole a march on you this time, sure enough. Diana, don’t look as if you had seen a ghost—I’m really the same old Cecil. Faith, girl, I looked for a warmer welcome! Have you grown so a part of this solitude that you do not recognize one of your own kin?”

“You startled me so,” she faltered, giving him her hand. “I was thinking of you just as you called. Robert is not so well.”

The man’s face clouded. “Where is he?”

Diana nodded toward the camp. "In there."

Thornton put the boy down. "Wait a bit, Dickie. I must see your daddy."

Something in Garrison's face as he opened the door startled his friend.

"Hello, Bob! Got quarters for a stranger?"

"Did she send for you?" demanded his host, closing the door and leaning heavily against it.

"She? Oh, Diana—no! I was coming down next month anyway, but I saw a little leeway and I skipped. Can't say much for my reception so far, but there's a storm coming and there'll be no getting out of these woods for a day or two. Better make the best of it, Bob!"

Garrison made no reply to Thornton's badinage, and the physician studied his face keenly for a little. "Come farther into the light," he urged, drawing the other toward the windows. "Humph!—it isn't your lungs this time, Robert—you're breathing as well as any man—but you're not much to look at! What's up?"

Garrison went the length of the room in silence. "Why not call it the lungs?" he finally said.

"No! I'm hanged if I will! Come, out with it."

"Well—I have told Diana," came the slow response.

"Told Diana what—you—oh, the devil!" The physician flung his head back in quick exasperation. "Now why, in the name of all that is idiotic, did you do that?"

"I hardly know, Cecil—except that I could not stand it any longer."

"I might have known you would do it," growled the physician, striding rapidly up and down the room. "I suppose this stillness and solitude have worked upon your imagination until you have made yourself out a scoundrel of the first water. Robert, you're a fool."

"Granted, but hereafter I intend to be an honest one. If you knew—"

"I do know, man, but I've no patience with such foolishness. You know what I think. Theoretically you failed at the very first—well, you're not the first to do that—and you won't be the last. The finished book was yours—solely the work

of your brain—and the reward was rightly earned. Good Heavens, Robert, read that first manuscript and then read yours—rename the characters and their identity would never be thought of; follow the two styles—there is no analogy anywhere. Would Walter's climax have succeeded?—would his weak ending have taken as your masterly one did? It is a great book—and it is yours."

"That is all true, Cecil, but it doesn't soften the fact that I stole the original idea. Walter conceived the thought; I made it live, if you like—but the first principle of dishonesty remains."

"Principle of fiddlesticks! You harmed no one but yourself, and you're paying that heavy debt. Look here, Robert—you failed in moral truth when you gave that story to the world as your work. It was a foul beginning and if you had stopped there, God knows we might have censured you, but you have risen, as the poet would tell us, on that stepping-stone of your dead self. You are more the man today—can't you see it, Bob?"

"Yes." Garrison smiled a little. "You'd make a good counsel for the defence, Cecil—but I'm going to face the court on my own charge. It will go pretty hard with Diana, though. I'd not ask for heavier punishment than the sight of her face when the crystal broke."

Cecil wheeled suddenly. "What does she say?"

"Scarcely anything. In this sudden loss of faith she cannot find the turning of the road—nor can I show it to her."

"Well, Robert, I believe I always knew this would come some day. You had to work it out your own way, but I've known what the end would be. And you're right, too, man—only—if it were any woman but Diana!"

Garrison nodded, with a quick intake of the breath. "That is so true that it hurts, Cecil."

Thornton put his hand on the other's shoulder. "Look here, man, you tumble over there on that couch and get some sleep—if you don't, I'll give you a hypodermic. You're morbid over this thing. Diana isn't having a very comfortable time of it just now, but if she is the woman I think her she'll come out all

right. Fire purifies—you ought to know that, Bob."

"Remember that it is her first—"

"Yes, but each one of us has to take our turn at the crucible—and it's her hour now. The thing is as inevitable as night and day—her world is too close, too ideal, and Life has scarcely touched her until now. Well, shall I get the needle?"

"No, I'll turn in. Lord, but I'm glad

As they mounted a rise of ground near the house, on their way back, Jacques pointed to the figure of a woman that outlined itself against the hemlock shrubs below them. Cecil nodded and went back, while the guide pushed stolidly on toward the camp.

When the physician came up to her, Diana was standing braced against a giant tree, on the margin of the frozen lake. She acknowledged his approach, but without speaking, and they both watched the storm for a little in silence.

"It's increasing—hadn't you better go back?" he finally ventured.

"No. I like it."

Again he waited, but she slipped back into her reverie.

"Robert is all alone, Diana," was his next suggestion.

"Alecs and Jacques are there—and Dick."

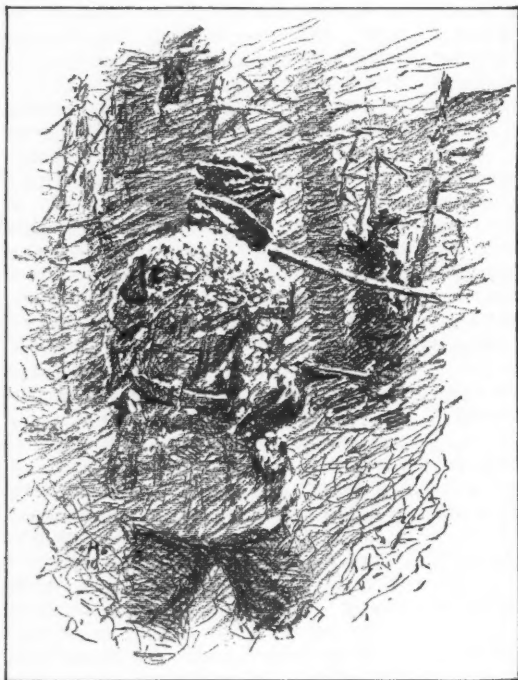
"But they are not exactly like a woman."

She would not follow him, however. "Alecs is as gentle as a woman any day," she protested quietly.

"I'd give worlds to read your mind as you stand there, Diana. One might fancy that you saw a vision in yonder grim old mountain."

"I was wishing for my mother," she confessed very gravely.

The physician was conscious of a smart. He was a healer of bodies, not souls. "Softly, Cecil, thou fool, this is woman's



The physician came up to her

you came, man. Wonder what I'd done without you for my father-confessor these last three years! You're a brick, Cecil."

"Go to sleep!" thundered the doctor, disappearing toward the camp kitchen, seeking satisfaction for the inner man and a chat with the half-breed guide.

It was some little time before he saw Diana again. The snow began falling by noon and the short afternoon shut in early, but Cecil and the guide tramped about for hours regardless of the storm.

work," he mused within himself. He stole a glance at his companion and saw how pale she was in spite of the exhilaration of the storm, and how steadily the pain burned in her clear gray eyes. "Is it, then, so very hard, dear?" he queried gently, bending toward her.

Startled, she turned her eyes full upon him with her first visible sign of emotion. "You, too? He has told—"

"I have known always, Diana."

She moved away from him, and caught at her throat. "Not—from the first?"

He nodded. "Don't you see?—he had to tell someone. You were the one who really mattered most, but he could not bear to give you pain."

"Ah—if," she breathed.

"It's true, Diana. No force outside of his own conscience compelled him to make this avowal."

"But the crime, Cecil?"

"The crime—ah, think of his expiation! Doesn't that mean anything to you?"

"Yes, yes—but I thought him above reproach."

"I know, dear—you thought 'the king could do no wrong.' Diana, temptation is never very far away; it's a hand to hand fight at most—and luck wins more often than not. And we're all such frail soldiers at best that—one hesitates to cast the first stone."

"And you too have seen—"

"The tempter's face? Yes, child," and he smiled with gentle pity into her bewildered eyes. This lesson from the Tree of Life hurt both the teacher and the pupil, was his grim thought. "I won, but can never feel very proud of my victory, for I came so near to beating a retreat."

"Could you have failed as Robert—" her voice, tremulous and tired, trailed off into silence.

"God knows," he answered gravely: "but I envy him the courage that dared him face your reproach."

"Suppose I fail him?" she whispered, above her breath. "Suppose my courage—"

"If you fail now, what right will you have to expect mercy from the woman who in after years may be called upon to show compassion to your boy?"

"Don't!" she cried. "Anything but that!"

"And yet," he persisted gently, "if Robert could—"

"I know—I know," she broke in vehemently; "but when you take them both from me what have I left?"

"Am I taking them from you or have you turned away?"

"That hurts."

"I know. It's a trick life has, Diana."

"And you've spoiled all my dreams—every one."

"Yet dreams are a small part of things. Life's mostly a field of battle, as I told you—but there's honor in the struggle and glory in the victory."

Her face was still pale, even against the snow that clung here and there to her sables, but there was a new light in her eyes and Cecil watched it eagerly. All at once she lifted her head and the light burst into sudden radiance.

"If that is true—then I've been very near deserting."

"No, you haven't," the man declared stoutly, "but for a first battle it was a pretty stiff one. Come, dear."

They went back slowly and in silence through the snow. It was dark now, and from the camp many lights streamed in pale yellow rays upon the white world without.

As Cecil reached the door she laid her hand upon his arm detainingly. "Wait," she whispered, "there is something else. I want the old manuscript—Walter's."

"What for?" he turned and tried to read her face through the darkness, but could make out nothing. "Make your peace with Robert first," he begged. "It must be a pardon, not a reprieve."

"Yes—but get it for me, please."

Garrison sat in a great chair by the fire, the boy asleep in his arms. He looked up quickly as the two entered and raised his hand in warning. Diana slipped off her snow-covered cloak and crossed the room softly. Divining her intent, Garrison raised the child to her arms and turned away without speaking. For a moment she wavered, and two scarlet spots flamed through her paleness; with their child in her arms she would have refused him nothing, but only Cecil saw the wonder in her face. He would have taken the boy from her as she neared the stairs but that she shook her head and clasped her arms more tightly around the unconscious Dick.

When they were alone the physician crossed to his friend. "Good—you've had some sleep, but not enough. Robert, where's that old manuscript of Walter's—is it here?"

Garrison searched the doctor's face earnestly. "Why?"

"Never mind that, Bob. Let's have it."

Opening his desk, the novelist drew from one of the pigeon holes a bulky packet, but he held it tentatively in his hands instead of passing it to Thornton. "See here, Cecil, if I didn't trust you heaps I'd never turn this over to you. I don't want her won by such means."

"Bother take you for a meddler, Robert! Go back to the fire, and try a little more trust, man."

A latticed balcony ran around three sides of the room and from this the sleeping apartments led. The physician sat down facing the stairs, made a pretext at reading, and waited for Diana. He was uncertain just what plan she had formed, but he refuted his first thought that she might be seeking to alleviate Robert's guilt by analytical comparisons. Whatever her path it would not be evasion—of that he felt assured.

Although waiting for her return, he was conscious of a start when he looked up and found Diana's eyes upon him. She had opened her door quietly and stood there on the balcony, her folded hands resting against the balustrade, as she watched the scene below her. There was a drowsy quiet in the great room, though now and then the tinkling of glass and silver came from the corner where a servant was laying the table, and without, the storm, increasing in violence, beat a sharp tap-tap against the windows. Diana searched Garrison's face eagerly, but his closed eyes revealed nothing of the brooding sadness within, and her gaze came back to Cecil. As his eyes met hers she put her finger to her lips, cautioning silence, and bent toward him over the balcony.

He nodded, pointed to the folded manuscript on the table, and went once more

in search of his half-breed friend as Diana descended the stairs.

The novelist seemed to feel her presence and turned toward her as she crossed to the hearth. Save for a strange look on her face he would have spoken, but as she passed him and bent over the fire, thrusting the manuscript toward the flames, he caught her roughly.

"No, Diana."

"Why not?"

"It's like destroying evidence—damning evidence."

"I must burn it."

"What good can that do?"

"You are acquitted—why should it not be destroyed?"

"You read it?"

"No."

"Yet you acquit me—"

"Unconditionally." She freed herself from him and stood up. "But it is I who must plead for clemency—I failed so miserably—and I promised so much."

"No, no, Diana—you shall not!"

"I must—but first let me burn the packet? Think of Dick—if he should find it sometime—and misunderstand as I did. Think of his pain—and ours! I may burn it, dear?"

He did not answer, but she saw how his defence weakened at her words, and with a swift, willful movement she stooped and flung the manuscript into the heart of the fire. Her hand sought his while they watched the pages crisp and blacken, and she felt his fingers twinge in hers as he suffered in this final rite of his expiation.

Suddenly the paper caught and burst into a flash of yellow fire. Diana turned her brilliant eyes full upon him then.

"Look," she cried, "it's all in the flame now, Robert."



CHICAGO'S Marvelous Electrical Development

What Thomas A. Edison has Lived to See

By W. C. Jenkins

HERE is no chapter in American history more interesting and more astonishing, from a commercial standpoint, than the remarkable strides in electrical development during the last quarter of the nineteenth, and the early years of the twentieth centuries. Today there is invested in electric lighting company properties in the United States approximately \$1,250,000,000, or about fourteen dollars for every man, woman or child in the country. What the investment will be in another twenty years, no one can predict with any degree of accuracy.

Thirty years ago electric lighting was a marvel—today it is indispensable in practically every home. Every day sees some new application of its utility which adds to the comfort of the home, or the easier and cheaper transaction of business.

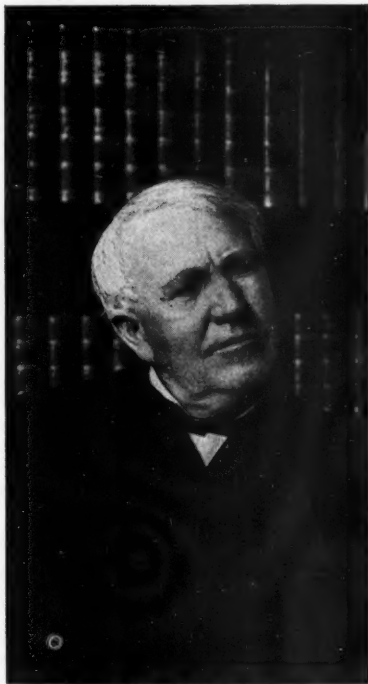
The history of electric lighting and power can be largely covered in a thirty-year period; and the remarkable electrical development in many large cities, particularly Chicago, during that period must be regarded as little less than phenomenal.

In 1885 the system of the largest Chicago company covered an area of one-eighth of a square mile; today that of the Commonwealth Edison Company covers an area of approximately 200 square miles.

In 1878 Thomas A. Edison secured his first electric lighting patents. In the years between 1882 and 1886 alternating current and the three wire system came into general use.

In 1886 Elihu Thomson made electric welding commercially practicable. About two years later the Sprague Electric Railway was put in operation at Richmond, Virginia, and successfully, operated. This was the beginning of electric railways history. In the same year was begun the building of the first central station of any importance—that of the Chicago Edison Company at Adams Street, Chicago.

The Paris Exposition in 1889 marked a milestone in the electrical industry. It was at this exposition that the now much used Watt and Kilowatt were defined by the Electrical Congress. The next year electric power transmission was successfully accomplished.



THOMAS ALVA EDISON

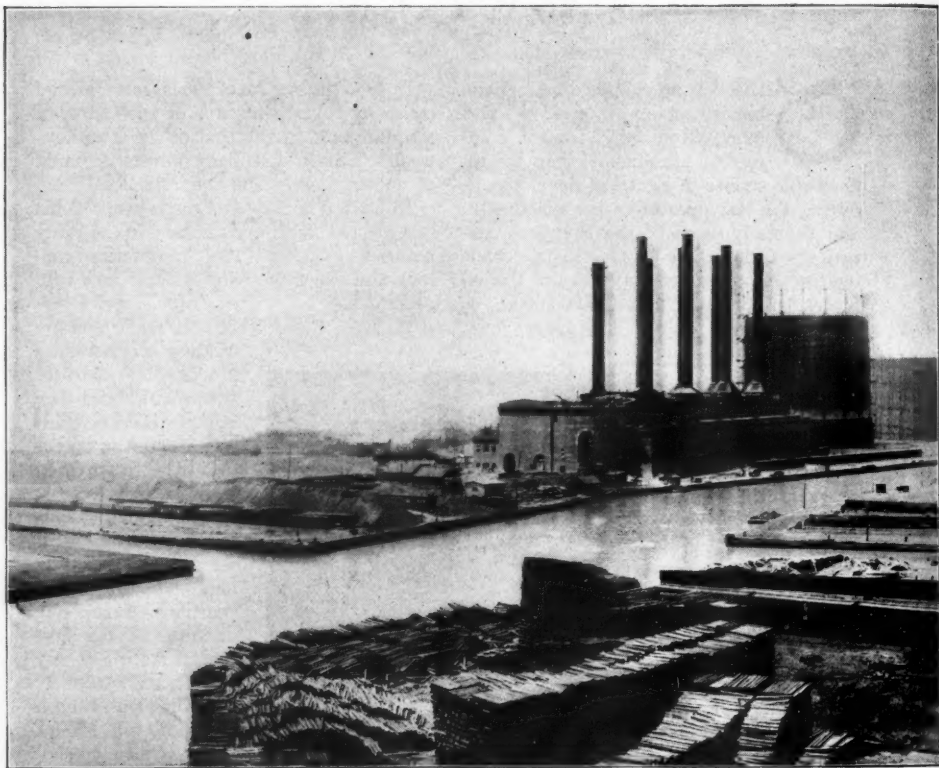
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The Chicago World's Fair of 189 marked another milestone in electrical development. Many electrical appliances, which are now important features of the industry, had their beginning at the fair.

The year of 1895 is noted electrically for the invention of the X-ray machine and Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy.

More recent years have seen the in-

vention of the Welsbach burner gas was an expensive and unsatisfactory illuminant, and its use was practically confined to the rich. The great middle and poorer classes resorted to kerosene lamps and tallow candles. Even today there is some question as to how far it has emerged from the experimental stage.



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE FISK STREET (right) AND QUARRY STREET (left) POWER HOUSES OF THE RIVER, COAL TRAINS, COAL STORAGE ON GROUNDS, ETC. NOTICE THE

vention of the wireless telephone, great development in the application of electricity to motive power on street and interurban railways and a general expansion of its use for heating and other domestic necessities.

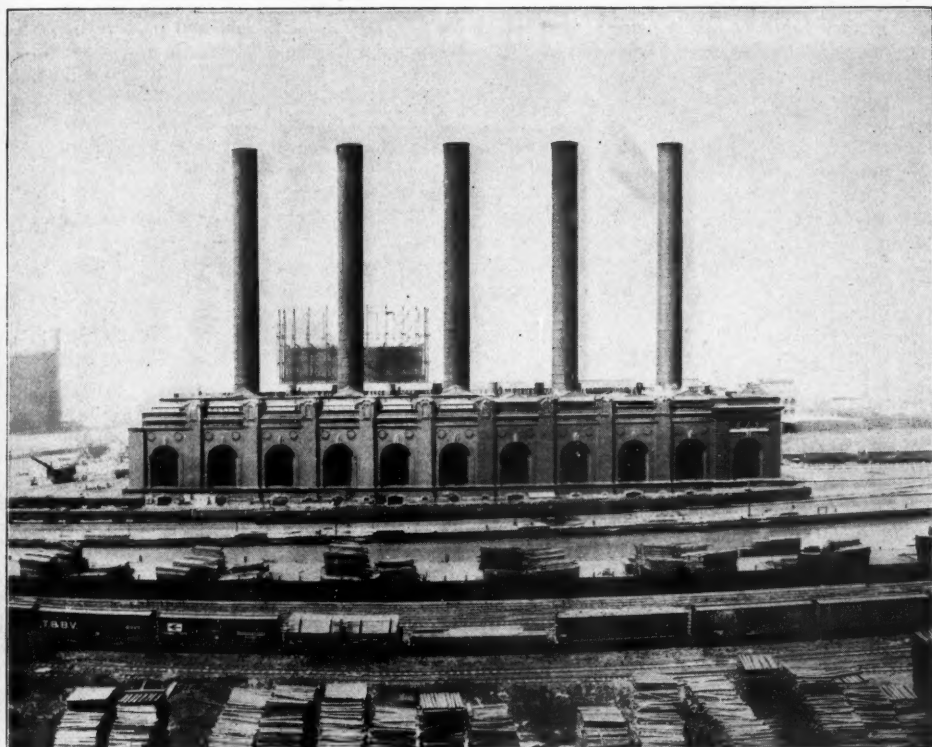
But little more than a quarter of a century ago, and within the memory of comparatively young men, the only means of artificial lighting were gas, kerosene

There was no one, not even Mr. Edison, who foresaw the great development and popularity which electricity would acquire within three decades. In fact, there were many who boldly asserted that because of dangers to human life and greatly increased fire risks, the use of electricity would never be adopted to any considerable extent. But so quickly was this prejudice overcome and so rapid was the

development that this, the youngest of the applied arts, speedily passed from the experimental stage to a necessary public-utility, and is now regarded as indispensable in our everyday life.

Many difficulties arose during the early days of electric lighting. Mr. Edison found that electrical distribution on a large scale was as much of a secret as an unexplored continent. He saw the public

Undaunted in the face of opposition and prejudice, Mr. Edison and his corps of assistants planned his first central station during the winter of 1880. The details of construction were on paper, the dynamos had no existence except on the drafting board and nothing was known of the requirements for successful insulation or house-wiring. No manufacturing establishment existed that could supply



COMMONWEALTH EDISON COMPANY, OF CHICAGO, SHOWING THE LOCATION ON THE CHICAGO SMOKELESS OPERATION OF THE IMMENSE CENTRAL POWER HOUSES

on both sides of the Atlantic engaged in a violent controversy as to whether it was possible to ever make electricity of commercial value. All kinds of comparisons were made as to the difference between the cost of gas and electricity, and it was boldly asserted that unless Mr. Edison could provide an illuminant that would compete with gas, its utility would be neither practicable nor possible.

the material needed, and Mr. Edison had to abandon the laboratory and the drafting room to equip and manage shops in which to manufacture the necessary apparatus from generator to lamp.

The development of arc lighting preceded that of incandescent lighting by several years. An arc lamp had been exhibited in Chicago as early as 1878; but the new system did not attract any par-

ticular attention until 1880 when a fifty-light arc dynamo was installed in the basement of the Young Men's Christian Association Building and on June first the plant started with forty lamps rented. The price obtained for the service was \$1.50 per day for ten-hour lights, and seventy-five cents from dusk to midnight.

The apparent success of the new method of lighting encouraged other concerns to engage in the business, the Vandepoele Electric Light Company being at that time one of the strongest companies. This concern installed a number of arc light plants for various hotels and business houses in the downtown districts. The new system had gained such immediate popularity that isolated plants began to spring up in every direction in the business section of the city. The economies of the central station were unknown at that time.

The first Chicago company to apply for a charter and permission to extend wires through the city was the Brush Light Company. As might be expected, the gas companies organized a strong opposition and the entrance of the electric companies was fought from every angle. The gas companies had powerful allies in the insurance men who were apprehensive of the increased fire risks and with a prevailing impression that the advent of electric lighting brought with it greatly increased dangers to human life, it is perhaps not strange that a franchise was difficult to secure. After much debate the council finally granted the Brush Light Company, which was largely financed by Jesse Spaulding and Robert Law, the right to suspend its wires from buildings. Several fires occurred in consequence of improper wiring and the privilege granted by the council was soon withdrawn and the company ordered to place its wires underground.

Every great industrial corporation had its beginning; some were launched under the most advantageous conditions, while others had their inception in an obscure workshop where nothing but energy and a firm determination to succeed appeared as assets. The beginning of the Commonwealth Edison Company of Chicago, one of the largest electric lighting companies

in the world, may be traced to a little electrical supply shop located at number 126 Clark Street in 1868. This insignificant little concern was conducted by George H. Bliss and L. O. Tillotson. Later the firm moved to number 247 South Water Street, and in the great fire of 1871 the shop burned. In 1874 the company was merged into the Western Electric Manufacturing Company.

Mr. Bliss had been an intimate associate of Thomas A. Edison and he secured the agency for the "Edison Company for Isolated Lighting" for Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin. One of the conditions was that Mr. Bliss should organize a company with offices in Chicago to introduce the Edison appliances in the territory, and in 1882 the company was launched.

The first Edison plant in Chicago was installed in the factory of the United States Rolling Stock Company. It was a simple affair with a capacity of 130 eight-candle power lamps. The second was a small exhibition outfit installed in Field, Leiter & Company's wholesale warehouse. Within the next few months a number of additional plants were installed, the most important being the Palmer House dining room, two floors of the McCormick Reaper Works, the Republican Life Insurance Company Building, Rand McNally Company and the Calumet Club.

The first Chicago residence to use electric light was that of J. W. Doane on Prairie Avenue. Shortly afterwards the neighboring residences of Judge Dent, Joseph Sears, Edson Keith and Marshall Field were wired, and in order to supply current to these residences a small generating plant was installed in Mr. Doane's barn, from which Edison underground tubes were laid to each house. The capacity of the plant was 550 lamps and though comparatively insignificant, it has the honor of being the first central station in Chicago for incandescent lighting.

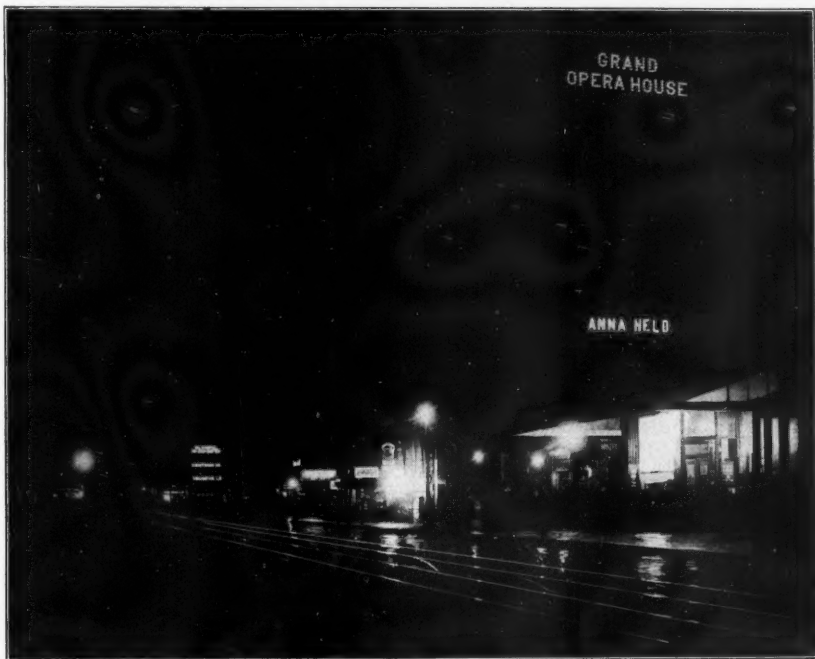
The Bliss agency was unable to finance an undertaking of the magnitude which the industry had immediately assumed and a number of Chicago business men lent their aid and money in organizing the Western Edison Light Company, which began business in 1882 with \$500,000

capital. The new company took over the contracts granted to Mr. Bliss and opened offices at number 51-53 Wabash Avenue. In the basement of this building a sixty-light dynamo was installed and this was soon supplemented by a 250-light machine. From this plant the company distributed incandescent lighting to several adjacent stores on Wabash Avenue.

The first theatre in the world to use incandescent lamps was the Academy of

were persuaded to proceed with the second act.

The first theatre to be completely lighted with incandescent lamps was the old Haverly Theatre, then located on Monroe Street, where the Inter-Ocean building now stands. This plant consisted of two dynamos with a capacity of 637 lamps. On the opening night, only sufficient lights were started at first to enable the ushers to seat the audience.



OLD VIEW OF SOUTH CLARK STREET, CHICAGO
Typical illuminating down town, exclusive of State Street, in 1903

Music on Halsted Street, Chicago, the plant being installed by the Western Edison Light Company. The theatre was wired for 150 sixteen-candle power lamps. The lighting was confined to the Auditorium, no electric lights were used on the stage as dimmers had not been thought of at that time. On the opening night, after the new lights were installed, the actors struck claiming that it was impossible to make up by gas light and play their parts under the glare of the electric lights. It was with difficulty that they

When the curtain rose every light was turned on, causing tremendous sensation among the audience and eliciting applause that continued for fifteen minutes. The innovation was so successful that McVicker's Theatre and the Chicago Opera House immediately installed similar plants.

For a time the Western Edison Light Company devoted its energies largely to the installation of isolated plants, the central station idea being in its infancy. Mr. Edison was devoting his energies in an endeavor to overcome difficulties in

the New York plant and it was not until the latter part of 1882 that its practicability was fully demonstrated. The apparatus used in the Pearl Street Station, New York, was not adapted to the requirements of smaller communities. Following the success of the experiment, modified plants were installed in other districts of New York City and in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Massachusetts. In 1887 the building of the first station in Chicago was started.

Light and Power Company was incorporated and in a short time acquired a number of isolated plants, having a total of 930 lamps in service. For a short time these various and scattered properties were operated separately, but one by one they were connected with a central station on Washington Street and in less than two years the company had in service about 2,000 lamps. The logical necessity of the central station had been demonstrated, so



PRINTING AND ENGRAVING PLANT. INDIVIDUAL MOTOR DRIVE

The period from 1883 to 1887 is memorable for the rapid increase in the number of small isolated arc light plants, installed in various sections of Chicago. Lighting companies were organized on every hand and prices began to tumble to a point where there was little, if any, profit in the business. From the original charge of \$1.50 per lamp per night, competition had in some cases forced the price down to fifty cents; but the demand for electric light was established beyond all question. In the spring of 1887 the Chicago Arc

had the limitations and disadvantages of the arc light.

In 1887 the people were clamoring for small and flexible lighting units and this demand signalized the organization of the Chicago Edison Company, and the general introduction of incandescent lighting on a large scale.

When the Chicago Edison Company was organized in 1887, there were less than a hundred concerns in the United States engaged in central station service. Today there are upwards of 6,000 central

station companies in this country. In 1887 the entire central station investment did not exceed \$10,000,000; today the total capital employed in this industry approximates \$1,250,000,000.

The early plan of the Chicago Edison Company was to immediately install a central station and distributing system. Accordingly a piece of land at number 139 Adams Street was secured on a ninety-nine year lease and the erection of what

flat rate of \$1.00 per lamp per month, its principal plant being located in the Adams Express Building. The company also operated another plant in the basement of the Alhambra Theatre from which point it competed with the Edison Company for South Side business. For the first few years every step was an experimental one; but general progress resulted from the efforts.

In 1892 Mr. Samuel Insull took charge



BLUE ISLAND AVENUE LAMPS—NIGHT SCENE
Merchants pay for lamp post illumination

is known as the Adams Street Station was begun in June, 1887. The first units provided for about 10,000 lights and the plant was placed in operation August 8, 1888. A contract had been given a construction company to furnish and install the wiring for 5,000 lights in buildings located in the downtown districts, the lights being installed free of charge to the customers.

The new company had no monopoly of the industry, for very shortly after that time the Fort Wayne Electric Company was distributing incandescent lighting at a

of the affairs of the Chicago Edison Company. It was at once shown to the board of directors that a central station company should be prepared to furnish electricity to all classes of customers within its territory, not only for lighting but also for commercial purposes and with the least possible delay he proceeded to put this principle into practice. At that time the Adams Street plant was in anything but an efficient condition. During the period of an unusually heavy load, the appearance of the station suggested

a glimpse of Dante's Inferno, the engines being pushed to their utmost capacity, and in the roaring dynamo room the smell of shellac and varnish from the armatures told the story of inefficiency. In the boiler room the half-naked firemen were shoveling coal with demoniac energy, while at the rear of the building the glowing stack filled the atmosphere with clouds of smoke. The general conditions tended to give the impression that an explosion might furnish the climax at any moment.

The company then turned its attention to the matter of competition in the downtown districts and in the spring of 1893 absorbed the Chicago Arc Light and Power Company. The Edison Company paid to the owners of the Chicago Arc Light and Power Company the sum of \$2,195,000, which amount was raised by the issue of Chicago Edison Company debentures bearing six per cent interest. Shortly afterwards the two plants owned by the Fort Wayne Electric Company were pur-



ONE BOILER ROOM SECTION OF THE PISK STREET STATION
of the Commonwealth Edison Company. This section supplies steam for one Turbine

The station was originally planned for 40,000 lights, and was at this time running to its full capacity. Every inch of space had been utilized and the question to be considered by the management was to provide for present and prospective business. A plan was suggested providing for the rental of a portion of the basement under the old Rand McNally Building, located across the alley in the rear of the Edison Building. It was promptly authorized and additional engines and dynamos were immediately installed in the auxiliary plant to take care of the increased load.

chased and about 7,000 additional lights were connected to the Edison Company from this source.

There has been, during recent years, a noticeable tendency toward the consolidation of small individual stations into large systems with extensive networks, and this has brought with it the wholesale "scrapping" of plants and apparatus and the installation of appliances of far higher efficiency and economy in order to meet the demand of the public for cheaper and better service.

The policy of consolidation and ab-

sorption adopted by the Chicago Edison Company resulted in the company securing practically the entire lighting industry in Chicago in 1897, when it organized the Commonwealth Electric Company. The Commonwealth franchise was for fifty years from June 28, 1897, and was said to be the best ever granted by the city of Chicago. The plan was to organize all the small companies surrounding the Chicago Edison Company territory under

ceipts were largely from an arc light service.

The consolidation of electric-lighting companies, while looked upon with considerable apprehension by the general public at that time, was really a stride in municipal advancement which but few failed to realize. Chicago had been liberal in granting franchises and permits to lighting companies, and as a result there had been built several systems of vario-



SOUTH WATER STREET, PRODUCE COMMISSION DISTRICT, CHICAGO

the Commonwealth ordinance. Eight companies were brought into the new concern, mostly all operated on the outskirts of the city. The Chicago Edison Company thus secured immunity from competition. The consolidation secured harmony in the operation of the electric-lighting interests of Chicago and was deservedly considered an important achievement in the electrical and financial world at that time. The gross revenue of the different companies at the time of consolidation amounted to between \$350,000 and \$400,000 per annum; but these re-

degrees of excellence and stability. To the engineers of the Chicago Edison Company, which had acquired a number of these properties, was then presented the problem of unifying the systems, but the changes had to be without materially sacrificing the value of the investment represented by the generating apparatus and lines of the existing stations. In addition to providing for the existing load every new addition to the system had to be designed for the future as the probable development had always to be considered.

A series of problems constantly con-

fronted the company's engineers. As the convenience and the desirable features of electric light and power were being more fully appreciated, and especially when the cost was reduced, electric motors began to be used more liberally. This meant a big increase in the load at the station as well as in the size of the district to be served; and how to meet the increase successfully and economically, though

ship. Undoubtedly the wonderful development of electric service in Chicago has been gained by the application of these two principles.

President Insull's theory is that the central station business has become a vast manufacturing industry, and that if the companies are to successfully serve the people, they must develop, to a large extent, the wholesale supply of current



STATE STREET ELECTRIC DECORATIONS DURING THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR CONCLAVE
IN AUGUST, 1910

simple today, was a problem of great importance at that time.

Perhaps few business enterprises require a higher order of intelligence than the successful management of a central station. Success depends, to a large extent, on two vital principles: reducing the cost of production to the lowest possible point, and disposing of the output in large quantities at low prices. The first principle requires the highest order of scientific engineering and the second involves a necessity for the best kind of salesman-

to large users, such as public-service corporations and the transportation companies and furnish same at a low cost.

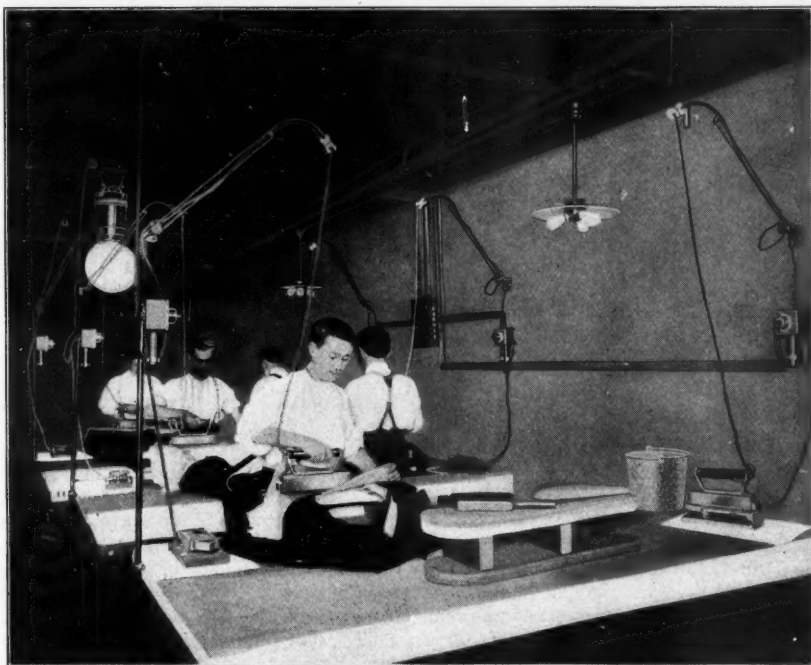
There are, probably, few lines of business that are benefitted more by reduced cost of production in consequence of increased output than the central station business. This is true today in consequence of the introduction of the steam turbines. While the principle of the steam turbines is not new the commercial application is of comparatively recent development. The limitation of the re-

ciprocating engines for central stations has been placed at 12,000 horse power, this being the largest ever built. Steam turbines have been built for twice this capacity and it has become possible to obtain a large increase in power output without any additional cost for fuel, the turbines utilizing steam which was formerly discharged into the air.

To the Commonwealth Edison Company

The installation of turbines of this size incites no unusual comment today.

The enormous development which has taken place in Chicago during recent years has no equal in the history of electric lighting. The month of April, 1910, was the most successful month in the history, so far as the number of individual orders are concerned. The total number of new contracts secured by the

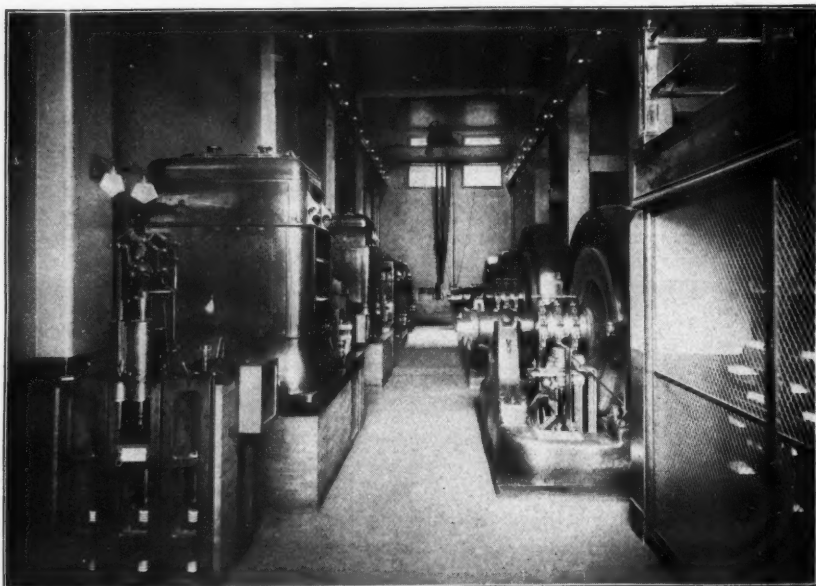


ELECTRIC PRESSING IRONS AT CLOTHING STORE ALTERATION DEPARTMENT
Showing automatic temperature control tests

credit must be given for its pioneer work in demonstrating that the steam turbines of large capacity can be successfully used in central station work. In 1903 the company installed the first 7,500 horse power steam turbine ever built. The construction of turbines of this size was, at that time, a matter that involved many unknown factors. It was, from a financial viewpoint, a courageous undertaking to step so far ahead of the industrial procession, but the fact that the company acted wisely has been fully demonstrated.

Commonwealth Edison Company during that month was 10,398, against 8,466 for the same month in 1909. The average was about 400 for each working day. Of these 107 a day were taken over the counter at the Adams Street office. The remainder were secured by agents. To handle this large volume of business it was necessary to maintain a large night force not only in the order department, but in several other departments.

No one, not even the most far-sighted electrical engineer, foresaw the great



VIEW IN MARKET STREET SUB-STATION, COMMONWEALTH EDISON COMPANY
Showing station transformers and rotary converters

development in electrical service which has taken place in Chicago during recent years. When the Fisk Street Station was under construction in 1903, the National Electric Light Association held its annual convention in Chicago. Most of the engineers in attendance visited the Fisk Street Station and it was the unanimous opinion that a station of 105,000 horse power capacity was sufficient to provide for a future growth of many years. No one predicted what actually took place, as in less than five years it became necessary to enlarge the station to 150,000 horse power capacity. Later this was increased to 180,000. So insufficient was the capacity of the Fisk Street Station in 1908, that the company was not only compelled to enlarge the plant, but to build the Quarry Street Station across the river with a capacity of 126,000 horse power, and this with the

Harrison Street and the Fifty-sixth Street Stations contain a total generating capacity of 330,000 horse power. Orders have been placed for units with a generating capacity of 60,000 horse power for the new Northwest Station now in process of construction. This new station, when completed, will be one of the finest in the country. It is designed for an ultimate capacity of 360,000 horse power.

The company's great storage battery service is not included in the foregoing figures.

It is practically certain that the company will be compelled to increase its local capacity by at least 60,000 horse power each year, in order to supply the increased demand and maintain its present excellent service. And it is not a rash prediction to state that the capacity in the year 1920 will exceed 1,000,000 horse power.

(To be continued)

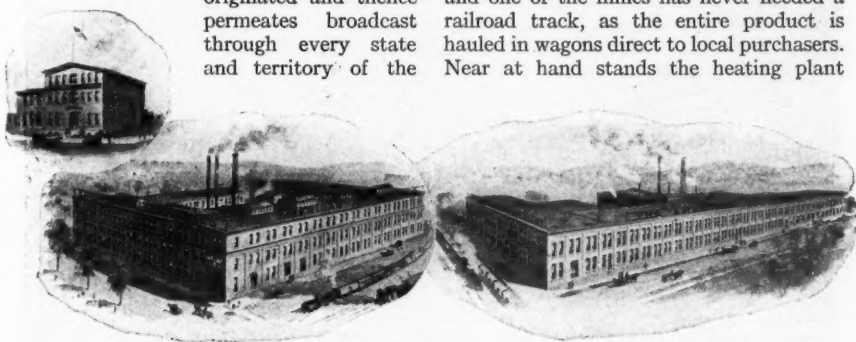
Coshocton, the Inland Art City

By MITCHELL MANNERING

ONE really ought to visit Coshocton, Ohio, incidentally to acquire the proper pronunciation of Co-shoc-ton—a most melodious Indian name when spoken without a stumble! The "Sign City" it is called, in hardly adequate expression of its prestige as one of the most famous inland art centers in the country. For here the finest commercial art-work is originated and thence permeates broadcast through every state and territory of the

rounding landscape, for the Inland Art City nestles at the junction of two beautiful rivers beside which historic old canals form narrow expanses of still waters, reflecting verdant banks and overhanging trees.

Adjoining Coshocton are mines from which coal sold at ninety cents and \$1.20 a ton is hauled direct to the consumer, and one of the mines has never needed a railroad track, as the entire product is hauled in wagons direct to local purchasers. Near at hand stands the heating plant



PLANT OF THE AMERICAN ART WORKS, AT COSHOCTON, OHIO

republic. Popular art was given birth in Coshocton and in the country, on every highway and byway, almost wherever the eye can rest within the boundaries of the republic, one can find a Coshocton creation in effective lettering and illustration.

Some years ago I promised President C. B. McCoy of the American Art Works of Coshocton to visit the town, as early as when he was editor of a newspaper established by the late Joseph Medill of the *Chicago Tribune*. The old office still exists, just as established by Mr. Medill when he set himself up as a real editor in order to win the hand of the daughter of a New Philadelphia editor, who insisted that his son-in-law should be more than a mere printer.

To appreciate Coshocton fully, one must first realize the beauty of the sur-

rounding landscape, for the Inland Art City nestles at the junction of two beautiful rivers beside which historic old canals form narrow expanses of still waters, reflecting verdant banks and overhanging trees.

The great industry for which Coshocton is now famous is its sign-making and advertising specialties, a business originally established in a country printing office. Its first specialty was an issue of burlap school-bags on which advertisements were printed and these bags at once attracted the public, and aroused a general interest in the possibilities of specialty advertising. The next important innovation was the development of the metal sign, which had its beginning in the little old-time insurance sign which the farmer proudly tacked over his door when his homestead had been insured. Then came reproductions of oil paintings, and later designs from original canvases; every kind of

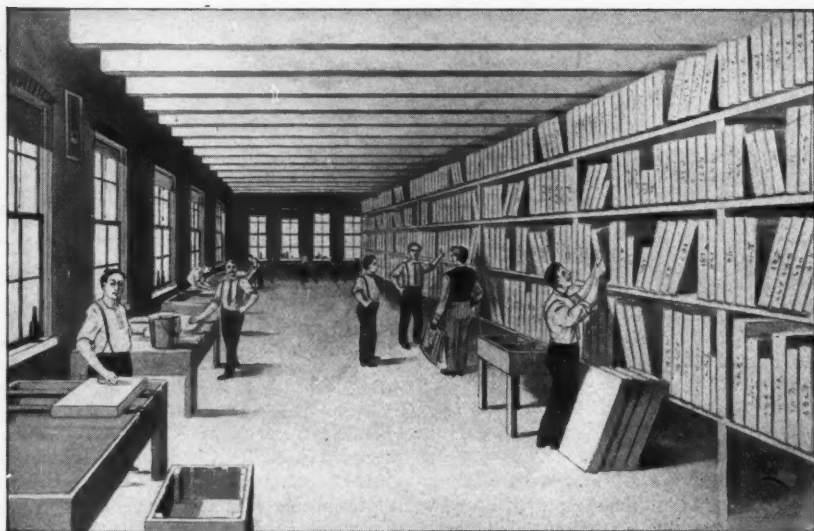
novelty that can possibly be conceived is now used, and the final triumph has been the metallic sign, which reproduces some of the most artistic and beautiful paintings in the world, many of which are originated by the artists and phrase-makers of the American Art Works at Coshockton.

At the offices of the Works, just across the way from the depot, the walls, easels and racks are covered with exquisite samples of the novel creations that have made Coshockton famous the world over.

The metallic sign department has de-

the rafters is displayed the complete canvas of Howard Chandler Christy's famous "Evangeline"—and a real masterpiece it is, with its wonderful portrayal of the winsome Acadian maiden, the restful charm of Grand Pre, its peaceful farmsteads, the broad Basin of Minas and distant Blomidon. Every designer seems inspired with the true spirit of artistic evolution, and an atmosphere of genius and appreciation of "art for art's sake" blends with the spirit of commercial enterprise.

At the Omaha meeting of the Associated



THE LITHOGRAPH STONE LIBRARY OF THE AMERICAN ART WORKS AT COSHOCTON

veloped wonderful proportions during the past few years, and has been one of the most revolutionary innovations introduced in the history of advertising. In the novelty department, a host of new ideas in buttons, souvenir trays, pocket-books and fans—in fact, every kind of novelty imaginable, even to the political campaign button containing sand—real sand—from Oyster Bay, forms a very museum of advertising specialties.

In the studio of the Art department on the second floor, a large force of artists is at work evolving original and dainty designs and ideas for the use of the largest advertisers in the country. Here among

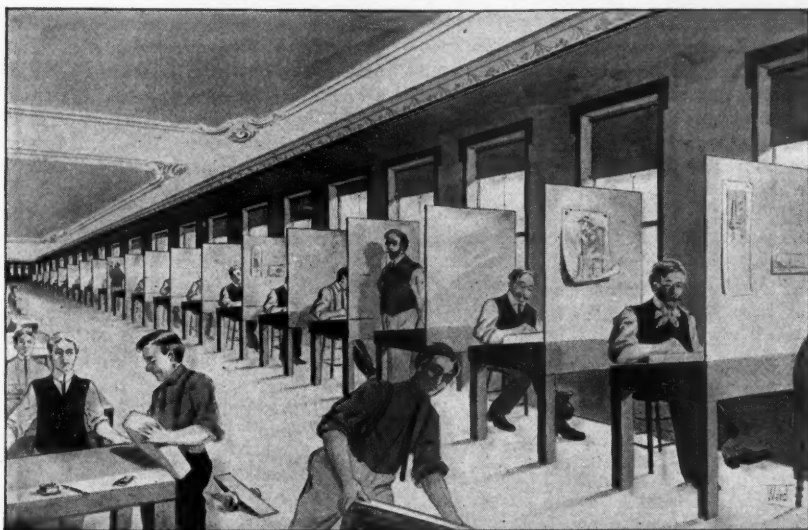
Advertising Clubs of America, I heard an address by Mr. Lewellyn E. Pratt of the American Art Works as he heralded with true fervor the fame of Coshockton, and later discussed "Specialty Advertising," the subject nearest to his heart, in a way that held the rapt attention of his audience. His theme was "Service," insisting that service was and must be the thought uppermost in specialty advertising as well as in other branches of publicity. "It isn't the purpose of the American Art Works to sell signs," he said, "but to project ideas and give service!" This service includes the suggestions of word-phrases and illustrations that crystallize

into trade expressions worth thousands of dollars to the advertiser through the accentuation of value to the articles advertised through taking trade names.

The processes by which these signs are made are intensely interesting. The designs are lithographed on steel, and the varied colors and delicate gradations of tint and effect suggest the unfading brilliant pigments of Rubens or Rembrandt. For in this little city gather artists from all over the world, enjoying life and art as if domiciled in the pic-

ture of the highest excellence in all the work to be accomplished.

Every department bears witness to the great field of publicity opened up by the exploitation of specialty advertising. Artistic metal signs are only one form of the popular branches of exploitation. The exquisite signs, plaques and novelties originally used chiefly by large brewers are now being utilized for souvenirs in all lines of textile and household commodities; for all manufacturers are realizing that the subtle concentration of popular thought creates a demand that



THE LITHOGRAPH ARTISTS' ROOM OF THE AMERICAN ART WORKS AT COSHOCTON

turesque art centers of Europe. The old court house in the square is already adorned with a novel decoration, representing the historic treaty negotiated with the Indians by General Bouquet on the site of Coshocton, over two centuries ago.

The most impressive feature of the American Art Works is the co-operation that exists between every department and every individual; all seem to be loyally working together for one purpose, and everyone appears eager to keep his work up to the highest standard—the slogan is to "Keep up the Quality." All over the building the chief thought in the minds of the workers seems to be the attainment

grows and gathers force as it is constantly kept before the user. Among hundreds of novelties of this kind are many well known to the patron of the cigar counter and the soda fountain—such as the dainty little Coca-Cola tray for the soda-font, with the lettered trade-mark graced by a reproduction of one of Hamilton King's best paintings.

A convention of the salesmen of the American Art Works is held each year, and the proceedings of these meetings are an inspiring demonstration of the force of modern advertising. The address of President McCoy at the last meeting of this kind contained many terse and

striking epigrams. He insisted that none of his people were employes, but rather co-workers; that everyone in the company shared alike its successes and reverses; and that the elimination of personal prejudices, likes and dislikes, was one of the basic causes of the success of the Works. The fundamental principle that whatever is reasonable is right was maintained, and the basis of the great achievements of the American Art Works was the universal acceptance of this principle of co-operation, working together, talking together, thinking together, succeeding together—in the fullest sense of the word. Few industrial establishments have come to my notice in which this spirit of working together and developing in not only mechanical but artistic endeavor, is so impressively manifest as at Coshocoton.

Every detail is given close attention all along the line, and there was not a worker in the building who did not seem to follow out the key given by one of the salesmen at the last convention, in nine magic words:

"Read, read, read,
Look, look, look,
Think, think, think."

If anyone has a suggestion to offer to another department it is carefully considered, and with the concentrated ideas of six or seven hundred employes of a vast variety of temperaments, both practical and artistic, the results can be imagined. It is said that if a man wakes up during the night at Coshocoton with a brand new advertising idea which he feels must be developed at once, the factory of the American Art Works is ready to be opened, even in the wee hours, recalling Emerson's manner of writing by a lighted candle through the night.

After a visit at the American Art Works, the future of art as related to commerce impresses itself vividly as it exists and creates at Coshocoton. If the development is as great in the next decade as in the past ten years it is plainly to be foreseen that through the greater distribution of artistic signs and advertising specialties the factories of America will be brought

closer to the consumer than ever before, and that their novelties entering into the everyday life of the people will exert a positive and effective medium of art culture. The factory and sales department of this institution work hand in hand, and are not teamwork and co-operation the keynote of the successful manufacturing and industrial interests of today? The successful salesman has the hearty co-operation of those in the shop, where every man is willing to sacrifice personal vanity to push toward achievement the greater ambitions of the institution of which he forms a part.

A modest little sign in the outer office of the Art Works announces "Every Salesman Will be Given a Hearing." There are no forbidding cage-like partitions, everything is open and everyone welcome, whether selling or buying. The cultivated habit of keeping the eyes and ears open, and watching out constantly for new ideas, represents a phase of American industrial life that makes progress as inevitable as the rising and setting of the sun.

Sometimes the men in the shop feel that they want to go out on the road awhile and try to sell their work and incidentally gain ideas, often the artistically inclined salesman feels that he has an idea he would like to work out himself in the factory to satisfy some exacting customer. Everyone is ready to assist in the evolution of an idea; and truly the most salable commodity that exists in the advertising realm today is the simple idea. In the hours spent at Coshocoton, I felt that I had come in close contact with the living springs that permeate the great world of business exploitation.

At a luncheon at the Country Club—a picturesque old farmstead amid towering elms on the hillside overlooking Coshocoton—I met the kindred souls that come from far and near to get ideas, and make plans for advertising styles and specialties in much the same way as the modiste goes to Paris to know what is winning favor in that never tangible but ever present realm of "Popular Favor."

A FLIGHT TO THE SOUTHLAND

By THE EDITOR

THE presidential party were on their way to visit Panama and the Canal Zone, and storied Charleston, South Carolina, and her hospitable and courtly people had prepared a fitting and generous celebration for President Taft's visit. The garden walls of mottled green, enriched by those softened tints which only ancient design and the lapse of time can give, the cobble-paved streets, and Doric and Corinthian architecture, carry one back to other years and give a subtle aura of stately ancients to the homes of ante-bellum days. The tiny lawns, mossy trees and shrubby hedges, clustering about homelike dwellings that carry a touch of the last century, made the early morning drive another impression from the entry into New York City with its "Kef," "Kef," in feverish staccato.

In historic Marion Park the school children were gathered, at nine o'clock, to greet the President, and under the stately memorial of John C. Calhoun, almost within sight of Fort Sumter, President Taft stood erect in a carriage and addressed the thousands of children who greeted him with waving flags and cheers in boyish treble and the soft Southern girlish alto. In the harbor, the "Tennessee" lay ready to weigh anchor for the cruise to Panama, and the steel gray hull of the massive ship, in the beautiful harbor of Charleston, presented a scene that should have been immortalized by the artist's pencil. Far out toward the entrance stood Fort Sumter, where the first sparks of the Civil War were struck from Northern flint by Southern steel, and every beach and inlet has an historical interest that can never fade away, so long as courage and skill in attack and devotion and endurance in defence are honored among men. The old market just down Meeting Street, with its massive walls, is still, as it has been for centuries past, the scene of many merry and quaint market-day gatherings. There is something about

Charleston that makes one want to linger awhile—even the railroad trains pay special homage, as it were, to the courtly city, by politely backing in and out of the station with a gracious bow on arriving and a shrill salute on leaving.

The presidential party started for the Yacht Club Wharf, and embarked in a launch for the naval war dog, leashed in the harbor. The President pulled his overcoat cover up as he started on his cruise; the executive salute of twenty-one guns was fired; the great anchor chains clanked, and off the "Tennessee" steamed for Colon.

The query "Why did President Taft sail from Charleston?" was given a variety of answers. "Because of the people here," said a Charlestonite with true native pride, but north of Charleston is the most dangerous point on the Coast and the turbulent waters of Cape Hatteras, of which the old sailor rhyme saith:

*"If Carinaeral you pass
You'll fetch up on Hatteras."*

as many a good ship and gallant crew have realized to their utter destruction. In sailing from Charleston rather than from New York or Norfolk, the terrors of the sea and the "Cape of Storms" were avoided.

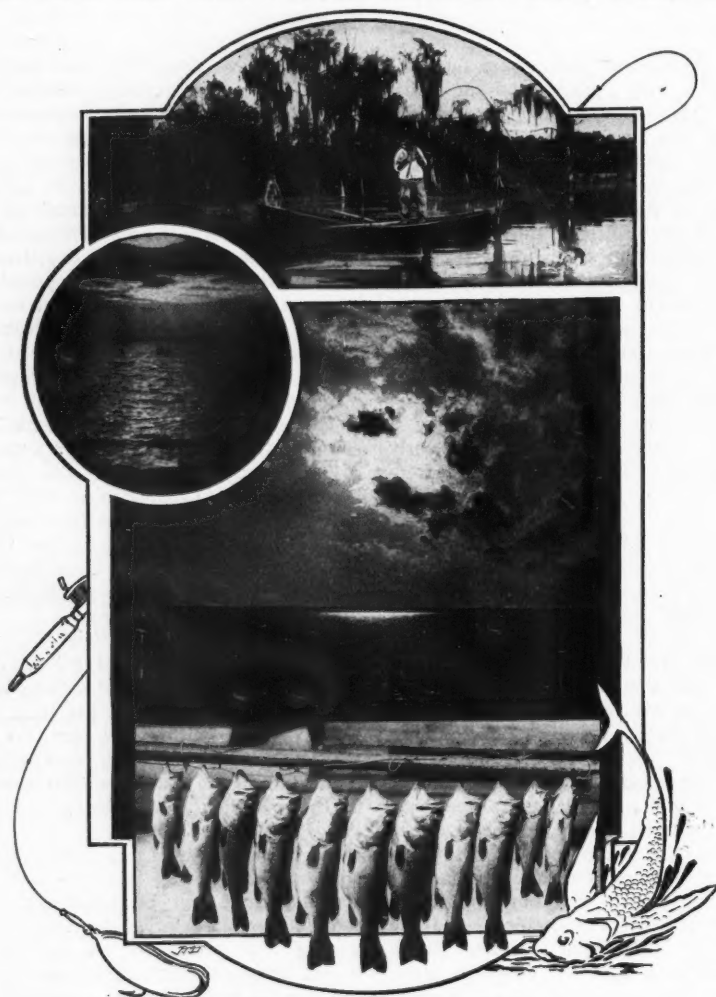
But Charleston boasts that she is nearer to Panama than New Orleans, and that the President's sailing from that port when he visits the canal clearly shows that one of the chief Southern ports for Panama trade will be Charleston. At some of the old wharves were steamships loading with cotton for Europe, and it is not unnatural that Charleston should feel a pride in her natural advantages as a seaport. When vessels ply from Atlantic to Pacific ports through the Panama Canal, Charleston expects to gather toll on her share of shipping.

After watching the "Tennessee" until far out to sea, there was just time to catch the train South, and run down to Way-

cross, Georgia, where a delightful few hours were spent with Senator G. W. Deen, whose energy and enterprise have done much to make this little town famous. In the Grand Hotel block, of which

other products are handsomely displayed.

Senator Deen is one of the pushing men of the South, and has done much toward developing his section of Georgia. Just now several thriving colonies of new



JUST HUNTING AND FISHING IN FLORIDA

any city might feel proud, Senator Deen maintains his offices, which are veritable expositions of the wonderful products of his section of Georgia which is being rapidly developed. Sea Island cotton, pecan nuts, sweet potatoes and many

settlers have found here all that could be desired, in the way of opportunities for making new homes and earning their own living direct from the soil. The Senator has been very successful in locating a number of Italian colonies, though they

may sometimes be called Genevan. A story is told of how he located one colony on some land in the morning, and before night every stump was afire, and the colonists getting ready for clearing and planting. Over a hundred thousand more acres of rich lands are shortly to be reclaimed from swamps. The prosperity of farmers around Waycross and the rugged health of the large families tells the whole story at a glance. The great problem of the South is to get the small

captured Pensacola from its Spanish garrison before the final transfer of Florida to the United States, it has maintained its lead and prestige, and the immense influx of Northern tourists and settlers during past years is reflected very effectively in the recent census returns. Jacksonville has certainly made a remarkable record, which is not to be wondered at when one visits the city and sees its handsome buildings and splendid shipping and industrial advantages.



A SCENE IN FLORIDA WHICH LOOKS GOOD TO THE NORTHERNER IN THE WINTER

farmer at work, says Senator Deen. And after seeing and realizing the advantages offered in the fertile lands of the South, one must perforce wonder that men will struggle against poverty and ill-health in the city when the greatest opportunities in cultivating the land lie before them.

Over the rolling acres the train sped to Savannah and on to Florida—direct into the gateway of Florida,—for Jacksonville is the metropolis of that state. There is something fascinating in the busy activities of this flourishing seaport. Named for General Andrew Jackson, who twice

A motor drive over to Riverside with Captain C. E. Garner, who used to sail on the St. John's River in his early youth, was a rare treat. The great trees, the beautiful sea-view, the fine home of the Country Club—small wonder that those who retire from active business life and flock southward to escape the rigors of a Northern winter, come to find ease and happiness on the banks of this beautiful river.

There is a complete course of architectural study in the varied and artistic residences and cottage homes of these dwellers in *Linda Florida*. From severe

Gothic and oriental Moorish to classic Queen Anne and stately Colonial—every style of architecture appears represented.

The vistas of the avenue of palms and the grand boulevard, bordered by two rows of palms, and in the center beautiful stretches of park, in which an almost tropical luxuriance of foliage is apparent, must be seen to be properly appreciated. But like all practical citizens, and as the head of the Jacksonville Board of Trade for many years, Captain Garner always points with special pride to the city waterworks and the electric plant. Ar-

tional Bank are photographs of the city after the great fire of 1901, contrasted with the Jacksonville of today. In that great fire, the real test of Jacksonville's citizenship was made. All creeds, all parties, all classes, united in the great work of rebuilding, and several prominent men virtually gave their health and lives in carrying out the task of reconstruction.

It was at Jacksonville, in the office of Mr. Griffing, that I tasted my first persimmon, and found it remarkably good, too. I puzzled Mr. Griffing when I asked, "Where is the pole?" for he had forgotten



ON THE BEACH DURING ONE OF THOSE FAMOUS AUTOMOBILE RACES IN FLORIDA

tesian wells afford an ample supply of water of excellent flavor, which flows from seven great wells into a large reservoir, and is there aerated and distributed. The oil for fuel used in the electric plant is brought direct from Texas, and is supplied at very low cost. Jacksonville has long been known as one of the best-lighted cities of the country, owing to the low price of electric lights furnished by the city. The electric light and waterworks plants, managed by a capable commission, have been a signal example of successful municipal ownership.

Captain Garner relates many incidents of the early days of Jacksonville, and on the walls of his office in the Florida Na-

the old saying, "The longest pole knocks down the most persimmons." Mr. Griffing is a well-known agricultural expert, to whose office many farmers come for counsel as to how to make the best use of their lands, and I readily found it, although even his home address was not given in the announcement in the Florida edition of the NATIONAL.

A large and handsome paved boulevard has recently been completed "from Jacksonville to the sea" by which the future proportions of the city can be estimated. The boulevard is bordered on either side by foliated semi-tropical luxuriance, and runs through the Oakwood villas, which are in charge of Mr. W. C. Warrington.



A VIEW OF A PORTION OF JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA, SHOWING THE TOWN HALL CLOCK TOWER

There are seaside resorts close at hand. Ocean-going steamships come up the river night and day, and a large amount of passenger and freight traffic from New York comes by water transportation at freight rates that make it possible to sell many goods from New York and New England for the same prices at which they are sold at home.

The fact has long been established that Jacksonville is to become one of the great cities of the South, and the suburbs are being developed to make it one of America's ideal home cities, while the climate is alluring and attractive when the wintry winds begin to sweep across the continent.

All around Jacksonville there has been a wonderful era of farm development. The Maxville farms, located not far away, have produced crops of Sea Island Cotton and many other diversified crops which have been pronounced unrivalled. Here this company have forty and eighty acre tracts in which they take great pride; getting just the right people to develop their lands to the best possible advantage. The Maxville settlers are enthusiastic over the results of their crops; as one of the colonists said: "Nothing anywhere equals Maxville. It's good enough for me."

Across the bridge are the great fertilizer works, and nearby stands the house in which Talleyrand lived when an exile from France. One can almost picture the noted Frenchman seated under his pecan tree, writing his famous treatise in which he declared that republics were but "moulded sand." Perhaps the fact that he lived so near to the stretch of Florida sand may have had something to do with the metaphor.

Jacksonville is the chief center of Floridian activity. The promotion of the new celery or grapefruit plantations; the drainage of the great Everglade district, a project which has been of interest for many years past; the opening of new colonies; the building of new railroads—all seem to center in Jacksonville for promotion.

The two-million-dollar contract for the draining of the Everglades is being rapidly pushed to completion, and there is great activity on the south shore of Lake Okeechobee. Three immense dredges starting from the East Coast, and three more

eating into the mud, saw-grass and hummocks from the southern bight of Lake Okeechobee, are reclaiming great areas of jet black soil, of illimitable depth, said to be capable of producing anything that can be cultivated in a sub-tropical climate.

At the Lake Okeechobee headquarters an hotel has been built and many small farmers have purchased homesteads. Mr. Malcolm McClellan, the president of the Florida Land Development Company of Jacksonville, who had just made an extended survey of the route of the great canal, told me that there was no section of the world which could offer the gardener and fruit-grower such possibilities as the reclaimed black soil of the hitherto despised Everglades. There is a very healthy "boom" on already, and a sub-division recently sold out by Mr. McClellan's company on the south shore of the lake will undoubtedly be all settled within the year.

In the Florida Homeseekers' Association are evidences of work that will mean much for the future of the state. Large colonies from foreign countries are locating on their lands and building up communities that will in the future reflect credit upon American citizenship. Through this association thousands of people are migrating to Florida and undertaking their work with the same aggressive determination with which the pioneers of the great West built up a galaxy of states years ago.

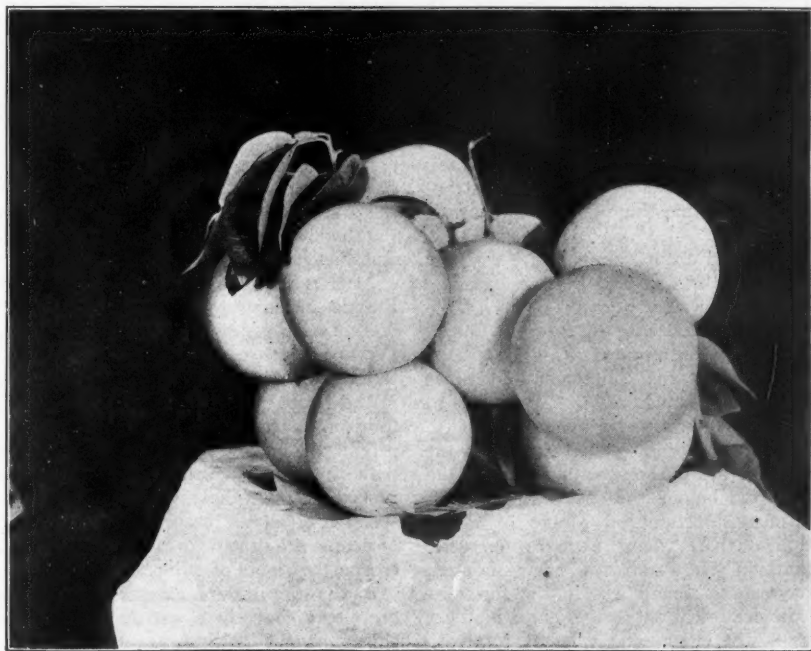
Under the arrangements made with such companies as the Florida Homeseekers' Association, many of the handicaps of the early colonists are obviated. Settlers are given every assistance to get a start—the only thing demanded by the company is desirable settlers—settlers who will till the soil and build up prosperous homes. The company is under the efficient management of Mr. Sidney B. Wood, a young man who is thoroughly in love with the great undertaking with which he is so prominently identified, making it a true homeseekers' enterprise in every sense of the word. "What we want above all things," declared Mr. Wood, "is homeseekers—real homeseekers. If they seek a home, we have it for them."

* * *

Along Lake Okeechobee and the Kissim-

mee River, for since the days of the great freeze, every point has been studied to find spots in Florida immune from frost, it has been found that in the southeast of this body of water, which is at least two miles wide, the oranges and other citrus groves escape the biting northwest winds, which are tempered in crossing a large body of shallow water. The northwest wind is to Florida what the east wind is to Boston, penetrating and devas-

always with the public welfare in mind. The great turpentine forests and large areas of prairie land have been slow in development, but the alluring climate makes one forget that the dollar profits are everything. The path is not entirely rose-strewn; there are serious obstacles to overcome in Florida as everywhere else, but the permanent home spirit of the new settlers of the last decade, a very significant feature, forecasts a brilliant future.



JUST A BIT OF FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT THAT MAKES A BREAKFAST RIGHT

tating. All through the state, the number of Northerners who wish to escape the east or cold west winds is increasing. Many successful and thriving colonies are being built up throughout the state. At the famous Prosper Colony, and in fact at many others all over the state, the people are finding how much can be accomplished by building up communities on practical, co-operative plans, rather than in the old ways which have always ended in ultimate dissolution. The rights of the individual are first considered, but

When you travel in certain sections of this great country, you have to go by triangular routes. The longest way 'round is the shortest way to get to Pensacola, and many travelers bound for Jacksonville go by way of Montgomery. Pensacola has a charm all its own. It's just large enough to be neighborly, and the good townfolk are altogether charming. When I travel through any of the states and am given a suitcase full of books and pamphlets telling about crops, mines, agriculture and buildings, I am impressed

by the aggressiveness of the projectors; but what appeals most to the wayfaring editor is the people themselves. I enjoyed every hour in Pensacola from the moment I was whisked to the doors of the San Carlos in a neighbor's auto, and found myself inside of a palatial but home-like hostelry such as even New York might be proud of. Mural paintings that illustrated the historic story of Pensacola were on the walls, and in the corridors and lobbies one met many people of Pensacola, for the hotel was built by subscription from nearly everybody in the city, and each individual seems to take a pardonable pride in it. The music was good; the dining-room a picture of merriment and good cheer—the shrimps excellent. There seemed to be an atmosphere of sociability and homeliness about the hotel; it was not only a stopping-place for strangers, but the meeting-place of the townspeople.

The band from the Navy Yard was playing its bravest and best in patriotic airs from the San Carlos balcony, while the honored and beloved Admiral Lucien Young was surrounded by gay groups begging for yarns concerning old times and far-off lands. The Mississippi-to Atlantic Waterways Convention was in progress. Speeches were being made at a furious rate in the assembly room of the hotel, and among the speakers was Congressman J. Hampton Moore of Philadelphia, than whom a more energetic champion of waterways never existed. Congressman Small was in the forefront of the oratorical battles; Senator Fletcher was in the chair—and when it comes to effective work in the Senate, few of the Southern Senators have been more successful in giving Florida what she deserves than the senior Senator from the Land of Enchantment. In the gathering were representatives from St. Cloud and St. Andrews, and other towns identified with large colonization projects. The Southern people realize the vital necessity of water transportation, and there was so much talk about water at the meeting that when the suggestion came from Admiral Young to adjourn the club—the motion was promptly carried—and more waterways were discussed.

Everywhere it was gratifying to hear the splendid encomiums of the Florida edition of the NATIONAL and to learn that it was a regular visitor in so many homes. On the trains and in the street-cars, one could understand from the way the November NATIONAL was prominent in the public eye that there was an energetic Floridian pride in the state. In the afternoon, after visiting the city associated with many pleasant memories, came a trip to Fort Barrancas, an historic fortress that goes back to Spanish days and had its rebaptism of fire in the Civil War. The old circular moat and moss-grown walls with the great garrison flag grandly fluttering down when the stars and stripes were lowered and the evening gun was fired at sunset, made a suggestive picture. With so many traditions of the storied past, is it to be wondered at that the inhabitants who have grown up in the shadow of the old fort should be gentle and hospitable in spirit?

After making an annual winter trip to Florida for many years, the allurements of the state fasten themselves upon one. Perhaps more people are personally interested in Florida than any other state in the Union, for every year thousands of tourists journey southward, and most people who once visit the state come away with the title of a small square of land tucked deep in the inside pocket. Irrespective of all its resources, the majority of people are drawn to Florida in order to escape the rigors of a Northern winter.

As the visit in the Land of Enchantment drew to a close there was an unconscious shiver as the "ticket for Boston" was called for, and the overcoat collar turned up.

* * *

As I dally with my morsel of grapefruit in the morning its flavor recalls memories of beautiful groves of the dark-leaved, white-blossomed trees whose gigantic spheres have become a daily visitant at so many breakfast tables in American homes. And with it come visions of white sea-beaches, vistas of palm and banana, thickets of odorous pineapples, bowers of clustering roses and, most of all, the happy faces and kindly hospitality of friends who do not have to waste half their strength in fighting zero weather.

THE MUSICAL SEASON : IN AMERICA :

by Arthur B. Wilson

"THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST"

THE engrossing musical topic of the hour has been provided by Mr. Puccini. The first production on any stage of his latest opera, "The Girl of the Golden West," at the Metropolitan Opera House on Saturday evening, December 10, has set this town of Gotham agog with arguings and disputation. There is talk of "American" and "national" music, of the ability of a foreign born composer to write, and of alien singers to interpret it, and of various other mighty questions relevant and irrelevant, from "Who shall deliver us from the curse of the ticket speculator?" to "Who shall write us a lyric drama, that, whatever its period, will catch the heart of our life, the mode of our speech and the spirit of the air we breathe?"

Whatever the merit or timeliness of the debatable themes suggested by the introduction of Mr. Puccini's much-anticipated work, this fact is indisputable. The occasion was one of true significance. For the first time in the history of America, a composer of distinction had chosen to make the first production of his work in this country rather than in Europe. It was a new thing under the sun that the next day Paris, Dresden, Berlin, Milan and Rome, cities where operas have been produced, should be reading the dispatches from New York of a first production of an opera for which the entire musical world had been waiting with eagerness. It was also a new thing that a European composer should have chosen for his theme a distinctly American drama, with locale, atmosphere and characters representative of a definite period in our

national development, and Mr. Belasco's play was essentially and emphatically such. This is not unmindful that Verdi, in his "Un Ballo in Maschera," after being restrained by official interference from having a king murdered, laid his plot in the colonial period in Boston, where the murder of a governor was of scant importance. Bellini, in his "I Puritani," also dealt in an unnatural way with an American story; neither was indicative of American life.

This first performance of Mr. Puccini's new opera was notable in itself. It was given on an extra night at redoubled prices. There had been an unprecedented demand for seats. On the Thursday preceding, as high as \$125 apiece, and by one account, \$150, was paid for orchestra chairs to the sidewalk traffickers who possess more acumen and less conscience. Be it said, furthermore, that by eight o'clock Saturday night, there were signs of more conscience and less acumen, for there were tickets to be had at half-price. Manager Brown of the opera house deserves commendation for his efforts to prevent this pernicious merchandizing. To a degree he was successful.

Director Giulio Gatti-Casazza had exercised great care in the preparations for this performance. There had been numerous rehearsals. The last of these had been under the direction of Mr. David Belasco, whose mastery of stagecraft was constantly apparent in the elaborate ensembles, and in the makeup and deportment of the principal singers.

The latter included four of the most able members of the company. Emmy



SCENE FROM "THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST"

Y. H. H.

Destinn, the Bohemian soprano, was chosen by Puccini to create the part of Minnie, "The Girl"; Mr. Caruso was Johnson, the thief, and Mr. Amato, Rance, the sheriff. Mr. Toscanini conducted.

The presence of the composer lent the occasion added distinction. The audience completely filled the theatre and was of marked brilliance. The musical life of the city was represented. Mmes. Nordica and Sembrich witnessed the performance from boxes. Scattered about in orchestra chairs were Mr. and Mrs. Homer, Antonio Scotti, Alfred Hertz, Josef Hofmann, Walter Damrosch, and Henry Russell, of the Boston Opera, who will produce the opera there later in the season. The most distinguished guest was doubtless Engelbert Humperdinck, who is here supervising the rehearsals of his "Kingschildren," which Mr. Gatti will produce the latter part of this month for the first time on any stage.

There were repeated curtain calls after the first, and particularly after the second act. There was hearty applause for the artists and Mr. Toscanini, but at the appearance of Mr. Puccini and Mr. Belasco, a mighty wave of enthusiasm swept the house. There was another demonstration when Mr. Puccini was presented by Mr. Gatti with a wreath of gold. The tumult which possessed the audience after the great climax of the second act was a memorable feature of the evening to those who witnessed it.

To inquire into the structure and character of the music it is necessary first to notice the libretto which Mr. Puccini's collaborators, Gualfo Civinini and Carlo Zangarini, have provided the composer and the character of its text.

The action of Mr. Belasco's thrilling melodrama of California and '49 will be recalled as being quick, sharp, short-breathed and incisive. The dialogue is of like nature. It was expressive, appropriate, not because of its elegance and sweep of phrase, but because of its inelegance, its bold and uncouth rigor. These rugged, brawny men and this girl, as brave and fearless as she was pure in heart and body, talked not of interior, of

hidden, mystic or psychic things, but of the simple, the exterior, the obvious and altogether human doings of life, and I shall allude to this later in its relation to the music. The dialogue of the play was not apt for musical setting, particularly for the long and flowing lines of sustained melody which abound in Italian verse, and are akin to the Italian temperament.

At the outset here was a text which was neither vocal nor lyric, for words which may be delivered effectively with the speaking voice in a play may appear undignified

and inconsequential when elevated to the more intense and exacting speech of lyric drama.

Confronted by this difficulty the librettists have done what they could to make a sympathetic Italian version of the story which should keep the local color as far as possible and at the same time be vocal. To find an absolute equivalent in the Italian for the vernacular of these Forty-Niners was a palpable impossibility.

The composer's task was more difficult. His fondness and skill for intoning long-breathed phrases for the singing



EMMY DESTINN

The Bohemian soprano who created the title role in the new American opera, "The Girl of the Golden West"

actors would often be of but slight avail. If he would keep the dramatic dialogue moving at its proper swiftness of pace, he must give the voices terse, concise and rapid recitative, by which they could narrate the progress of the story, and to the orchestra a flood of tone which should bear them up, at times supersede them, and at times break with them into emphasizing accent.

There is nothing new in this tendency to write less of melody, smooth-curved and luscious, or poignant and burning, for the voices and more for the orchestra. It was beginning to be his way in "Madam Butterfly" and in "Tosca," and yet both bear witness of the fecundity of his imagination in melody. Nor has he wholly suppressed it now. There were ways to arrest the action long enough to let each principal sing at least one song of romance and bel canto, the sheriff in the first act, Minnie in the second and Johnson in the third. The last is an inspired page of sustained and spontaneous song written in a manner worthy of Puccini, the suave and graceful melodist. There is an aria by Wallace, the negro minstrel in the first act, and, in the second, for Wowkle, Billy's squaw, a hymn to the Sungod, by Wowkle, Billy's squaw, which has no particular Indian characteristics or color.

Although the story of Mr. Belasco's drama may not be forgotten by those who witnessed the play, it may be well to note the skeleton of the plot with what changes have been introduced for the sake of operatic treatment.

Minnie has inherited from her father the tavern known as "The Polka." Here the miners gather to play cards, drink their whiskey, attend "school," kept by "The Girl," and, like feudal lords in their mountain fastnesses, to hold a court about her, as chivalrous in deference, as unimpeachable in honor, as any of the time of Charlemagne.

The principal event of the first act is the arrival of Johnson, whom Minnie remembers to have met one day on the road to Monteray. All that precedes or follows—the brawling, the arrival of the post with letters for the boys, and Rance's declaration of love—is but embellishment. Minnie inspires Johnson with

a sincere admiration for her, which is a new and strange emotion to him. When he has gone, she stands under the spell of his words.

The second act takes place in Minnie's cabin. Johnson arrives at her invitation. After introductory episodes, which include Wowkle's mildly Indian melody, and Minnie's telling of the out-of-door joys of her life, and of its loneliness, Johnson declares his love, if insistence upon a kiss be such, and there is a scene of passion and intensity.

Rance, the sheriff, who loves Minnie madly, and in vain, who saw her preference for Johnson in the tavern, and is sullen with jealousy, comes to the cabin believing that Johnson is the Ramerrez he desires, and that he is in hiding there. Minnie has secreted Johnson behind the curtains of her bed and diverts the sheriff's suspicion. He and his posse leave, but not until he has taunted her by revealing her lover's identity, and as proof, by producing a picture of him secured from his former mistress, who has betrayed him.

Minnie, flaming with anger and deep resentment, arraigns Johnson with his treachery, and commands him to leave her. He pleads for the extenuation of his guilt, but she is inexorable. He staggers out into the raging snowstorm and a shot is heard. There is a sound of a body falling against the door. Minnie opens it. As deeply consumed now by the power of her love as a moment before by that of her hatred, she drags in the wounded man, and compels him to climb to safety in the loft above.

Rance arrives this time determined he has located his game. Minnie again evades him and spurns his love. As the sheriff stands at the door with an eloquent gesture, there occurs the striking incident upon which turns the progress of the drama. Upon his outstretched hand he discovers a drop of blood, one of Mr. Belasco's exquisite but potent devices which cross the chasm of the footlights and grip an audience.

The wonder of it is that Mr. Puccini, master of stagecraft and of orchestral effect that he is, has not caught the theatric value of this subtle bit of play upon the stage, which at best is none too

obvious, and has not revealed and emphasized it by some sudden, incisive stroke in his orchestra. The sustained phrase in the horn against an unbroken series of accenting and accompanying chords cannot be said to characterize.

Minnie's wager with Rance for the game in which she "stacks" her cards, and wins release for Johnson and for herself, as far as Rance is concerned, are well-remembered, swift-moving events of the second act and the heart of the drama.

The third act of the opera instead of being set in the tavern takes place in a noble forest of great trees with a range of the Sierras in the distance. This scene in the Metropolitan production was of such beauty that upon the rising of the curtain its audience broke into applause.

Rance is obliged by his oath to refrain from the chase of Johnson, and must therefore content himself to remain near the footlights, keep the narrative going either by dialogue or soliloquy, and to smoke huge and fumiferous cigars. Meanwhile his henchmen, on foot and horseback, pursue the hounded man, who apparently has a way of roaming first upon one side of the stage, then on the other, thus necessitating the passing and repassing of the full hue and cry. It is the apotheosis of lurid melodrama, and as done at the Metropolitan was a masterpiece of ensemble, of illusion, and of the craft of the stage.

Johnson is at last brought into sight a captive, and the gang is about to lynch him when Minnie's cries are heard. She alights from a galloping horse, defies the captors, then wins them to grant her the life of her lover, and the two depart as she sings farewell to her California.

Such is the thread of the story. It is built upon a theme as old as history, the redemption of man through the overpowering, the triumphant love of woman, the one principle of the world that has

held him above the level of the beast, and given him the rank of a king.

Wagner glorified it in the triumph of Elizabeth's pure love over that of the sensuous Venus in "Tannhauser," and in the devotion even unto death of Senta in "The Flying Dutchman." It is a theme big with the realities, the passions, the heartbeat of human life. It is not confined to rude miners and a brave woman, true to herself in the grim, tense days of early California, when men "struggled, laughed, gambled, cursed, killed, loved, and worked out their strange destinies in a manner incredible to us of today." Elemental passion

has shaken the world in every clime, but this drama has a clear identity, an individual color, a definite nationality. It is permeated by the breezy, wholesome resonance and tang of glorious mountains, noble trees and fine pure air.

It deals with men and one woman who live outwardly and with exulting prowess in this essentially physical world. There is a touch of the soul in the lesson scene—safely enough transplanted from the third act of the drama to the first of the opera—when Minnie tries to teach these gruff,

big-hearted "boys" something of the story of redemption through love. If they comprehend, it is probably a version of the respect and the love they bear this girl. Again, Johnson's conversation, his more worldly wise ways and knowledge of life awaken deep within Minnie a dumb striving, a longing for something better than the tavern and its barter, which she begins to realize is sordid. And she never had but "thirty-two dollars worth of education." The exaltation and sweep of her love is the great spiritual element of the play, and this she reveals in bold superb strokes of heroic proclamation and accomplishment.

This is not a drama of intricate, subtle and interior process and analysis of soul.



MR. TOSCANINI

Who conducted the initial performance of "The Girl of the Golden West"

Its psychology lies near to, or wholly upon the surface. It is often as elemental as nature itself.

Such is the controlling, the communicating spirit of the play. What of Mr. Puccini's music? To first sum up generally its traits, there are to be noted several things. He has subscribed very heavily, indeed, in the whole tone scale which divides an octave, like all Gaul, into three equal parts, in which half steps and minor thirds shall be no more. He has become



*Courtesy of the
Victor Talking Machine Company*

very fond of acute and unpalliated discord. When Minnie puts on the tight party shoes before Johnson's arrival, she does so to the sound of a diatonic series of bald chords of parallel sevenths. The major seventh has no terrors for Mr. Puccini. He has secured a very striking effect at the close of the first act where he has mirrored the voices of aspiration and the wild longing with which Johnson inspires Minnie, by a vanishing chord of the unresolved major seventh upon the tonic of C major. There is a pungently acute passage in consecutive seconds in trumpets, clashing upon each other, as Minnie rushes in to save her lover, but in these and other instances, the music sounds. It spurs the emotion and bears it to the hearers. Mr. Puccini has also made use of constant variation of tempo and of rhythm. He has kept the pace of the drama.

He has used a sonorous and resourceful orchestra. The score calls for a piccolo, three flutes, three oboes, English horn,

three clarinets, bass clarinet, three bassoons, contra bassoon, four horns, three trumpets, four trombones, two harps, glockenspiel, celeste, bass drum, cymbals, tambourine, triangle, fonica (an arrangement of bells in B, E, and B, the two B's being on the first space above the bass, and the middle line of the treble clefs respectively), and the usual strings. The composer has mixed his tints of orchestral color with skill and with that peculiar note of personality which characterizes him. He has shown himself a cunning, resourceful master of dramatizing music.

Of the less technical traits, the observer of his score and the auditor at the performances notice at once the elaborate system of leading motifs which he has employed. There is a "redemption" theme proclaimed sonorously at the beginning of the short introduction. There is a theme announced by oboe soon after the first curtain, indicative of Minnie. A variant of it, acutely harmonized, returns at her appearance and is identified with her. It is repeated when she begs for her lover's life in the last act. Johnson has a succession of vigorous chords in "rag-time," whatever the aspersion intended upon his character may be. Rance has a brutal and insistent motif, and when entering Minnie's cabin there sounds a suggestion of the crunching, implacable chords of the Scarpia theme in "Tosca," a group of tones which seem essential to Puccini, for they are to be found in "La Boheme" and in "Madam Butterfly." There is a "homesick" theme sung by Wallace, the negro minstrel, and there is even a theme for Billy Jackrabbit, the Indian. These characterizing melodic and harmonic figures are dressed in varying designs and are worked over with skill and effectiveness.

The diminishing use of melody in the voices, and the substitution of dramatic narration of the story has been spoken of. The nearest approach to set aria may be found in the minstrel's song, in Minnie's account in rather florid style, in act two, of her joy of riding her pony through the valley and her love of the mountains, and in Johnson's superb romanza in the last act when death impends.

There is one frank and undisguised

"tune," which is already whistled about town as though it were floating funny verses and a catchy chorus at some musical show. One of the most obvious signs of the composer's clever use of derived themes is his development of this tune, with the quality of the dance hall upon it, into a series of lovely commentaries upon the love element of the story. If the patriotic American were to search through Mr. Puccini's score to find a hint, a suggestion, a chance earmark of his native land, or of the time and circumstance of the drama, this meagre and sentimental succession of notes as first heard before its metamorphoses is approximately the extent of his reward. Will he not find an echo of an Indian melody, a few shreds or patches of "Yankee Doodle" or "The Star Spangled Banner"? Verily, he will not. Of course Puccini has used the latter in "Madam Butterfly," but the last word has not been irrevocably said with it, if I am not mistaken in Frederick Converse's score of "The Sacrifice," another opera of California and the late 40's which Boston proposes to bring to light in February.

It is to be granted that Mr. Puccini has often written music for his orchestra which betokens and emphasizes the incident, which magnifies and proclaims the emotion and the mood. He has done the first in the tense and hammering heartbeats of the muttering double basses as Minnie plays her last and victorious hand before the sheriff bids her "Good-night" and leaves her, and he has done the second in the towering climax of overwhelming passion which follows.

But the fact remains that for the greater part of the three acts, the orchestra and the impressions which it creates are of one world, and the stage with its appeal to the eye of another. The drama is not a tale of sophistication, of interior nor mystical feeling. The music from the very outset is such. Just what the relation between the science of acoustics and the temperamental or suggestive properties of music may be as applied to the whole tone scale, that subtle and appalling mode of speech, containing the words of both unearthly beauty and terrible foreboding, is yet to be determined.

It is hard to conceive how anything could be more expressive of Maeterlinck's "Pelleas and Melisande" than Debussy's score with his use of it, but Maeterlinck had written of people who lived as in the hush of a dream apart, in solitudes peopled by strange and mysterious powers,



[Photo by Mishkin Studio]

MME. CARMEN MELIS

Soprano at the Boston Opera House, where her Tosca has excited admiration. Mme. Melis will sing the part of Minnie in the production of "The Girl of the Golden West" to be made by the Boston company this month

untroubled by a sheriff, whiskey, poker, the scramble for dollars even uncoined, and the prospect of lynchings.

It is an essentially human quality that Mr. Puccini's music too often lacks. It delineates feeling at times with great power, but not always as it would be known to men who are gruff, outspoken, square-from-the-shoulder, and yet tender.

He has written of a form of life, and of a type of people that are wholly strange

to him, and has no doubt tried to infuse local color into the writing. But the inevitable constraint is frequently apparent. A man's sympathies cannot be indigenous to every soil or clime. Italy is not what the West was in its sturdy and incorrigible infancy. "The Girl of the Golden West" has been called an American opera. It is nothing of the sort. It is indeed composed of a typically and representative American drama dressed up and served with much of the flavor of an Italian music melodrama, itself strongly seasoned with the acrid harmonies of the modern French school, but it is not consistently American in character.

There is a place for the whole tone scale and its haunting, elusive spell, but when by means of it, Minnie tells Joe, Harry, Happy and the rest of them that "there's no sinner who can't find the way of redemption," she is limiting salvation to sinners of fastidious and sophisticated tastes. This is but one of moments in which the music sounds strangely labored, aloof, complex and out of tune with the situation. There are too many pages which seem an irrelevant and incongruous accompaniment to sombreros, flannel shirts, cowhide boots and the rough and ready talk of miners. There are others transcending thought of nationalism or

"school," which make direct, untrammelled and forceful appeal to the emotions.

The success of this opera with the public is to be determined. Its presentation was admirable. Miss Destinn warranted the composer's choice of her to create the part. Mr. Caruso acted with surprising appreciation of the role and sang superbly. Mr. Amato gave a splendidly balanced performance in voice and impersonation. Mr. Toscanini conducted with the poetic spirit and the authority which characterizes him. The stage management throughout was commendable.

When the opera is produced in Boston, Mme. Carmen Melis will sing the role of "the Girl." In the production by the Chicago company, it will be taken by Miss Carolina White, a young singer from Boston.

Whatever the objection may be to the music as an exotic product, the probability is that if Mr. Caruso has opportunity to sob out enough high notes, in phrases arched as the rainbow, then it matters not whether the atmosphere or the suggestion of the music be that of Milan, Singapore or the distant isles of the sea. There will be a golden west in the box office, and in the theatre the noise of applause, as the sound of many waters. Therefore we shall soon be a musical people, and this is all as it should be.

SLEEP SWEET

Sleep sweet within this quiet room,
O thou, whoe'er thou art,
And let no mournful yesterdays
Disturb thy quiet heart.

Nor let tomorrow scare thy rest
With dreams of coming ill;
Thy Maker is thy changeless friend;
His love surrounds thee still.

Forget thyself, and all the world;
Put out each feverish light;
The stars are watching overhead;
Sleep sweet, good-night! good-night!

Ellen M. H. Gates, in "Heart Throbs."



PERHAPS it is the holiday season—when one naturally thinks of forests of Christmas trees and oceans of toys—that makes the children so prominent a factor during the Christmas and New Year's holidays. At other times they may be overlooked, but just now the youngsters represent the "prime factor" in every household.

The different lists this month give evidence of special effort to entertain the young people, not by means of nonsensical, farcical dialect pieces, but through selections truly educative. Possibly the various companies have been doing this good work right along, and parents may already have taken advantage of the opportunity afforded their young folk through this medium—it may be that the season and sentiment were necessary to bring the matter to my personal attention.

Be that as it may, "Little Orphant Annie" on the Victor, "Santa Claus' Workshop" on the Columbia, and the act from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" on the Edison list, show that the younger generation is now being duly considered even in the selection of musical records.

* * *

The special Christmas numbers on the holiday Victor list—Adams's "The Star of Bethlehem," and "Every Valley Shall be Exalted," and "Comfort Ye My People" from Handel's "Messiah"—will have a universal welcome. They are faultlessly recorded on twelve-inch Red Seal records, and sung by the well-known tenor, Evan Williams.

Kipling admirers will appreciate Wither-
spoon's rendition of "Rolling down to

Rio," also on the Red Seal list. Quite excellent on the flute is Pessard's "Andalouse," played by John Lemmone, who, it will be remembered, is accompanying Mme. Melba on her American tour.

Two operatic medleys are offered by the Victor Light Opera Company; gems from "Our Miss Gibbs" and from "Oli-vette." The "Alma" duet from "Alma, Where do you Live," still playing at Weber's on Broadway, is decidedly "late" and well sung by Miss Barbour and Mr. Anthony. Direct from stageland, also, are "I'm Fancy Free" from "Girl in the Train," and "Mary" from "Our Miss Gibbs."

Harry Lauder in "Wee Jean MacGregor" is as usual acceptable. The medley "River Shannon," with themes of "My Cousin Caruso," "Lily of the Prairie" and "Where the River Shannon Flows" makes an excellent two-step.

Children and grown-ups alike will be delighted with the recording of James Whitcomb Riley's "Little Orphant Annie"—also Holman Day's "Aunt Shaw's Pet Jug,"—on double-disc No. 13831, recited by that inimitable entertainer, Henry Allan Price. I cannot too strongly urge on both the Victor company and the parents in Victor homes, a continuation and an appreciation, respectively, of this sort of record.

For the youngster at school who dreads "Recitation Day" with its endless preparatory rehearsal at the hands of "Ma" or "Teacher" so that inflections and expression may be correct, a record such as this is of strong educational value. The "swing" of the selection will be learned

after putting the cylinder on two or three times, and the youthful speaker who has mounted the platform and poured forth his soul according to the manner of the talking-machine artist, will always be called upon on "Visiting Day," "Friday afternoon" or other momentous occasions when the "best speaker" is in demand.

* * *

"Santa Claus' Workshop" on the Columbia list ought to delight the little ones; it tells all about the room where the jolly patron of Christmas wields hammer and anvil to form the toys which he scatters throughout the land at Yuletide. It is placed on a double-disc record with "Christmas Bells," an excellent violin and harp duet.

Another good Christmas record is A918, double-disc, containing that impressive old Christmas carol, "The First Nowell," rendered by the Invincible Male Quartette, and "Medley of Christmas Carols," Columbia Brass Quartette. The latter organization is an acquisition to the Columbia ranks, and its novelty alone ensures for it a favorable reception.

Just now one can interest folks as at no other time in music solemn and sacred—the season seems to require it, or the spirit of Yuletide to create it. Here, then, are Anthony & Harrison, whose specialty is in this field, in "Some Sweet Day By-and-By," the well-known gospel hymn. "Adeste Fideles" has been excellently arranged on the opposite face, as sung by the Columbia Mixed Quartette.

There are a couple of very good holiday selections on the two and four-minute indestructible lists: "Around the Christmas Tree," band and children's voices; "Christmas Echoes," Band and Quartette.

The "hits" of Chas. K. Harris make a creditable showing when gathered together. Double-disc record No. A926 gives them in medley form, played by Prince's Orchestra. I note that only Mr. Harris's late songs are included; those old favorites, such as "Always in the Way," seem at last to have been successfully shelved.

The announcement that Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody" (No. 2, Parts I and II) has been recorded by Prince's Band will be appreciated by all students of that

great composer. His series of fifteen rhapsodies is one of the best in representative national music.

It seems good to have something from Raymond Hitchcock. "And the World Goes On" and "Ain't It Funny What a Difference Just a Few Hours Make?" are well suited to his style.

* * *

Every Edison owner should have at least one of the Christmas records on the December list. There are three excellent selections; "Bells of Christmas," Edison Concert Band and Chorus; "The Birthday of a King," James F. Harrison and Mixed Chorus; "The Angels' Song," Edison Concert Band and Chorus. Then there is that charming sacred song, "Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer," as sung by Miss Marie Narelle.

The good work being done by Len Spencer & Company has been mentioned before; this month, in the first act of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," he is wonderfully good. The complete cast of characters is represented—St. Clare, Aunt Ophelia, Eva, Uncle Tom and Topsy herself, besides banjos and other accompaniments which make things as realistic as possible.

Our old friend, "Uncle Josh," is back after going through the pangs of "roomatics," which he vividly describes. Cal Stewart is a true impersonator, and is very welcome again.

Among xylophone artists, Mr. Charles Daab has an enviable reputation. That very difficult fantasia, "The Mocking Bird," is rendered by him this month, and is quite pleasing on the xylophone.

Indian songs were quite the thing half a decade ago, but though the demand has for a year or two been somewhat on the wane, occasionally something really good comes up from the music publishers. The Edison people have recorded a little Indian love melody of Kerry Mills, "Valley Flower," sung by Frederic H. Potter and Chorus.

Selections from "The Wizard of the Nile," one of Victor Herbert's best operas, are offered on Amberol Record No. 569.

The Grand Opera list has been selected with especial care. There are selections by Slezak, Jorn, Giorgini, Mlle. Bori and Miss Kurz.

WHAT CO-OPERATION MEANS

By MITCHELL MANNERING

ONE MILLION persons receiving each month and sometimes twice a month a letter from a single concern is a startling revelation of modern business and industrial life. It is an indication of many things, chief among which is this: That the small investor is glad of the opportunity to participate in the profits of approved enterprises which are brought to his attention through the personally addressed letters of a substantial house.

A corporation that writes to a million persons at least once every month is the product of an age of concentration. Capitalists have for years cliqued together for greater profits to themselves and the exclusion of the man of little capital. But a great power has always been in the hands of the men of average capital. When the persons with small sums to invest *do* combine their capital, they have a fund able to set up in business to compete with any power, to take advantage of any money-making opportunity if a means for safely and intelligently selecting investments is at hand. Here enter the Sterling Debenture Corporation which though only in the fifth year of its life has risen to be the largest corporation of its kind in the world. It has become a tremendous power because it discerned one need of the American people in the matter of investments. The founder believed in the good common sense of the American people and they have returned his confidence.

But to bring the individual investor in touch with great financial and business enterprises and to give the man of small means the opportunity to participate according to his capital in such projects as have hitherto chiefly benefitted the millionaires of Wall Street was a task beset with many difficulties. It was a slow process for the promoters through the mails of legitimate and practical enterprises to overcome the natural re-

sentment and distrust engendered by the old school of capitalists. It took courage and money and patience and no end of hard work to raise up a business along lines that had for years been misused and abused, and to stand pat until the whole public should be able to discern the unmistakable signs of sincerity and fair dealing. This the Sterling Debenture Corporation of New York City has done—created a national investment place for all peoples, an institution so founded and managed that its securities are entirely out of the speculative field and cannot be reached by the machinery of Wall Street. Such an organization partakes of the spirit of democracy and is typical of republican America.

As a guest of the Board of Directors of the Sterling Debenture Corporation at a noonday luncheon in their offices in the Brunswick Building, Madison Square, a glance at my hosts solved the mystery of how so great an organization had so quickly grown from obscurity to the prominence of a corporation whose patrons are to be found not only in practically every city and village in the United States but whose clientele extends to Europe and even to China and the isles of the sea. These men who had set an ideal and pushed to the front in spite of the most strenuous and unsparing antagonism, are all in the prime of life, full of vigor and courage and the resolution that sticks. Possessed with individual traits and gifts of administration, they constantly make their energies still more effective by maintaining a perfect unanimity.

Before this directorate, including as it does men of exceptional qualifications for various divisions of the work, and possessing a diversified type of mentality and temperament, a proposition once up for discussion goes through a process quite out of the ordinary. The light is thrown upon it from every possible angle. Out

of a rich experience in varied fields, the members of the directorate are able, as a board, to gain many points of view. From their corps of helpers they, if need be, can draw an infinite number of sidelights. Yet all this power of penetration is not final. Before the Sterling consents to offer the stocks or bonds of any corporation to its correspondents it practically exhausts the field of investigation by running down the last detail; by calling to its aid and giving free lance to independent experts in various lines. If an undertaking passes the Sterling process of investigation and still stands strong as something worthy the confidence of investors, then the skill, the strength, the buoyant optimism of the whole organization is devoted to making it a success.

Many organizations have been carried to fruition by the Sterling Debenture Corporation, but its greatest work has been the introduction of the Telepost to the favorable consideration of the whole people. The Telepost is the new system of telegraphy which is making telegrams as common as postal cards. The Telepost sends by machine a thousand words a minute over a telegraph wire, which rate of speed is a long step in advance when it is recalled that the old method of sending telegrams relies upon hand operation with an average speed of only fifteen words a minute. The Telepost can send more messages over one wire under its system than can be sent by sixty-five wires under the old system which other companies are using. The lines already established demonstrate that the Telepost can handle messages at a lower rate than any other telegraph company in the world, making a charge of only ten cents for a ten-word "Telecard" transmitted by wire and delivered by postal card at destination; twenty-five cents for a twenty-five-word telegram, delivered by messenger; twenty-five cents for a fifty-word "Telepost" delivered by mail at destination; twenty-five cents for a one-hundred-word "Teletape" delivered by messenger. The Telepost has a uniform rate for all connected points such as the government has for its rates of postage. No wonder then that the Telepost met the monopolistic opposition

when it started out, and no wonder that public sentiment is with it, now that the people see their opportunity either as investors or simply as patrons of an improved system of telegraphy. All these facts are, however, well known to the hosts of people who are already interested in this great project, either as stockholders or as altruistic co-operators in the up-building of what has come to be regarded as a people's institution.

During the last year the Telepost has been extending its lines over the Middle West and has been most heartily welcomed. Public sentiment and the good reports that the cities using the Telepost service are enthusiastically sending on before it, are now effectually offsetting the opposition that was hurled at it from the beginning. Boston, Portland, Louisville, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Omaha, St. Louis and Chicago are already centers for Telepost business.

The Telepost has been founded on an unusual plan. Its stock is apportioned by states and so widely distributed that it will be impossible for any trust or monopoly to get control of it. The number of shares each person may hold is limited. But to make still more certain that the Telepost shall remain a free and independent institution giving one rate between all points and that rate so low that it makes telegrams available for all, a Board of Voting Trustees has been formed. The Board of Voting Trustees is a later-day modification of the Tribune of old. It is an institution of public-spirited men each of whom is armed with the veto power—the power to forbid any action tending toward the impairment of the independence of this telegraph company. The Telepost must perforce remain a free and independent concern without merger or alliance with the telegraph trust.

The great test of the merit of a new utility is its power to develop new business. The Telepost has the magic of developing new business. The railroad, the steamship, the telegraph, the telephone, the typewriter, the adding machine—all these utilities in their own way attracted new business. The Telepost in its own way developed a new class of

business, and it will gain more and more business as the system is extended. What it has already done and what it is doing have demonstrated that the business awaiting this company in every part of the United States is of a volume that can only be compared with the post office business.

Mr. H. Lee Sellers, the president of the Telepost Company, is a man of marked ability and his work in bringing the subject before Congress when an entrance into the District of Columbia was desired showed his strong administrative ability.

Recurring to the Sterling Debenture Corporation itself: the directors of many corporations meet occasionally. The directors of the Sterling Debenture Corporation hold a meeting every day. Theirs is a directorate that truly directs. Some directorates are constantly *in touch* with the affairs of the corporations, the Sterling's directorate is constantly *pushing* its affairs. No one could meet this board of directors without becoming infected with the enthusiasm which they give to the great projects they have carried to success. The whole organization blazes with initiative and optimism born of sincerity of purpose. But it is not a blind optimism. It is balanced with a knowledge of cause and effect.

F. W. Shumaker is the chairman of the board of directors that includes G. H. Middlebrook, C. B. Seabury, S. E. Findley, E. A. Barron, W. S. Edwards and H. H. Platt.

The tremendous amount of literature sent out by this corporation every day furnishes a study in business methods that might save many a business house large sums. An immense organization of this kind, run like a factory, cuts off expenses at every turn and sometimes in almost bewildering fashion. Expenses that in the ordinary office organization, however large that organization may be, cannot be forced below a certain figure are in this factory-like office pared down as efficiency is forced up. The Sterling Debenture Corporation, by dealing with millions through a system that is marvelously economical (where costs and profits are in every minute matter known to a certainty) *makes money by saving money*

that individuals or small firms working along similar lines could not avoid spending. As an illustration, the saving of ten seconds on the part of one typist addressing one letter means, when applied to all typists and all letters that are sent out in the course of a year, thousands of dollars.

The keynote of the literature of the Sterling Debenture Corporation is sincerity. There is no straining for effect, no eccentricities to attract attention. The old rule to "call a spade a spade," to begin at A, tell the facts to Z and then stop, prevails. The literature stands in a class of itself, and has been adopted in at least one college as an example and model of what sound and profitable advertising should be.

All men recognize the ring of sincerity whether the word drops from the lips or is printed on paper, and that is why men like to read the literature of the Sterling; and more and more are coming to prefer that investment opportunities be brought to their attention through the mails. By this method they can give as much or as little time as they choose to the subject. They can put the salesman who comes in an envelope into a pocket, and consider what he has to say as they travel, or in the quiet of the home after the rush of the day is over. The salesman who walks and talks may be a diplomat or a hypnotist, but the offer to sell that comes on paper is down "in black and white."

The salesman who walks and talks and is able to get an audience with many men and able to present his case with as much conciseness as is done in a booklet commands a salary that may reach and often does reach twenty thousand dollars a year, besides very heavy traveling expenses. The "salesman" who is dispatched in an envelope, goes to the farthestmost point of the country for two cents and no matter how many fruitless calls this commercial envoy may make, this form of solicitation is vastly more economical than would be the employment of personal representatives. An institution, able to do business through the mails with customers all over the world, has a long advantage over other institutions that are obliged to add to the selling costs large

salaries and the traveling expenses of many men.

The Sterling plan of business, conducting its dealings through *the mails*, gives the small investor his chance to participate in the profits of big undertakings. In the past the average man had no such chance. "To him that hath shall be given and to him that hath not shall be taken away, even that which he hath," seemed to many luckless investors to have special application to their attempts to place modest sums in positions of earning advantage.

Those who have watched closely during the past five years the gradual building up of this institution are forced to the conclusion that the Sterling Debenture Corporation's sound methods in financing must exercise a general and wholesome influence upon the entire financial world. The old idea that "corporations have no

souls," and cannot be held by the same standards of morals and ethics that obtain between men as individuals, is fast giving way to the truer conception that the same code applies with equal force, whether the relations are between man and man, or nation and nation or corporation and individual.

Success is always impressive, and when men and institutions in the past built up material success on the avowed theory that "business is business, and must not be hampered by a too finely ethical analysis," the tendency was to unsettle the convictions and lower the standards of the young man ambitious to make himself felt in the business world. Therefore, amid all this, to see the Sterling, from its foundation of old-fashioned direct dealing, rising up to national greatness is to witness a triumph worthy the thought and attention of all men.

FOR ALL THESE

I THANK Thee, Lord, that I am straight and strong,
With wit to work and hope to keep me brave;
That two score years, unfathomed, still belong
To the allotted life Thy bounty gave.

I thank Thee that the sight of sunlit lands
And dipping hills, the breath of evening grass—
That wet, dark rocks and flowers in my hands
Can give me daily gladness as I pass.

I thank Thee that I love the things of Earth—
Ripe fruits and laughter, lying down to sleep,
The shine of lighted towns, the graver worth
Of beating human hearts that laugh and weep.

I thank Thee that as yet I need not know,
Yet need not fear the mystery of end;
But more than all, and though all these should go—
Dear Lord, this on my knees—I thank Thee for my friend.

—Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, in the book "Heart Throbs."



IN the glow of the holiday season we can think of no one suggestion that would be more appreciated by our readers than to make an early preparation for the selection of gifts. For some years past it has been decided at this office that not one gift in all the wide range of gifts is more deeply and permanently appreciated than "Heart Throbs" or "Heart Songs."

Year after year as these books have been sent out, not only have the donors received words of appreciation, but the recipients have written the most appreciative letters to this office.

These facts will lay before you the intrinsic value of *Heart Throbs*, *Heart Songs*, *History Making*, *Eloquent Sons of the South*, *Romance of Arlington House*, *Little Helps for Home-Makers*, a remarkable set of gift books. Why not select for six of your friends, one each of these books? You will find a friend that will fit every book and a book that will fit every friend.

Then make yourself a Christmas present and get a complete set of our books for your library. You will certainly have a handsome set—bound in garnet and gold.

* * *

OUR women readers have responded right royally to our request for a word as to whether or not they find the NATIONAL interesting. Replies have poured in from all over the country—and a few from beyond the border—in which "between the lines" there is righteous indignation that any man should intimate that a magazine outside the field of fashion and

domestic problem, was not appreciated by woman-kind.

The following letter has been selected as typical; it voices the sincere regard of a woman who has read the NATIONAL for fourteen years—fourteen of the most important years of a lifetime. And if the NATIONAL has truly been the educational aid that Mrs. Norman generously declares it to be, we feel that, hand in hand with our loyal women readers, we can look forward to the day when no man will labor under the delusion that woman-kind is not interested and well-informed in national affairs.

Mr. Joe M. Chapple, Boston, Mass.: In March, 1897, I sent for three months' subscription to the NATIONAL. Living some distance from the news-stands, I had not then read your magazine. When my trial numbers were read, I found the NATIONAL in a class by itself, purely "national." My subscription was sent in, and with the exception of a few numbers, lost in transit, I have every volume. These have been read and re-read until I am as familiar with the volumes as I am with my histories and books.

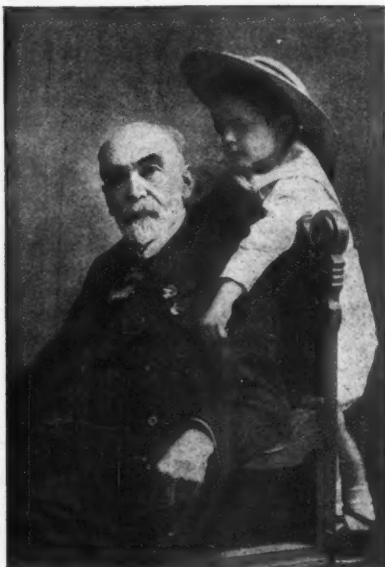
The history of our country is being recorded every year and nowhere else do we find it written in such a vivid, interesting and condensed style as our own editor gives us in the NATIONAL. I believe that anyone who had never seen inside a schoolroom could gain a liberal education from the NATIONALS in my library. Every school in America should have a NATIONAL in each room every month of the school year. It is full of loyalty and patriotism, and this should be fostered in the coming generation. Patriotism must be at a low ebb, when the NATIONAL fails to interest man, woman or child.

My youngest niece made her advent into our home about the same time the NATIONAL

LET'S TALK IT OVER

did, and she has read and enjoyed every number I have. We read from ten to twelve magazines a month, but none can take the place of our old standby, and to it, perhaps, I owe more allegiance than to any avenue of information, for we are brought into close relationship with our lawmakers, statesmen, men of affairs, condition of country, and the dear homemakers of our land.

Was it not our martyred McKinley who said the NATIONAL had a great future, and lived to see it grow into national importance? Through this medium, the NATIONAL, we came to know McKinley as he was—a man who brought about a more thorough understanding between the states than had ever



JOHN HICKS AND HIS LITTLE GRANDSON
John Hicks III, Oshkosh, Wisconsin

existed since our unfortunate war. He showed us what it was to be great, and good. Our confidence in the men who govern our country was strengthened. As long as our leaders say:

"Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom;

Lead Thou me on;

The night is dark, and I am far from home;

Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The distant scenes; one step enough for me."

we need have no fear of unfaithfulness on their part; and we will do our share, if we go by the NATIONAL—our editor will see to that.

Have I not said enough to convince any one, even a doubting advertiser, that one woman thinks the NATIONAL interesting? I believe our magazine has a great future,

and if it grows in the next fourteen years, as it has in the past, our editor needs no other monument to perpetuate his work in America.

I am sending this to you, Mr. Chapple, on my thirty-third birthday, so you see the NATIONAL has played no small part in my own education. My best wishes for the future of our NATIONAL.

(Signed) MATTIE YOUNG-NORMAN,
502 Elm Street, Henderson, Ky.

THERE is a charm in the tribute which Colonel John Hicks has paid to those pioneer settlers who in the last century poured into the great Northwest and wrought a powerful empire out of the wilderness, in his book "Something About Singlefoot."

His story deals with the adventures of one Singlefoot, an Oshkosh man who, in spite of being called a "dreamer," invested in the pine lands of the Northwest, which at that time were to be had for a song. In describing the way he made his fortune, the simple life of those days is vividly portrayed, and many of the quaint customs are recalled and described in detail. Every chapter has its thrill of interest and one can scarcely be tempted to lay down the book until it is finished.

Colonel Hicks was formerly Minister to Chile and Peru, and the book was written during the leisure moments of his residence abroad. As the editor and publisher of the *Oshkosh Northwestern*, the Colonel has long been prominent in Wisconsin affairs. He was awarded the degree of LL.D. at the Lawrence University, Appleton, Wisconsin, some ten years ago, but his late election to the membership of the select Authors' Club of London has given him an international prominence as a man of letters.

"Something About Singlefoot" is the second of the Colonel's books; the first, "The Man from Oshkosh," published in the United States and London, being a story of that sturdy and quaint character of the early days of Wisconsin, Senator Philetus Sawyer.

"CONFIDENCE or National Suicide"
—followed by a very big and black question mark—is the title of a book by Arthur E. Stilwell, recently issued by the

**A
Nation
of "Rapid
Fire"
Eaters**

The people of the United States are known all over the world as a Nation of dyspeptics. We don't take time to eat properly or to *eat proper food*. Everyone would live longer—be healthier, feel better, do better work, and do it with greater ease if more time were taken in eating and more **UNEEDA BISCUIT** eaten.

UNEEDA BISCUIT are the most nutritious of all foods made from flour. **UNEEDA BISCUIT** are always fresh, clean, crisp and good. **UNEEDA BISCUIT** are muscle makers and brain builders. In short, the National Soda Crackers are

**Uneeda
Biscuit**

*Never Sold
in Bulk*



5¢

*In the moisture-proof
package*

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

LET'S TALK IT OVER

Bankers' Publishing Company of New York City. As the argumentative message of one of the greatest railroad builders in the world upon a subject with which he is certainly familiar, Mr. Stilwell's argument for "Fair Play" has already become a rallying call to meet the onslaught of those who have been retarding the industrial progress of the country.

This kind of a book is something of a relief. For years the calamity howler has been shouting dire things in the ears of the great mass of people who, while realizing that the gossip originated with dissatisfied office-seekers, had no personal knowledge to effectually combat the cleverly arranged charges. Mr. Stilwell, with his vast first-hand experience, has put in a convenient and interesting way the conclusive argument of which the sober-minded conservative has long felt the need.

The book is judiciously divided into "Conditions," "Errors" and "Remedies." Under the former Mr. Stilwell registers a protest—no milk and water criticism, but a real red-blooded, square-jawed protest—against the conditions, including lack of confidence, into which the country has been drifting, followed up by an exposure of some of the things that have brought these conditions about. In his "Remedies" he has done something of which few authors are capable by applying all his understanding and information gained in years of successful work as a railroad builder, to point the way to a sane and equitable solution of the many problems, with that unanswerable argument which appeals so strongly to the American citizen, "Let us be fair." In the closing chapter of his very interesting work, Mr. Stilwell says:

"Let me illustrate what a period of injustice we are experiencing.

"A manufacturer of lumber, of a western town, was calling in New York on some old friends of his boyhood days. He had gone West years before, bought a timber tract, and when a railroad came near, began the manufacture of lumber.

"The present price of lumber, we all know, is about three times that of 1892—the time of cheap corn. The manufacturer, boasting of his wonderful prosperity, said: 'Year before last, I netted four hundred thousand dollars; I did not know what to do with the

money, so I turned the business over to my son and partner, and went to Europe. I thought that without myself at the concern's head, not much could be made the next year. To my surprise, it was five hundred and twenty thousand dollars net. I tell you, it's fine to have money roll in that way; for ten years before, the best I could do was to make a living. By the way, old man, as you are in the railroad business, I just want to say that our Governor is a 'cracker-jack'; he is going for the railroads hard, and just forcing them to reduce rates! I lunched with him the other day, and on leaving, said, slapping him on the back: 'Go for them, Governor, hit 'em hard; you're a brick!'"

"Now, this story is not overdrawn.

"Consider the unreasonableness of that man recounting the great prosperity he was enjoying; yet the railroad—an instrument made with other people's money, and which enabled him to become a rich man—must be sacrificed. He is unwilling that stockholders of this railroad, his ladder to success, shall share in the general prosperity.

"That a man should so reason makes one think higher of his dog's instinct!

"Let's be fair! Let us be American! From now on, let us fight for abundant prosperity for the railroads, just so long as we desire prosperity in our individual affairs and for the nation!"

* * *

IN the march of American Industrial progress nothing has attracted more attention during the recent years than the startling development of the Portland Cement industry. During the years 1880 to 1909 inclusive, there were produced in the United States 345,630,000 barrels of Portland Cement. In 1880 the total production was 82,000 barrels. In 1909 almost 60,000,000 barrels were manufactured.

The history of Portland Cement dates back to 1824 when William Aspdin, a brickmaker and builder of Yorkshire, England, dried and burned at a high degree of heat some of the mixture near his works. When reduced to a powder and mixed with water and sand, the mass became hard and resembled stone, which had been taken for centuries and which is still being taken from the old English quarries on the island of Portland. Hence the name Portland Cement.

The manufacture of Portland Cement did not begin in this country until 1872 when a plant was built at Saylors, Pennsylvania. An industrial infant was born in the little town that has since grown to

Victor-Victrola

Three new styles



Victor-Victrola XI, \$100
Mahogany or oak

Victor-Victrola X, \$75
Mahogany or oak



Victor-Victrola XIV, \$150
Mahogany or oak with racks for records



The first and only instrument of its kind

No other musical instrument possesses the clear, beautiful, mellow tone-quality of the Victor-Victrola.

When the Victor-Victrola was introduced four years ago, it created a sensation in the musical world and set a new standard for tone quality.

And that tone quality is still supreme today.

Look for the
Victor dog
on the lid of
every Victor-Victrola



To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records.
New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

Tires 10% Oversize

Adding 25% to the Mileage

Here are two of the reasons why Goodyear tire sales just trebled last year—jumped to \$8,500,000.



The picture shows how Goodyear tires compare with other tires of equal rated size.

Goodyear tires—while they fit the rim—will average 10 per cent larger than rated size.

That means 10 per cent more tire with no extra cost. It means 10 per cent more carrying capacity. It means, on the average, full 25 per cent additional mileage from tires.

Goodyear tires, with this 10 per cent oversize, cost just the same as other tires without it.

Why We Give It

Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires, as told on the next page, don't need to be hooked to the rim.

Because of this woven-wire feature which we control we don't need to worry about tires coming off. So we can make the tires oversize without any danger.

GOODYEAR
No-Rim-Cut Tires

We give this extra size without extra cost, to protect our reputation. For the usual conditions are these:

Motor car makers, in deciding on tire size, figure on expected load. That means the weight of the car as they sell it, and the weight of the passengers at 150 pounds each.

They adapt the tire size to this load, but they rarely leave any margin. For tires are costly, and motor car prices are now figured pretty close.

You add a top, perhaps—a glass front, gas lamps, gas tank, an extra tire and other heavy things. And passengers sometimes weigh more than 150 pounds each.

Nine times in ten the expected weight is exceeded, often by hundreds of pounds. That is fatal to tires. When you overload tires the result is a blow-out. And it often occurs while the tires are new. Then one naturally blames the tire.

Fully one-fourth of all tire expense is due to using skimpy tires.

To Save the Tire

To take care of these extras—to prevent overloading—we add 10 per cent to the rated size without any additional cost. We get the cost back in increased reputation.

With the average car that extra size adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage. You get all that advantage, when you specify Goodyears, at the cost of other standard tires. Don't you think it worth accepting?

The Goodyear Tire

Sixth Street,
We make all kinds

Branches and Agencies in

(104) Canadian Factory: Bowmanville, Ontario

Rim-Cutting Avoided

Saving This Ruin of Tires

Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires, until lately, cost 20% more than other standard tires. Now they cost but an equal price.

When you specify Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires you insure yourself against rim-cutting. And rim-cutting ruins more tires than any other single cause. This is how we avoid it.



The 63 Braided Wires

The picture shows a Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire fitted in a standard universal rim. This is the rim adopted by all the big rim makers for quick-detachable tires. The same principle is used in demountable rims. But Goodyear tires are made to fit any rim.

Note that the rim flanges—which are removable—are set to curve outward with Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires. The tire when deflated comes against the rounded edge, and rim-cutting is made impossible. We have sold half a million No-Rim-Cut tires. We have run them flat in a hundred tests—as far as 20 miles. Yet there has never been an instance of rim-cutting.



This picture shows how other tires—clincher tires—fit this same universal rim. Here the rim

& Rubber Co.

Akron, Ohio

of Rubber Tires

all the principal cities

Main Canadian Office: Toronto, Ontario

flanges are reversed to hook inward—to grasp hold of the hooked-base tire. That is how the tire is held on.

Note how the tire when deflated comes against that sharp hook in the rim. That is what causes rim-cutting. It often ruins a tire in a moment.

How We Avoid Hooks

Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires have no hooks on the base. They don't need to be hooked to the rim.

The reason lies in 63 braided wires vulcanized into the tire base. That makes the base unstretchable. The tire cannot slip off under any condition until you remove the flange. No stay-bolts are needed with these tires.

As the tire is inflated these braided wires contract. It is then held to the rim by a pressure of 134 pounds to the inch. The tire cannot possibly creep.

That is why hooks are unnecessary.

Other tire makers—to meet our competition—employ other devices to get an unstretchable base. But each has been found defective. These braided wires, which contract under air pressure, are essential to safety in a hookless tire. And we control this feature.

Because of multiplied production these tires are now sold at the price of common tires. You can get them anywhere by simply insisting on Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

GOOD YEAR
No-Rim-Cut Tires

LET'S TALK IT OVER

a vast commercial giant. The limit to this growth no mind can grasp and concerning which no one cares to make an estimate for even the next five years. It will reach a magnitude in a few years that is now inconceivable, and it is not a rash prediction to state that it may rival and even surpass the iron and steel industry during the first quarter of the present century.

There has been a mighty stride in advancement since the manufacture of cement began, and improvements in methods during the past five years show a much greater degree of efficiency in the cement manufacturing machinery and also in the methods. The new mill of today will produce high grade Portland Cement with greater accuracy than the older mills which are using, perforce of circumstances, the older and less efficient machinery.

The successful manufacture and sale of Portland Cement depend largely upon the quality and abundance of the raw material, the available shipping facilities and the proximity to a dependable market. Recently there have been discovered near Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, large deposits of limestone and untold quantities of rich clay, all of unexcelled quality for the manufacture of cement, and the Great Lakes Portland Cement Company has been organized to develop the field.

Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, is a thrifty city at the upper end of the Great Lakes and has shipping facilities that command a distinctive position in the business world. Manufacturers can ship their product by water to Chicago, Duluth, Cleveland, and other lake points on the Great Lakes at a cost of less than half of what it would cost to ship by rail.

This new cement manufacturing company at Sault Ste. Marie will have an advantage over the average cement works from the fact that fuel may be obtained much cheaper than by most plants of this kind. The Great Lakes Portland Cement Company will certainly have an advantage of no mean value.

The company will also have the advantage of cheap power obtained from the Michigan and Superior Power Company. This company has facilities for generating eighty thousand horse power

and they are inviting manufacturers to locate in the vicinity of Sault Ste. Marie. The Great Lakes Portland Cement Company is under contract with the Power Company to furnish power, at a price equivalent to fifty cents a ton for coal delivered.

Sault Ste. Marie is one of the greatest waterways of the world, with vessels hungry for cargoes, and by this route cement can be delivered to dealers at a very low cost—a consideration that makes the location for a plant of this kind full of advantages.

This new concern is composed largely of prominent Chicago, St. Louis and Sault Ste. Marie business men with J. L. Schillaire president. The company's headquarters are at Chicago.

As the demand for Portland Cement is growing so rapidly and the possibility is that cement will shortly be king in the building line, every new field that is opened up and every new company organized becomes of distinct benefit either directly or indirectly to the general public, as it tends to keep prices for building within proper bounds.

* * *

THE Guest of Honor" is the title of the new serial to begin in the February NATIONAL. Its author is one of the best-known men in America—a man whose following reaches from coast to coast; a truly national character.

We have avoided calling him one of America's best-known writers, for his fame has been chiefly in another field. Furthermore, we like best to call him a man, for William Hodge is first, last and always a man, and "The Guest of Honor" is a story by a man—a sweet, wholesome, quaintly humorous, virile story that a man would read and enjoy. It's the sort of story that father would read aloud as mother and the boys and girls gathered about the fireplace. It's a home story for everyone—a great, gripping tale of life.

Perhaps no one is better able to know "what the public likes" than the actor. His calling demands a close study of human nature and what will appeal to it. The playwright may evolve the most realistic drama, but its value lies in its interpreta-

Your Daughter's Christmas



WHY not make it memorable by providing a Christmas present for her which will last her as long as she lives—something that will come around every Christmas time even though you may not be here to have the pleasure of personally giving it to her? It will be your loving forethought which will provide the gift on Christmas days yet to come and you will have the satisfaction of knowing now that this will be one Christmas present that she will always be sure to receive. If, unfortunately, there should come for her Christmas celebrations without cheer—when everything may have gone wrong—when even bread and butter and roof may be in the balance—this Christmas gift of yours will step in and take the place of your parental care and affection—and see to it that she has the wherewithal to provide the three daily meals—and the roof—and the clothing—for her and hers. Rather attractive sort of present to give, isn't it? Better than some gift which brings only temporary pleasure and which has no permanent or enduring value. ✂ This Christmas gift that we are talking about—the Life Income Policy of the Equitable Society—which provides a definite, fixed, yearly sum for that dear daughter—giving her the policy on this Christmas day, and, if you so elect, the income when it becomes due, can be made payable on every Christmas day thereafter so long as she lives—and to nobody else—Something that a husband of hers cannot squander or misinvest—something that puts her beyond reach of the scheming adventurer—something that makes absolutely certain the necessities of life if all her pleasures and comforts should go by the board—None too early to apply for it promptly when you see this, if you want to have the pleasure of giving it to her this Christmas. ✂ This sort of Policy would be the best Christmas present you could give your wife, too—if you have not already made some adequate provision which will insure her absolutely an annual income for the rest of her life.

"Strongest in the World"

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
OF THE UNITED STATES—Paul Morton, President—120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

THE EQUITABLE SOCIETY,
120 Broadway, New York

Without committing myself to any action, I would like to know what it would cost to provide an annual life income

of \$..... payable at my death to a person now..... years of age.

Name.....

Address..... Age.....

LET'S TALK IT OVER

tion at the hands of the actor. And the success of the actor, in turn, depends largely on his powers of impersonating human nature under different conditions. But the reader has heard all this before.

"The Guest of Honor" is not a morbid character study. It's just a true-to-life story of events that a normal American tells about, not marred by overdrawn characters or sensationalism. We want you to know Weatherbee—John Weatherbee, struggling author, poet—the hero. He's your kind of a man. We want you to get acquainted with little Jack, his adopted son—with Warner, his staunch friend—with mercenary Mrs. Murray and her amusing lover, Mr. Wartle, the landlord. And then—Rosamond.

If you saw "The Man from Home" you can imagine the sort of novel Will Hodge would write. If not, we promise you in "The Guest of Honor" wholesome and interesting reading. We feel that its publication is an achievement in the history of the NATIONAL.

* * *

Speaking of the new serial, we want to add just a word about the NATIONAL's fiction. A while ago we received a letter from an old subscriber, saying: "I like your magazine, but I wish it had more stories."

The editor glanced through recent issues and said, "We have been running a bit short on fiction. Let's have more." And so this month we have added several good and interesting stories to the usual number.

Next month, in the February NATIONAL, we are planning on a regular jubilee of half a dozen delightful short stories that you will want to watch out for. First of all, there is "Teddy's Trip to Mars," by Dr. Russell Kelso Carter, who, you remember, wrote "Just Back from Mars," in the August and September NATIONAL. The Doctor is one of the most popular humorous writers in the country, and his recital of his flight through millions of miles of space accompanied by our indomitable ex-President, will keep you in shrieks from its very absurdity, although Dr. Carter has a way of making his statements seem entirely plausible. In fact, we were almost on the point of enquiring

of the *Oulook* office if Mr. Roosevelt had been away for eight days—but that's the story.

"The Kiss and the Queue" was especially selected for Valentine month, although it's a Spanish story. A vain Spanish matador missed his performance at the great royal bull fight because of—"The Kiss and the Queue." The author is Isabel Anderson, who wrote "Gustave's Gardenia" for the NATIONAL some months ago. How Goldstein solved the difficulty of evading a forfeiture of eight hundred dollars and got himself a wife and life partner in business is the subject of "Goldstein's Matrimonial Window." It will keep you smiling.

If you like thrilling fiction, "A Guess for Life" will be your kind of story, as the title would indicate. But "The Public Career of 'Lige Taylor'" is rather a deceptive title. That is, it has humor, but is tinged with sadness. And there's a bit of a moral between the lines that you'll catch in the passing, if you like moralizing.

* * *

ON a recent trip, it was my good fortune to fall in with a friend who is universally admired. Now most of us have a few admirers, perhaps, though modesty compels us to forbear so designating them—social or business associates who "love the things that we love." But here was a man whose circle of admirers ranged from the scientific recluse to the under-clerk in the department store. I admired him myself. He understood me; he knew what I liked; he was interested in what I did. He was my friend.

But how could *everyone* like him? Why should men who dipped into psychic research and analytical chemistry seek him out? What was the secret of his magnetism? Even perennial good nature won't bring the world to one's feet.

Acquaintances began to happen along. I watched him greet them. The hearty handshake, the deference, the cordiality, immediately made each individual feel that *his* welfare, *his* interests, *his* tastes, were all important to my companion. With each a different subject was discussed, or listened to, and to all he lent



"Night Letters" for Travelers

The family always wants to know that you "arrived safely," what sort of trip you had, how you found things at your destination.

Send them a Night Letter any time before midnight and they will receive it next morning.

The Night Letter prevents anxiety on the part of those who are left at home and enables you to telegraph a real message with something of yourself in it.

The terseness of the ordinary telegram is not required. Fifty words may be sent as a Night Letter at the same rate as a ten-word day message.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY

"Prompt, Efficient, Popular Service."

LET'S TALK IT OVER

a whole-souled sincerity. He remembered that Brown's wife had a sprained ankle when they had last met; that Green's son and heir was just starting to school; that a recent case Black pleaded was attracting widespread attention.

He wasn't effusive, either, although his conversation with one or two was besprinkled with a bit of innocent flattery. I saw and marvelled. Incidentally, I decided that he was a wonderful man. Tact? Diplomacy? Perhaps. And it may be that his deference to the tastes of other people was a form of the Arthur Brisbane editorial, in which I am only here for the purpose of telling what *you* are thinking of. They tell of a mayor of a certain eastern city who has won his way into the heart of many a political enemy by his practice of the same gentle art.

The spirit is permeating the letters of the business houses, where correspondence is made as personal as possible. The salesman has always resorted more or less to the "personal equation." The advertising man studies it; so does the editor.

* * *

THE attention of the editor of the NATIONAL has been called to the fact that the exquisite picture entitled "Orange Blossoms," which appears on page 57 of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE for November, is taken from a photograph made and copyrighted by the Florida Photographic Concern of Fort Pierce, Florida.

We hasten to give proper credit to the owners of the picture, and regret that the copyright line did not appear as it should have. Hill's Florida art prints have gained a widespread reputation as handled exclusively by the Florida Photographic Concern of Fort Pierce.

* * *

IN the November issue of the NATIONAL there appeared a full-page illustrated advertisement of the Florida Real Estate and Brokerage Company of Jacksonville, Florida. The Company directed the attention of the readers to an exposition of Florida products, such as many cities and states have shown. This was contemplated for the benefit of the many

northern tourists and homeseekers who flock to and through that popular gateway every winter.

We are advised that the parties were unable, through no fault of theirs, to carry out their original plans at the location advertised. They have, however, until suitable quarters for the great enterprise are obtained, secured temporary quarters in the Livingston Building, Jacksonville, where they are conducting their business of caring for the great influx of investors and homeseekers to Florida.

* * *

LIKE all of our other books, the "Alphabet Book" just grew. A dainty little book, written by Bennett Chapple, has been published by the NATIONAL for the children. It contains the rhyme of how old Doctor Ketchum discovered each and every letter of the alphabet.

The book was actually made by the children, published in response to their requests:

*O little boys and little girls, I wonder if
you've heard
How each and every letter that you find in
every word
Was first discovered, but of course I know
that you have not,
So here's a little story, then, for every little
lot.*

What an inspiring recommendation of the book it was to have a mother write to us about her two wee tots riding about the nursery on their bicycles, finding the various letters of the alphabet made by clothespins. It is a book that children will remember, and if you have any little ones in your home, just send on ten cents and secure the book of "The Man Who Discovered the Alphabet." It is written in nursery rhyme, and each letter has its own illustration—an impressive introduction for any child to the alphabet.

We would like to have you see that the NATIONAL is not only publishing books for the grown-ups, but has not forgotten the children. Just say "Alphabet Book" and enclose five two-cent stamps, to the Book Department, and it will be sent postpaid. Your little boys and girls will appreciate it.



Ordinary Hosiery



"No, Thanks! Resolved: On January First I Start Wearing Holeproof Hosiery"

It certainly isn't hard to swear off wearing ordinary hose that wear out in a week and "swear on" "Holeproof."

You don't have to exert will-power to *keep on* wearing "Holeproof," for "Holeproof" are as soft and as light and as pliable as the *softest, lightest and most pliable* unguaranteed hose ever made.

Don't judge "Holeproof" by imitations. Remember—not all guaranteed hose are "Holeproof." The genuine bear the trademark shown below.

No Darning Till July—Buy six pairs of

"Holeproof" *now* and they'll last till July 1st, without a single hole or rip—or you get new hose free.

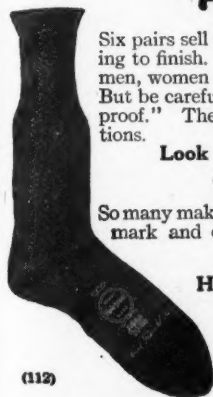
You have your choice of eleven colors, four weights and four grades.

We pay an average of 70c per pound for 3-ply Egyptian and Sea Island yarn when common 2-ply yarn costs but 40c.

But 3-ply is stronger. "Holeproof," therefore, can be made lighter, yet can be equally guaranteed.

Have some dealer show you his extensive assortment of "Holeproof."

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN



Six pairs sell for \$1.50 up to \$3, according to finish. "Holeproof" are made for men, women and children.

But be careful to get the genuine "Holeproof." There are scores of poor imitations.

Look for the Signature

Carl Fuschl, Inc.

So many makers have imitated our trademark and our name that we are now

Write for Free Book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., 801 Fourth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Tampico News Co., S. A., City of Mexico, Agents for Mexican Republic

forced to stamp on the goods the signature of Mr. Carl Fuschl, President of the Holeproof Company and originator of "guaranteed hose."

Look for it when you go to the store. Do not accept hose that do not bear it, for such hose are imitations.

The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town.

We'll tell you the dealers' names on request or we'll ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance.



Reg. U.S. Pat. Office, 1906

Carl Fuschl, Inc.

Are Your Hose Insured?

Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.



LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

DELICIOUS NUT FILLING

By Fannie A. Bockius

Cook together one cup of sour cream (just right to churn) and one cup of sugar until it hairs. Stir in one cup of nut meats chopped—not very fine—and spread on layers of cake; this is enough for three layers.

To Loosen Fly-Paper

If, in fly time, you use "Tanglefoot" and it sticks to you, your clothing, or the cat, by accident, loosen it by applying kerosene.

For the Writing Desk

A wide-mouthed bottle makes a convenient holder in which fountain pens may stand upright.

A mucilage bottle, after being emptied, may be half filled with water and the brush used to moisten envelopes and stamps.

FOR THE SEAMSTRESS

By Mrs. O. M.

When sewing on a machine in cold weather, try heating the soapstone and placing it on the treadle; notice the comfort derived from it, as the cold iron treadle gives one such a chilly feeling.

CARE OF GOLD FISH

By Mrs. Mary E. Fay

I have seen nothing in your magazine regarding the care of gold fish, and as I have had unusually good luck with some which I have had for nearly four years, will tell you how I care for them.

Change the water twice a week, wash the shells by turning hot water on them. While cleaning the globe and shells put the fish into soft water if possible, to which has been added one-half teaspoonful of salt (to a cupful of water). Allow the fish to remain in the salt water for five minutes. This makes them healthy. Give them a little food every day.

TO HEAT GASOLINE

By Mrs. R. B. Skyhawk

When about to use gasoline, place the quantity you wish to use in a larger pail or dishpan, filled with hot water; the gasoline will soon heat through and is much more pleasant to use. Soap may be used on the garments, during the process of cleaning, but they should be rinsed again in clear gasoline.

STEINWAY

IN the purchase of a piano,
consider permanency.
The Steinway reputation for
permanency of tone, beauty
and workmanship has been
maintained through four
successive generations of the
Steinway family. There
exists no other such record.

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A characteristic Steinway
achievement. Constructed to
produce in a piano of upright
form the same means of
musical expression that has
always individualized the
Steinway Grand—"An
Upright Piano of Grand
Value."

Price \$550, in Ebonized Case

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you, together with illustrated literature,
will be sent upon request and mention of
this magazine.*



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Subway Express Station at the Door

THE HOME

TO GROW ROSE SLIPS

By E. L.

A sure way to grow rose slips is to start your slips during the dark nights of October. Select good slips; then dig the hole about one foot wide and one foot deep; fill with red clay; then pour about a quart of water over this; put in about three slips to each hole; place a fruit jar over them and let remain till spring.

To Kill Cabbage Worms

Boil green elder leaves and pour the juice over the cabbage; this will also destroy the green lice on rose bushes.

WORMS ON PLANTS

By May Peintner

I believe there is nothing better than lime-water to drive white worms out of the soil in which pot plants are grown. A good many people fail because they use air-slacked lime instead. Enough lime-water should be used to entirely saturate all the soil in the pot; it is often necessary to apply it several times before all the worms and the larvae are killed.

ROASTING DUCKS

By M. A. P.

Ducks should be roasted in a quick oven and be a little rare rather than overdone, or the meat will be too dry.

A good filling is made of potatoes, mashed and beaten light and seasoned well with salt and pepper, butter, a little parsley or sage and two teaspoonfuls of onion juice. This makes a delicious filling. I am sure if you will try this way of roasting ducks, you will be much pleased.

HOME-MADE VINEGAR

By Mrs. M. R.

A barrel or cask of new sweet cider, buried so as to be well covered with fresh earth, will turn to sharp, clear, delicious vinegar in three or four weeks; you will find this is better than that made by any other process.

For Varnished Floors

Anyone having trouble with their floors after they have been freshly varnished or japalaced, by not drying readily and remaining sticky, will find that to wash them with hot vinegar will greatly improve them.

TO IDENTIFY

By Mrs. S.

Write your name on the cloth side of adhesive or surgeon's plaster, and stick on the inside of your umbrella, raincoat and rubbers, then you will always find them.

Shirred Ribbon Bows

To make the shirred ribbon bows used this season, use picture wire-cord instead of the cotton cord; stitch in the shirs; then bend back the wire an inch and wind with thread; push through the shirs and draw it to required length and shape it to your fancy.

MELTED ALUM

By F. M. K.

Melted alum will mend broken glass, door knobs and umbrella handles which have become loosened.

HEART PALPITATION

By Mrs. C. W. Tilden

Distressing or excessive palpitation of the heart can be arrested by bending over, the head down, the arms hanging. This produces a temporary congestion of the upper part of the body and in nearly every case the heart immediately resumes its normal function.

Spots

Sponging with cold tea will remove spots in black dress goods.

Cut and Plate Glass

Alcohol and water constitute a fine wash for cut or plate glass. Cleaning powders and polishing preparations are sure to scratch.

FIRM PICKLES

By "I. V."

The secret of making pickles firm is to have the first water you put on to freshen them boiling hot. When cold, change the water, using cold after the first time.

To Dissolve Fishbones

If you swallow a fishbone and cannot get it out, gargle with vinegar; the acid will dissolve the bone.

For Soot Spots

If soot is spilled upon a carpet, cover it thickly with dry salt or cornmeal, sweep it up and no stain will be left.

DO NOT USE SHOT

By F. Wilson

To clean your vinegar cruet, or bottle of any kind, do not use shot as so many do, but use a handful of coarse sand or small pebbles; shot leaves a deposit of lead on the glass sometimes that is very unhealthy.

Drive Out the "Blow Flies"

To drive "blow flies" from the kitchen when cooking meat, cabbage, or things which attract them, put a small can or cup of vinegar on the stove and let it boil; you will find that they will soon leave.

Fine Cucumber Pickles

Wash the cucumbers and pack them in Mason jars; then heat good vinegar boiling hot, with spices or not, as you choose; pour it boiling over the cucumbers; seal and keep in a dark place; they will be crisp and fine when you open them.

Substitute for Eggs

When eggs are scarce and a recipe calls for more than one, use a tablespoonful of corn-starch in its place.

SLIPPERY ELM BARK SALVE

Shred the bark and soak in warm water until a thick mucilage is made. Excellent for nail-wounds, old sores, boils and scratches on horses; it cleans the wound and heals quickly.

BLUING DISTRIBUTED EVENLY

When rinsing clothes in hard water, the bluing will distribute as evenly as in soft water, if a half to two-thirds cup of sweet milk is added—according to the amount of water.



Cleanser and Mouth Wash In One

Polishes the teeth to dazzling whiteness, while its fragrant antiseptic foam reaches every part of the mouth—neutralizing all tooth-destroying acids, preventing discoloration and decay.

Strong's Arnica Tooth Soap

comes in a handy metal box—nothing to break or spill. A convenient cake that insures beautiful teeth, healthy gums and a sweet breath. At your druggist, 25 cents.

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No need to endure the discomfort of sunburn or winter chapping. Apply with finger tips, rub gently into pores. In collapsible metal tubes, 25 cents.

NOTE:—If your druggist does not have these goods, send price to us. We will forward them prepaid.
Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1612.

C. H. STRONG & CO., CHICAGO, U. S. A.



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Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 62 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *hand-son* (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations."

For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER

For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritations, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion.

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NATURE: THE SOURCE OF ALL GREAT WEALTH

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MANHATTAN CALIFORNIA OIL CO.

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Millions of dollars are today being paid to the fortunate stockholders who purchased stock in companies at the beginning and investments of a few dollars are now paying thousands in dividends.

Many more millions will be paid to those who purchase stock now in properties about to be developed.

California—the Golden State Leads the World in Oil

The production is now running at the rate of 7,000,000 barrels per month or 84,000,000 barrels per annum, and is increasing rapidly. California now produces nearly as much oil as all the other states combined and nearly one-third of the oil product of the whole world. The industry has reached such a magnitude, it is expanding at such a remarkably rapid rate, it has made and is making such fabulous profits for those interested, and its money-making opportunities are so extraordinary that the most apparently exaggerated statements concerning it fail utterly to do the subject justice, or to convey any adequate idea of its possibilities.

You are now offered an opportunity to secure shares in the **Manhattan California Oil Company** at the low price of 10 cents each.

The great dividend-paying oil companies offered this same opportunity to thousands of fortunate stockholders who are now living in affluence. They took advantage of the opportunity and bought into a company with its future before it.

You can see what has been done in the past, you can see what is being done now and you can see the possibilities of the future.

If you want more details send us your name and address on a postal and full particulars will be sent you without cost or obligation on your part.

GEO. L. LAKE & CO.,
69 WALL ST., NEW YORK

THE HOME

FOR LAYER CAKE

By Nettie Rand Miller

Place layer cake pans on a wet cloth to cool and the cake may be easily removed.

To Make Vinegar

Take apple parings, put them in a crock, cover with water, put a plate on the crock and set in a warm place: when mother forms, strain through cheesecloth, and the vinegar is ready for use. Put the mother back in crock, fill with water, and add a handful of brown sugar; in six weeks it is ready for use; by adding sugar and water, the mother may be used indefinitely.

Preserved Pumpkin

Peel and scrape the sliced pumpkin and cut in finger length pieces; drop into a boiling syrup, made of a quart each of water and molasses and a sliced lemon; boil until tender and clear; put into jars and cover with the syrup.

Pumpkin Wafers

A nice way of drying pumpkin for future use is to stew down as dry as possible, then spread on earthen plates and set in the sun or a warm oven until perfectly dry and hard, when it may be put away to keep. When wanted for use, soak until soft and use the same as freshly stewed pumpkin. Sugar may be added before drying, if desired, the whole cooked down very dry, then rolled out and cut into little cakes and dried. Stewed pumpkin may be kept for some time in cold weather, if packed closely, while hot, in a jar and molasses poured over the top; this keeps out the air and prevents molding.

Eggless Pumpkin Pie

One cup of stewed pumpkin; one cup of sugar, one spoonful of flour, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, warm milk to fill pie. This is very good.

Corn Oysters

One pint raw sweet corn, grated from the cob; one-half teaspoonful of sweet cream or milk; one well-beaten egg, one teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper, one small teaspoonful of flour; drop into hot lard with a tablespoon and fry.

Baked Tomatoes

One cup of macaroni; break in pieces two inches long; cook twenty minutes in a little salt and water; grease a small dish, put in two cups tomatoes, a little salt and pepper, a little cheese cut fine; add layers of bread crumbs and macaroni until dish is full; put butter on top.

USES FOR CIRCULAR ENVELOPES

By Miss Belle Taylor

I save my circular envelopes of all sizes, as they have not been sealed and they have my name and address written very plainly and it often saves time and labor as they are all ready to slip an article into which I wish to send or carry somewhere, and if the package is lost or mislaid, my name and address is on it showing the finder where it belongs. In sending jewelry or any small article to be mended it saves time and sometimes mistakes to have the address on the package. As a general thing the envelopes are strong and they come handy in a number of ways. Books, magazines, papers, a veil, gloves, fancy work can be neatly and safely carried in this way which otherwise are apt to get soiled, torn, scattered or lost.

QUICK FREEZING

By Mrs. C. F. Streeter

Many times cream does not freeze as fast as it should and one expends labor and energy to little or no purpose. I have found that after the freezer has been packed cold water should be turned over the ice and salt until it runs out of the hole at the side. This starts the ice melting, and the freezing process begins. After a very short time of turning the crank the cream is frozen and fine grained.

No More Grating

It is not worth while to grate chocolate. Break the required amount from the cake and put it in a small pan over hot water. It melts very quickly and saves time, together with the disagreeable possibility of scrubbing the skin from one's fingers.

Wings to Match Gowns

A friend of mine who keeps chickens always has beautiful wings for her hats. I never associated the hats with the hens until a short time ago when I saw her dyeing some cloth to make over into a new gown. After all the cloth was taken from the dye she dipped two white wings into it. Then she told me that they selected white chickens when they killed any for eating and she carefully broke the wings off at the second joint before the fowls were scalded. To preserve it at the end, she burns a little alum and sprinkles it upon the joint, allowing it to dry there. White wings can be dyed any color desired and she has beautiful ones to match every suit that are just the things to trim the hats that go with them.

Shoes to Match Gowns

A friend of mine whose supplies of shoes and cash are so limited that her wits often have to come to the rescue, has had great service from a pair of white canvas oxfords. She wanted some shoes to match a green dress and took some whiting, colored it green with some fruit coloring, and applied it to her shoes with a sponge. When they were dry she had just what she wanted. But the best part of it all to her was the discovery that the whiting could be washed off and another tint applied. Now she has shoes to match her gowns as she needs them.

SALT WATER FOR EYES

By Mae E. Swetnam

Bathing the eyes in warm salt water will strengthen them and relieve the tired feeling.

Eggless, Sugarless Plum Pudding

Stir thoroughly the following ingredients: one cupful of finely chopped suet; two cupfuls of fine bread crumbs; one cupful each of molasses, chopped raisins and currants; one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon, allspice, salt and carbonate of soda; one cup of sweet milk; flour enough to make a stiff batter; put into a well-greased pudding mold, steamer or three-quart pail, and cover closely; steam not less than four hours; when done, serve with sweet or hard sauce; this is sufficient for eight persons.

TO CLEAN A SPONGE

By A. M. T.

To clean a sponge, soak it in milk several hours, then wring dry and rinse thoroughly in warm water, to which has been added a teaspoonful of carbolic acid.

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You do not pay one penny until you have seen and examined this High-Grade, Full Jeweled Waltham Watch, with Patent Hairspring, in any style plain or engraved Case, right in your own hands.

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No matter how far away you live, or how small your salary or income we will trust you for a high-grade adjusted Waltham Watch, in gold case, warranted for 25 years, and guaranteed to pass any railroad inspection.

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THE HOME

A GOOD SUGGESTION

By Mrs. C. F. Streeter

My ironing-board is quite heavy to lift, and my husband devised a way to make that unnecessary. With hinges, he fastened the broad end of the board to a cleat nailed to the wall just high enough up to make the board of the right height when down. Then he made a light weight saw-horse to put under the narrow end of the board to hold it horizontal when in use. When the board is not being used, the saw-horse hangs from two nails above the board, out of the way and where a casual observer would not notice it. When I am through ironing, I swing the board up so that it rests against the wall and turn a hook quarter way over, which holds it in position.

I like this arrangement because the board is always held perfectly stationary when being used, and when not in use it is out of the way. When we build our own home, we are going to make a cupboard to cover the board and one that will accommodate all the other necessities of ironing day, too.

A New Contrivance

My dauber for the cake tins required a change of cloth so many times that I finally hit upon this little contrivance. I bought a small paint brush and made a hole in the cover of a quarter-pound baking powder can just large enough to admit the handle of the brush. I keep a small amount of lard in the can and when pans have to be greased I set it in a warm place for a minute or so, then apply the lard with the brush. As soon as I am through with it, the brush is put back into the can and the cover slipped down, so preventing any accumulation of dust when the contrivance is not in use.

HOW TO POP CORN

By Mrs. D. C. Tomlinson

When popping corn, try this way, and see how delighted you will be with the result. Set your kettle over a brisk fire; throw in a teacupful of fine table salt; let it get hot, stirring occasionally to keep from burning; when good and hot, throw in your corn and stir constantly till all is popped; set your colander in the dishpan; put in the popped corn and shake the colander so the salt will run through; your corn will not be too salty, nor taste of lard, as it so often does when popped in that way. If desired, pour melted butter over the hot corn.

Helpful Hint

If you are intending to be away from home, for any length of time, and love to have your friends with you, take their photographs and put them in a pan of luke-warm water; the pictures will easily become detached from the card, and can be pasted in a postal card album, where they are just as well preserved and occupy much less space.

FRESH TOMATOES ALL WINTER

By Mrs. Agnes Gwin

In September, gather smooth ripe tomatoes without skin being broken; put in stone jars; melt lard, let cool and pour over tomatoes and cover two inches above them; set in cellar; when taking them out for use, save lard, melt, and pour back over the remaining ones, keeping them always covered with the lard.

New Way to Grease Cake-Tins

Never melt butter on the stove; heat your cake-tin by filling with hot water, wipe dry, then put in the butter and as it softens, grease the dish.

To Clean Windows

A fine way to clean windows is to use some good silver-polish; whiting, such as is used in making putty, if of fine quality, is excellent; with a damp cloth dipped in the polish, go all over the glass, paying especial attention to spots; by the time you have covered the window in this way, the place where you began will be dry enough to polish, and a brisk rubbing makes the glass as clear as crystal.

New Use for Potatoes

Soured, or fermented fruit, may be restored to its natural flavor, by boiling with raw potato; allow one potato, pared and sliced, to two quarts of fruit. Syrup, pickles and preserves may be treated in the same manner with as good results. Rancid lard may be sweetened by slicing the raw potato and cooking in the lard till each slice is nice and crispy.

BURNT BREAD

By Stella Smuts

When you burn your light bread you will be well pleased with the result if you will grate the burnt off with a large grater as soon as the bread comes from the oven, before it is greased.

Hems of Sheets

Make the hems of sheets both the same width and you will not have one end worn out when the other is good. I make the hems one and a half to two inches wide.

NEW USES FOR ASHES

By X

Take the black ashes from the back of a hard coal stove, under the pipe, and mix with fine sand and put it in the cracks on a stove; it is fine.

To Crack Ice

If you wish to crack the ice easily, use salt.

For Cracked Fingers

Mutton tallow and beeswax, melted together, make a fine salve for cracks, which so often appear on our fingers and are so painful; try it and be convinced.

THE FAMOUS

Rayo

Lamp



The Rayo Lamp is a high-grade lamp,
sold at a low price.

It gives the white, soft, mellow, diffused light, which is easiest on the eye; and you can use your eyes for hours under Rayo light without eye strain, because there is no flicker. The Rayo Lamp may be lighted without removing shade or chimney. You may pay \$5, \$10, or \$20 for lamps other than the Rayo and get more costly decorations, but you cannot get a better light than the low-priced Rayo gives.

Dealers Everywhere. If not at yours, write to the nearest agency of the

Standard Oil Company

(Incorporated)

ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT

LAST season we placed emphasis on the curative value of citric acid as found in the ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT.

With the first suggestion of the use of this grape fruit in rheumatic and febrile conditions came a quick endorsement from physicians and the public. We say "as found in the Atwood Grape Fruit," for Atwood Grape Fruit is so far superior to the ordinary kind that it is admittedly in a class by itself when used either as a luxury or medicinally.

Its superiority is not an accident. From the beginning the Atwood Grape Fruit Company (the largest producer of grape fruit in the world) has sacrificed everything for QUALITY. An initial expense of hundreds of thousands of dollars was incurred; everything that science or experience could suggest was done to pro-

duce QUALITY; even then, many trees, as they came to maturity, bore just good, ordinary grape fruit, but not good enough for the Atwood Brand. Therefore thousands of big, bearing trees were either cut back to the trunk and rebudded to SUPERIOR VARIETIES or dug out entirely.

So through the various processes of selection, cultivation and elimination has evolved the ATWOOD FLAVOR, as hard to describe as it is difficult to produce.

Atwood Grape Fruit is sold by high class dealers and always in the trademark wrapper of the Atwood Grape Fruit Company.

Buy it by the box; it will keep for weeks and improve. Price for either bright or bronze, \$6 per standard box containing 54, 64 or 80 grape fruit.

ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT CO.

290 Broadway, New York City



Don't fail to mention the NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.

THE HOME

A GOOD SUGGESTION

By Mrs. C. F. Streeter

My ironing-board is quite heavy to lift, and my husband devised a way to make that unnecessary. With hinges, he fastened the broad end of the board to a cleat nailed to the wall just high enough up to make the board of the right height when down. Then he made a light weight saw-horse to put under the narrow end of the board to hold it horizontal when in use. When the board is not being used, the saw-horse hangs from two nails above the board, out of the way and where a casual observer would not notice it. When I am through ironing, I swing the board up so that it rests against the wall and turn a hook quarter way over, which holds it in position.

I like this arrangement because the board is always held perfectly stationary when being used, and when not in use it is out of the way. When we build our own home, we are going to make a cupboard to cover the board and one that will accommodate all the other necessities of ironing day, too.

A New Contrivance

My dauber for the cake tins required a change of cloth so many times that I finally hit upon this little contrivance. I bought a small paint brush and made a hole in the cover of a quarter-pound baking powder can just large enough to admit the handle of the brush. I keep a small amount of lard in the can and when pans have to be greased I set it in a warm place for a minute or so, then apply the lard with the brush. As soon as I am through with it, the brush is put back into the can and the cover slipped down, so preventing any accumulation of dust when the contrivance is not in use.

HOW TO POP CORN

By Mrs. D. C. Tomlinson

When popping corn, try this way, and see how delighted you will be with the result. Set your kettle over a brisk fire; throw in a teacupful of fine table salt; let it get hot, stirring occasionally to keep from burning; when good and hot, throw in your corn and stir constantly till all is popped; set your colander in the dishpan; put in the popped corn and shake the colander so the salt will run through; your corn will not be too salty, nor taste of lard, as it so often does when popped in that way. If desired, pour melted butter over the hot corn.

Helpful Hint

If you are intending to be away from home, for any length of time, and love to have your friends with you, take their photographs and put them in a pan of luke-warm water; the pictures will easily become detached from the card, and can be pasted in a postal card album, where they are just as well preserved and occupy much less space.

FRESH TOMATOES ALL WINTER

By Mrs. Agnes Gwin

In September, gather smooth ripe tomatoes without skin being broken; put in stone jars; melt lard, let cool and pour over tomatoes and cover two inches above them; set in cellar; when taking them out for use, save lard, melt, and pour back over the remaining ones, keeping them always covered with the lard.

New Way to Grease Cake-Tins

Never melt butter on the stove; heat your cake-tin by filling with hot water, wipe dry, then put in the butter and as it softens, grease the dish.

To Clean Windows

A fine way to clean windows is to use some good silver-polish; whiting, such as is used in making putty, if of fine quality, is excellent; with a damp cloth dipped in the polish, go all over the glass, paying especial attention to spots; by the time you have covered the window in this way, the place where you began will be dry enough to polish, and a brisk rubbing makes the glass as clear as crystal.

New Use for Potatoes

Soured, or fermented fruit, may be restored to its natural flavor, by boiling with raw potato; allow one potato, pared and sliced, to two quarts of fruit. Syrup, pickles and preserves may be treated in the same manner with as good results. Rancid lard may be sweetened by slicing the raw potato and cooking in the lard till each slice is nice and crispy.

BURNT BREAD

By Stella Smuts

When you burn your light bread you will be well pleased with the result if you will grate the burnt off with a large grater as soon as the bread comes from the oven, before it is greased.

Hems of Sheets

Make the hems of sheets both the same width and you will not have one end worn out when the other is good. I make the hems one and a half to two inches wide.

NEW USES FOR ASHES

By X

Take the black ashes from the back of a hard coal stove, under the pipe, and mix with fine sand and put it in the cracks on a stove; it is fine.

To Crack Ice

If you wish to crack the ice easily, use salt.

For Cracked Fingers

Mutton tallow and beeswax, melted together, make a fine salve for cracks, which so often appear on our fingers and are so painful; try it and be convinced.

THE FAMOUS

Rayo

Lamp



The Rayo Lamp is a high-grade lamp,
sold at a low price.

It gives the white, soft, mellow, diffused light, which is easiest on the eye; and you can use your eyes for hours under Rayo light without eye strain, because there is no flicker. The Rayo Lamp may be lighted without removing shade or chimney. You may pay \$5, \$10, or \$20 for lamps other than the Rayo, and get more costly decorations, but you cannot get a better light than the low-priced Rayo gives.

Dealers Everywhere. If not at yours, write to the nearest agency of the

Standard Oil Company

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THE HOME

COD AU FROMAGE

By Nettie Rand Miller

Mix one cupful of cold boiled macaroni broken in inch pieces, with one cupful of boiled codfish; put in layers in baking dish; season with salt and pepper, and lay tiny bits of butter on the top; use sufficient milk to moisten the mixture; cover with bread crumbs and sprinkle three tablespoonfuls of grated cheese on the top; bake a nice brown.

Nut Bread

One egg, two-thirds cupful sugar, one cupful milk, one cupful chopped nuts, one teaspoonful salt, four cupfuls of flour, four teaspoonfuls baking powder; mix powder and flour thoroughly; set in warm place; raise twenty minutes; bake in a moderate oven from thirty to forty minutes; this makes two loaves.

Chocolate Frosting

An easy way to make a chocolate frosting is to melt chocolate creams; any kind will do and from one-fourth to one-half pound makes sufficient frosting for an ordinary cake; this is very nice.

Apple Sauce Cake

This is a very good cake to make when eggs and milk are scarce. Take one cupful of sugar, a half cupful of butter, one cupful of sour apple sauce, into which stir one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little water, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and cloves, a little nutmeg, and a cupful of chopped raisins or currants and three cupfuls of flour.

Sour Cream Frosting

Three-fourths cupful of thick, sour cream, one large cupful of sugar; boil about eight minutes; when taken off the stove, stir in one cupful of chopped walnuts; stir until cool. This is very nice frosting.

EASILY MADE FRINGE

By Mrs. Mary L. Cunningham

To fringe with the least possible trouble, clip the edge of the crash or linen up from the bottom at distances of six or eight inches; each clip should be the depth of the fringe you intend to make; the drawing out of these shorter threads will prove less laborious and not so injurious to the material.

It is well to know that the drawing of linen threads is made easier, if the dressing has first been removed, which can be done in the following way:—Brush a heavy lather, made from good white soap, along the space from which you wish to draw the threads; let this dry in and it will destroy the original dressing so that the threads can be readily drawn out.

To Renovate Silk

Add one tablespoonful of gelatine to one quart of water, sponge the silk on the wrong side and roll very tightly, while still damp, round a curtain pole; let remain till dry. Ammonia may be added if desired. This is a very satisfactory way of renovating silk.

COLD WATER CAKE

By Miss N. A. Deuel

One cupful cold water; one teaspoonful soda, a little salt, one cupful sugar, one tablespoonful butter and one tablespoonful lard (or you can have both butter or both lard), two cupfuls flour with two teaspoonfuls cream tartar; flavor to suit taste.

A Test for Perfect Icing

To make sure that your frosting is just right, pluck out a clean broom-straw and bend it in the form of a loop; dip this, held in this position, into the icing when you think it is about right; hold the straw, with the ends to your mouth and blow; if the icing is just right, it will form a bubble on the straw; if no bubble is formed, it is not yet hard enough. This is an old test that has come down from several generations.

I heard a gentleman say a few days ago, that his father, when boiling down maple sugar, would bend a twig from a tree and blow as described above, and if a bubble would form and shoot off in the air without breaking, he knew the sugar was done all right.

New Idea for Soup

If there is no barley or rice for the soup, use oatmeal; the meal thickens and adds a pleasant flavor to the soup.

To Open a Stubborn Jar

We people here in the country can our own fruit in glass jars, and sometimes we have a hard time to get them open; try holding a piece of sandpaper in the hand and see how easy it will be to turn off the cover.

Reviving a Fire

To revive a dying fire, scatter a spoonful or two of granulated sugar on the embers.

RICE WATER FOR STARCH

By Gertrude M. Haines

I find that rice water is better than starch for very fine things and will not rot them as does starch.

Tea Leaves for Soil

Pour all your tea-leaves in one place, and allow them to rot with good garden soil; in a year you will have some excellent soil to put into flower crocks.

Ginger and Cider

A teaspoonful of ginger in two gallons of cider will keep it sweet for months.

To Boil Cracked Eggs

To boil a cracked egg, pour salt over the broken part; allow it to stand a short time and then boil; it will be whole when done.

Another Icing Help

Icing will not run on a cake, if the cake is lightly floured before the icing is put on; do not dust too much flour.

New Use for a Child's Thimble

A child's thimble is useful to slip into the finger of a glove when mending it.